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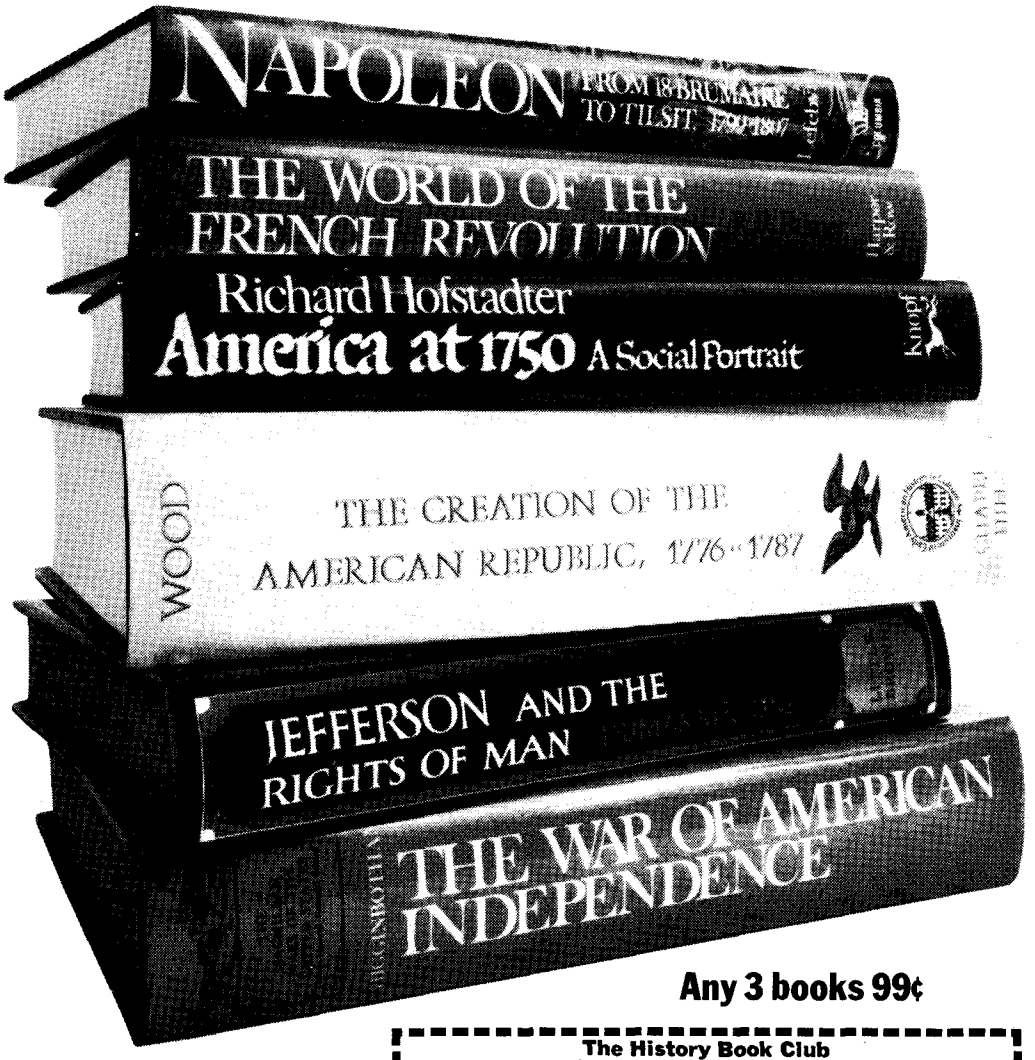

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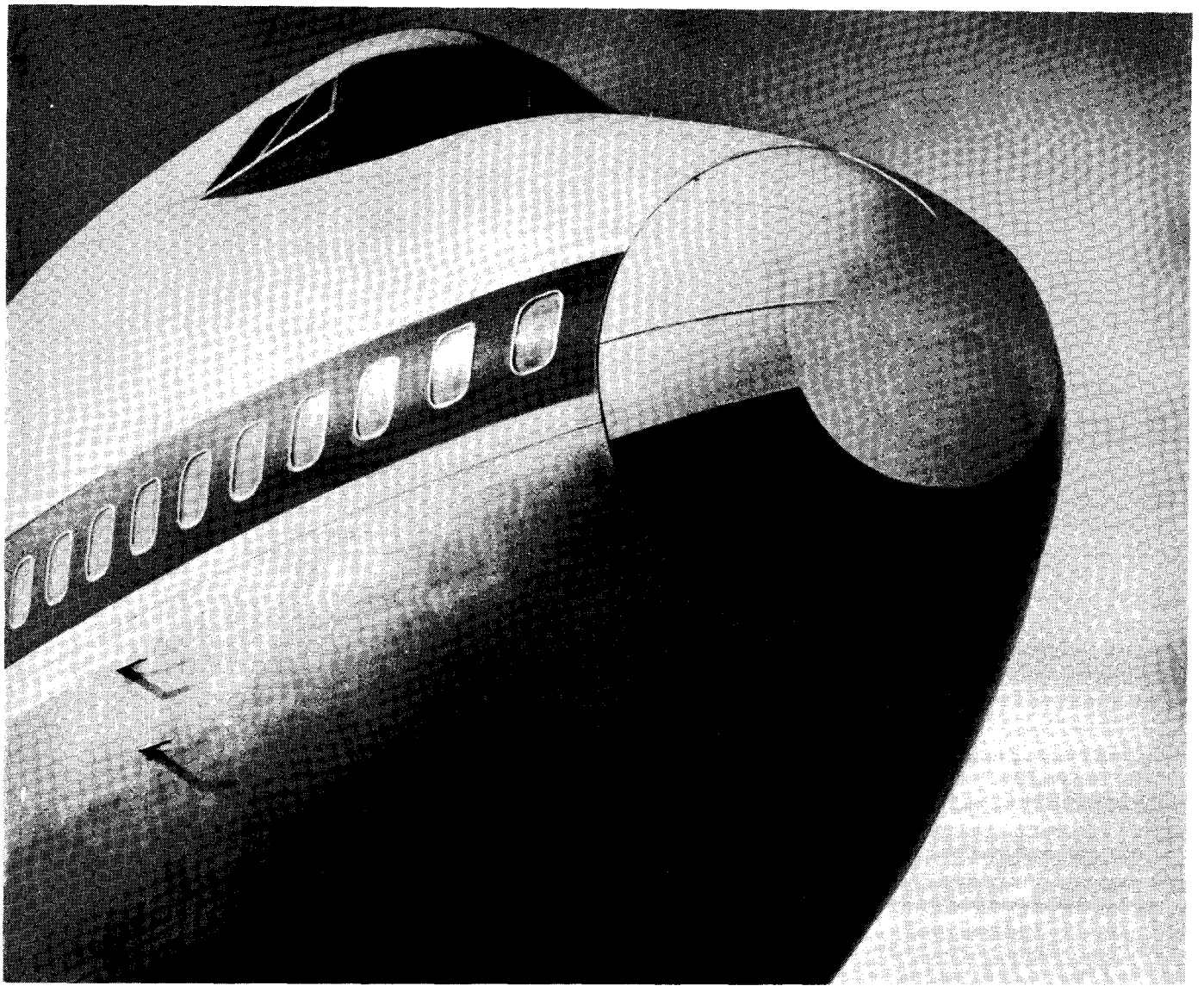

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

Subject: *Articles and stories we do not want to read or edit in 1973.*

Reports by journalists too subjective to question, listen to, or observe the people actually involved in the events described.

HOW THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION LOST CHINA

Short stories which ask the reader to blame society for misfortunes inflicted on the characters by the author.

Exclusive interviews with peyote priests, LSD mystics, or articles entitled "I Was Hooked on Heroin" (Speed, Grass, Chocolate Malts).

PLIGHT: A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

Articles by people who know everything about literary criticism and very little about art.

NEXT STOP MARS

Literary reflections on (1) penis envy, (2) the clitoral orgasm, (3) Hemingway as a fisherman.

Anything that makes use of more than one of the following words: ecosystem, sexism, escalation, maximization, feedback, and like, wow!

HOW THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION WON CHINA

Any piece which quotes from *Alice in Wonderland*, and particularly "Faster! Faster!"; or which refers to Pogo's "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Kurt Vonnegut reporting on the Paris peace talks, Norman Mailer covering the Miss America Pageant, or Miss America on Norman Mailer.

Short stories which end: " 'Sorry, Pop,' I said. So we split."

Articles by writers who do not stick close to their own area of expertise; no John Kenneth Galbraith on cheese, for example, or Hugh Hefner on Aristotle.

THE INSOLENCE OF THE YOUNG: Shame of a Nation
likewise,
THE WISDOM OF THE YOUNG: Salvation of a Nation

The impending demise of (1) baseball, (2) college football, (3) Howard Cosell and/or Monday night.

Short stories which begin: "She could tell by the roil in her gut . . ."

DOES NEW YORK CITY HAVE A FUTURE?

Forecasts of the end of the seniority system in Congress, of the granting of home rule for the District of Columbia, of the coming-of-age of commercial TV.

A MEMO TO THE EDITORS

Subject: *Your Memo*

Insofar as it is within us to withstand faddism, cajolery, and temptation, we shall abjure all such journalism in the coming year, and, with our readers' help, beyond.

[signed] Robert Manning

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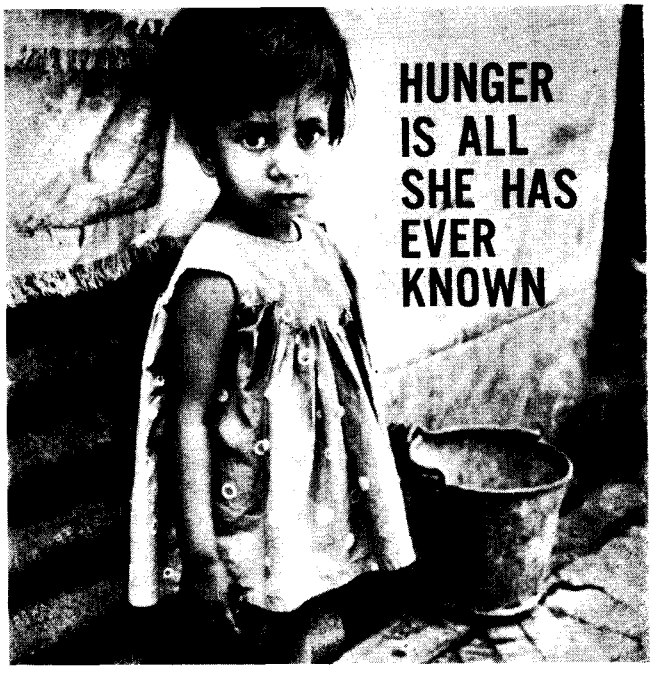
The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)
Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.
Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.
Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.
Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.
Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.
Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.
Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.
Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 150,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.
Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.
Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.
Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.
Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.
Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

During this transitional period, Washington is more than customarily absorbed with who is in, out, up, or down. The grim White House announcements about pending "shake-ups" prompted a kind of gallows humor. Some Nixon Administration officials decided early to seek higher rewards in the private sector, where they would receive remuneration for their continuing contacts with power. On the day after the election, the United Aircraft Corporation, a major government contractor, announced that Clark MacGregor, the director of the President's reelection campaign, would join them, stating that MacGregor's "wide experience and knowledge will enable him to play an important catalytic role in our efforts to improve the working environment between business and government."

Well before the election was over, Democrats and Republicans began to position themselves for 1976. There is no time out now in the struggle for power. The media feature stories about the prospects of Agnew, Percy, Connally, Kennedy, Mondale. Invitations to Edward Kennedy's house in McLean, Virginia, are accorded the same mystery and significance that once attached to those to Robert Kennedy's home at Hickory Hill years ago.

It is also a time of transition of another sort: from the issues of the 1960s to those of the 1970s. (The sixties may have ended a while ago, but transitions take time.) Most of this has nothing at all to do with election-year politics. Many of the issues would be with us no matter what had happened in November.

The disarray of the liberalism of the 1960s, for example, would not have been resolved by the coming to power in 1972 of one of its champions. It was, in fact, the private nightmare of some thoughtful Democrats that if they were to win, the intellectual fatigue of liberalism might be disastrously exposed. Even if President Nixon had not raised the issue, it would now be time for a reexamination of federal programs. The President's aggressive postelection assault on "throwing dollars at problems" and "bloated" Washington bureaucracies sharpened the issues and gave them a political cast. But assumptions about federal responsibilities and how those responsibilities should be carried out were already being reconsidered on several sides. Even many proponents of the federal programs of the 1960s have come to see their problems, limitations, and failures. But those who believe in these programs have not reached anything approaching a consensus on a substitute. They are divided and on the defensive.

Feeding people

The story of the hunger program is an almost classic case study of 1960s liberalism, of good intentions colliding with erroneous assumptions, clumsy implementation, and political reality. In the mid-1960s, it may be remembered, a fact that had been around for some time was discovered: millions of Americans were not getting enough to eat because they were too poor. It was a problem fairly simple to comprehend, easy to arouse outrage over, and seemingly not very difficult to resolve. Liberal activists dramatized it, liberal politicians seized upon it and, with the cooperation of the press, transformed it into a National Issue. Reports were written, hearings were held, a television documentary was produced, conferences were convened, and legislation was enacted. Typical of the legislation of the period, it authorized the spending of money, spelled out a series of standards and procedures, and directed a government agency (the Department of Agriculture) to see that the poor received an adequate diet. The Department hired a number of people who wrote a set of complex guidelines and implemented the food programs. One of the programs provided free surplus commodities, the other provided food stamps which could be purchased and then exchanged for food worth more than the cost of the stamps. Federal spending to feed poor people expanded sixfold, and a great many people did in fact receive food assistance. It appeared to be one of the liberals' most significant achievements.

Yet it turned out to be harder than anticipated to "target" the hungry and induce them to apply for or utilize the assistance. The Citizens' Board of Inquiry, a self-appointed group that had brought the problem to national attention, recently issued a report which said that almost half of the nation's poor still were not receiving food assistance. The programs were too complex in design, and, it said, whatever achievements there had been had required "the most bitter and exhausting kind of bureaucratic in-

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ghting." The Citizens' Board concluded that the hunger programs should be abandoned, and that instead the poor should be given assistance in the form of cash. The case of the hunger programs, says John Kramer of the National Council on Hunger and Nutrition, is "almost a classic situation of a liberal triumph that failed."

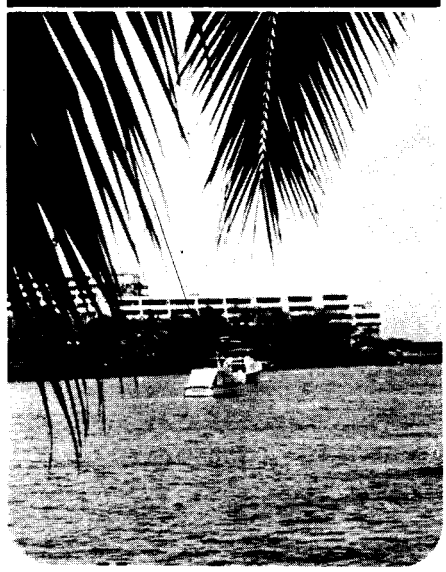
Since cash assistance—or what might be called "money stamps"—is increasingly considered as an alternative to various forms of federal aid, the obstacles confronting transformation of even the food programs are worth noting. For one thing, the programs that would be replaced by cash assistance have adherents who are fighting for their continuation. The bureaucracy which administers the food programs has developed a proprietary interest in them. Farm groups find the programs a useful vehicle for unloading surpluses, and grocery stores find them a source of additional sales. The Grocery Manufacturers Association is a strong supporter of the food stamp program. Quite aside from these vested interests in the existing programs, the concept of cash assistance to the poor, substantial enough to make a real difference in their lives, is not—at present—politically feasible.

Faith and worship

The major themes of the hunger story are repeated in the histories of several of the other programs that were constructed during the 1960s. First, many of the programs were designed in cooperation with those who provided the services—nurses, college administrators, teachers—and a major impetus behind the programs' perpetuation now is the efforts of these groups to protect their self-interest. Second, problems were oversimplified and approached with a kind of easy optimism. Isolated successes were seized upon and transformed into national programs before it had been determined what, if anything, they proved. This is what former Budget Director Charles Schultze calls our *"Reader's Digest* syndrome," our worship of success stories and our faith that they can be replicated. Third, in the interest of seeing that the money was spent for the intended purposes, the power to make an infinite number of detailed decisions was vested in a remote bureaucracy in Washington.

In the Model Cities program, the Johnson Administration attempted to induce cities to revitalize deteriorating neighborhoods by the coherent use of federal programs. Cities which produced plans involving the coordinated use of federal funds for schools and hospitals and housing and so on would receive a federal bonus. It was a polite and sophisticated method of bribing cities to do what the federal planners believed to be in the cities' interest. Now even the program's designers believe that it was too ambitious, and that it overestimated the capacities of the city officials to produce the plans and of the federal officials to supervise, coordinate, and implement them. Yet the program remained alive, largely through the efforts of the bureaucracy that administers it and the group—particularly the mayors—which benefits from it. Even people who believe strongly in federal responsibility to provide citizens with adequate homes have deep misgivings about other housing programs. They now feel that many of them are misconceived, too expensive, prone to scandal, and of more benefit to the middle class, builders and bankers, than to the poor for whom they were designed.

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 posited that the provision of federal funds for improving the education of poor children would in fact improve their education, and that this would be equitable for the children and beneficial to the nation. This particular approach was also seen as a way through other controversial issues surrounding the general idea of federal aid to education, issues of control, of cost, and of aid to private schools. Yet much of the money was spent on audiovisual equipment and other gimcracks that made no noticeable contribution toward learning. Studies have produced little evidence that the money significantly improves the quality of the children's education. And now questions have been raised about the value of classroom education under any circumstances. What has come to be known as the "educa-



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tional establishment," however—school administrators and teachers—favors the program.

Long second thoughts about the programs of the 1960s have to be balanced against some other facts. Fewer people are going hungry; more people have better housing and health care; some children are going to better schools; more people are getting a college education; more of the handicapped are being trained for jobs; the air and water are cleaner; many products we buy are safer or more honestly labeled. The list could go on. Moreover, programs of this sort were begun at the federal level because state and local governments, left to their own devices, would not or could not act. A certain amount of waste and corruption will surround any substantial governmental enterprise. The building of the nation's railroads was marked by scandal too. Human nature and varieties of human experience present inevitable problems when regulating or establishing conditions to reach a desired end. Yet without governmental regulations or conditions, the end might not be reached. We have to face the consequences of our choices. Would we prefer a dirty river or a guideline? Railing at bureaucracies or at waste or at disappointing results begs these points.

Bad bind

Even so, the liberals who continue to believe in the domestic programs of the 1960s are in a bad bind. There is ample evidence that the country is tired of their approach. It can be argued that we are at a historical point that was bound to come, that successive waves of optimism, energy, fatigue, and disillusionment are inevitable in the life of a nation. Moreover, politicians adept at detecting what is bothering people have played to the mood. When George Wallace, over four years ago, focused his attack against "pointy-headed bureaucrats" who did not know how to "park their bicycles straight," he spoke to more than just antipathy to busing. The thread of race ran through most of the new federal programs of the 1960s, since so many of them were designed explicitly to help the poor, and so many of the poor are black. But Wallace wasn't referring only to color and class tensions. He was on to an incipient national desire to get the social planners, with their big ideas and their big taxes, off people's backs. In a pre-election telecast this year, President Nixon addressed himself to the anti-bureaucratic mood in explicit terms. He spoke of "the goals of a free people, in a free nation, a nation that lives not by handout, not by dependence on others or in hostage to the whims of others, but proud and independent. . . . That is why I want us to turn away from a demeaning, demoralizing dependence on someone else to make our decisions and to guide the course of our lives."

The liberals face not only Richard Nixon to the right of them but on the left some who seek more radical change. Some of those who support substantial transfers of income from the wealthy to the poor believe that the liberalism of the 1960s amounted to mere tinkering with the status quo, and must be discredited. Christopher Jencks, in his recent book *Inequality,* argues that "as long as egalitarians assume that public policy cannot contribute to economic equality directly but must proceed by ingenious manipulations of marginal institutions like the schools, progress will remain glacial. . . . If we want to move beyond this tradition," he writes, "we will have to establish political control over the economic institutions that shape our society. This is what other countries usually call socialism. Anything less will end in the same disappointment as the reforms of the 1960s." Jencks's book is likely to have extensive political reverberations; it will probably be cited by both those who want the government to do more and those who want it to do less. Traditionally, socialism has meant government ownership and administration of the means of production, but of late the term has also been applied to sizable transfers of income. To a greater degree than has been true for some time, largely as a result of disappointment with the 1960s, variations on the theme of socialism are in the air.

Liberals are thus presented with some strategic dilemmas. Indiscriminate requests for more money for their programs will not work. They will have to select their fights, figuring out which ventures are most worth continuing. This may require a harmonizing of views, and liberals often seem almost congenitally incapable of harmonizing. They will have to argue for that rarest of American commodities: patience. Most of the programs were begun in the late 1960s and have not had very much time to work or to produce even measurable results. Nevertheless, the programs' proponents will have to accept, even invite, closer scrutiny of whether the programs are meeting or are within sight of their intended goals. Painful though it may be for liberals, President Nixon will not be entirely wrong when he says, as he will, that the programs are not returning full value for the dollar, and that they are being protected by the "special interests" and the "bureaucrats."

The drawing board

Other strategies are beginning to emerge. Some proponents of increased federal activities see a way out of their current bind through regrouping and redefining the issue. There is a belief that if problems are put in terms of the rights and needs of *children,* solutions may be more acceptable politically. The Brookings Institution in Washington, which houses a number of architects of the Great Society, is reexamining the very premise that things get done if the government requires that they be done, and spends money on them. They are searching for alternatives and trying to sort out what the government does well and what it does poorly. They are examining other methods—such as financial incentives—for creating jobs, holding down medical costs, reducing pollution. Some are beginning to perceive the need for hard thinking about the "unit costs" of providing services such as higher education and health care. In the atmosphere of the 1960s, when money seemed to be abundant, it was easy to avoid thinking about such dreary practicalities. The professionals considered studying the cutting of costs to be beneath them.

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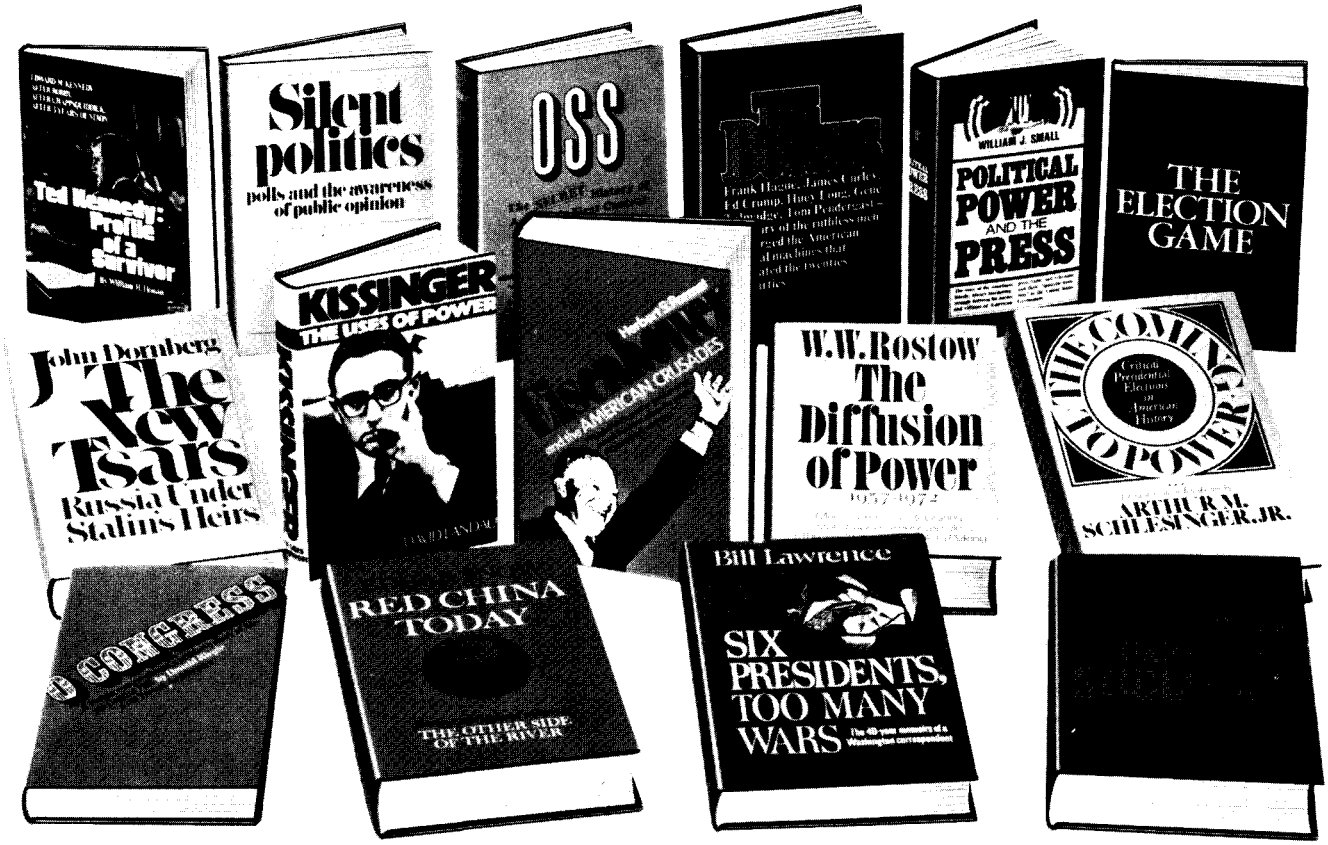

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WASHINGTON

The bureaucrats were seeing to it that the money got spent, so as to be able to go back to the Congress each year to ask for more. But even then the designers of the Great Society feared that there was a surfeit of programs, and they tried, over the howls of the interest groups and their bureaucratic and congressional friends, to combine several in a given area, such as health, into a single, more flexible program. President Nixon is continuing to try this approach under the title of "special revenue sharing."

The idea that "money stamps" should supplant food stamps has its counterparts in the areas of housing and education. It has been suggested that the poor be given allowances with which to secure their own housing, or vouchers with which parents could "pay" for the education of their children at a school of their choice. These proposals are surrounded by controversy. They stir heated arguments over whether there would be sufficient supplies of the housing or schools to provide real choices; whether the poor would be capable of making wise selections; whether other social services would still be needed. The proposals do not resolve the difficult question of what, if anything, is to be done about segregation by race and class.

The idea of income support, money given directly to the poor but not specifically earmarked for food or housing or schools, is gaining adherents. Senator George McGovern's somewhat misconceived and quite misunderstood income maintenance plan will probably seem modest by comparison with others that will be proposed in the future. But income maintenance plans raise several of the same issues as do the proposals for allowances for specified purposes. Moreover, if it were to be found that the poor did not spend the money in a manner which the middle class believed suitable, income maintenance might also end in political disaster. But the central problem with income maintenance proposals now is that they are very, very expensive. This is particularly true if the plans are to help the working poor, which would be required on grounds of both equity and politics. In the current political climate, expensive programs that would transfer income from the middle and upper to the lower classes simply are not acceptable. The politics and economics of class as practiced over the last few years have in fact increased the income gap between rich and poor.

"Sunshine?"

The choices that have to be faced are difficult, particularly when there is so little consensus about what to do. So many conflicting ideas attended the drafting of the revenue sharing legislation this past year that the final bill was several inches thick. Shortly after revenue sharing legislation was enacted, moreover, the New York *Times* found that the new money was to be used by several localities for purposes not really intended: for the lowering of taxes, for building city halls and tennis courts. The President's welfare bill failed to find a path between the conservative doctrine that welfare recipients should be made to work and the liberal belief that they should be given more money. In the end, the Administration abandoned it. Those liberal advisers who came to Washington with the President in 1969 have long ago departed the White House, and now the President's own conservative instincts on domestic issues have no doubt been fortified by his electoral victory. And Presidents have a substantial advantage in defining the terms of an argument.

While the disposition of the unfinished agenda of the 1960s is being thrashed out, two other sets of issues will come on line. One of them has to do with the ways in which national questions are decided. Gradually the connections between the procedures by which our national affairs are handled and the substantive results are becoming better understood. Whether or not substantial change will actually result, we are headed for another period—the last one was over a half century ago—in which issues of political and procedural reform will be on the agenda.

These issues include the cost of campaign financing, and the amount of secrecy with which the Congress and the executive branch proceed. Senator Lawton Chiles, Democrat of Florida, was formerly one of that state's legislators who, in 1967, put through a law called the "Government-in-the-Sunshine Act," requiring all meetings of state governmental bodies to be open to the public. Chiles has now introduced a bill in Congress to apply the same principle to the federal government.

There will be attempts to reassert the authority of the Congress in decisions concerning both domestic and foreign policy. There was an inconclusive struggle at the close of the last session between several senators and the Nixon Administration over the power of the executive branch to make agreements with foreign nations without the approval of Congress. While the Senate is given the opportunity to ratify treaties dealing with such matters as the setting of postal rates or the importation of antiquities, most of our overseas military arrangements are made by executive decisions which do not require approval of the Congress, and of which Congress is often unaware. The senators seized upon a request for increased aid to Portugal in exchange for Portugal's permission for the United States to use the Azores as a military base to demand that such agreements be submitted to the Congress. The Administration was opposed, and the foreign aid bill died.

Purse

The near surrender by the Congress, also at the end of its last session, of major powers over appropriations stemmed from its own ineptitude in dealing with the national budget. It handed the President a situation easy to exploit. The Congress votes the expenditure of federal funds on a piecework basis, with no mechanism for considering trade-offs, or the overall effect of the annual outlay. Its staff work here, as in other areas, is primitive. Some members of Congress are now considering ways to improve their manner of dealing with the power of the purse, lest they lose it irrevocably. They are seeking ways for the Congress both to get more information from the executive branch and to overcome its inability to proceed with coherence.

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The other set of issues coming up puts substantive questions in new contexts. One thoughtful Senate staff member, William Miller, has written a paper suggesting that local school districts be made the basic units of government. Under the plan, the federal government would do what it does best: set general standards. But the central government would, where possible, leave the planning to the local unit. Miller has engaged the interest of Senator Charles Mathias, Republican of Maryland, who is planning to introduce legislation incorporating the idea. He proposes that it be tried on a pilot basis, in connection with the 1976 bicentennial, a time that might be marked by something more significant than red-white-and-blue cupcakes. If a higher unit of government—city, state, or federal—sought to build a road, or a mass transit system, through the local unit, it would have to show compelling reasons, and the issue would be subject to arbitration. Units could combine to support such expensive institutions as hospitals or community colleges.

Small republics?

In the early days of the Republic, Thomas Jefferson addressed the question of how to provide people with a government that left them control over their lives, and offered a model. Jefferson suggested that counties be broken down into wards. "Each ward," he wrote, "would thus be a small republic within itself, and every man in the State would thus become an acting member of the common government, transacting in person a great portion of its rights and duties, subordinate indeed, yet important, and entirely within his competence. The wit of man cannot devise a more solid basis for a free, durable and well-administered republic." Jefferson's proposal was defeated by the landed interests of Virginia, who feared it would lead to increased taxes to finance public endeavors. There are undoubtedly various contemporary interest groups, particularly those which flourish through their connections with state legislatures and influence on national policies, which would oppose the modern version of his proposal.

Remedios Guanzon.

Father dead.

Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON
AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family.

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A great new natural resource has been discovered in Tampa

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Treasure is where you find it, and in Tampa it's being found every day in the garbage. Steel cans—the "tin" cans that soft drinks and other products come in—can live again in other forms, and in Tampa they do.

Here's how it works. People in Tampa who buy their products in steel cans just throw the empty cans in their garbage pails. At the municipal incinerator, magnetic separators pull the cans out of the garbage—at the rate of more than 100 million cans a year.

Refuse At Incinerator

Now those cans will be sold to a local steel mill, which will melt them down and recycle them into steel reinforcing bars for construction.

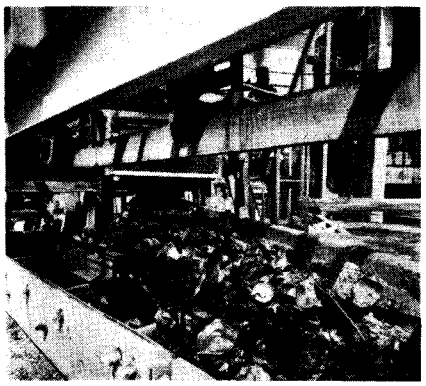
The beautiful thing about this process is that it benefits everyone. Citizens do their ecological duty without strain. The city saves landfill space. It also makes money by selling the cans. And a precious natural resource is conserved and reused, again and again.

In Tampa, glass and aluminum are returned by hand to collection centers. Only steel has the unique quality that permits it to be separated magnetically from household garbage.

Some 350 cities now have collection centers where people turn in cans that they've separated from their own garbage. Last year their total effort brought in an estimated 800 million cans.

In just 17 cities like Tampa, where magnetic separators are being used, the recovery rate is about two-and-a-half billion steel cans a year.

The system makes so much sense that it's no surprise the way it's spreading. By the end of 1973, 11 more cities will have joined the ranks of those with magnetic separators.



Magnetic Separator in Action

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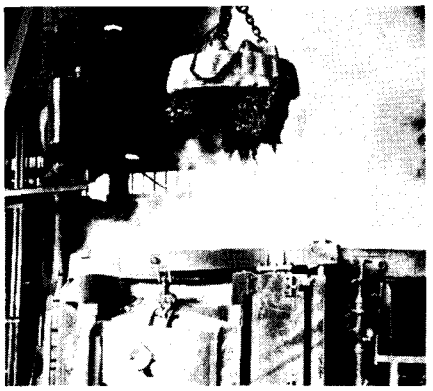

Steel Cans Recycled Into New Steel

If you'd like to help your city get on the bandwagon, write for a copy of **Progress Report on Recycling.** It has all the facts on steel can recovery, tells how your city can learn more about magnetic separation. Give it to your city officials. Help them enter the magnetic age.

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The idea needs more work. Yet it represents an attempt, which must be made, to confront the dilemma of how to attain national goals and meet the desire of the people to be involved.

The dilemmas of planning run throughout many of the primary issues of the 1970s. They affect questions of land use, of urban development versus rural development, of how best to utilize dwindling resources of economic growth. There is the issue of conversion of defense and space industries to other pursuits. According to one congressional staff estimate, there are now thirteen people working on this question throughout the government; more bureaucrats, it is estimated, concern themselves with the study of bees. Arcane but critical questions about this country's financial relationships with other nations, its balance of payments, still must be resolved. There is a need for a redefinition of our foreign policy now that the cold war and dominoes are no longer with us—to redefine our interests, our commitments, our activities and presence in other nations.

This is a time of transition, in short, when a great deal of wisdom is needed, more than seems to be at hand. Few solutions have been found in the last decade, but perhaps at least the questions are getting better.

—ELIZABETH DREW

BUDDHISM IN CHINA

As we mounted the spiral staircase to the first floor of the pagoda, we heard the tinkle of a bell, and the hollow "bop" of someone striking a wooden gourd. We ducked low to enter a small, perfectly circular chamber, and there, in the half-light, we could see four monks in robes seated in front of a marble altar. In low, melodious tones, they were chanting the Heart Sutra. High above, in the shadows of the vaulted ceiling, a coiled, gilded dragon peered down on the scene; and on the altar itself, enshrined in a magnificent gold stupa and surrounded by flowers, candles, and burning incense, was the Holy Tooth of Sakyamuni the Buddha. Our Buddhist host prostrated himself three times before the ancient relic, and slowly we all left. Outside, a large propaganda billboard suddenly came as a shock: white characters on a red ground—a quotation from Mao Tse-tung. For a moment we had forgotten where we were.

Buddhism is still alive in the People's Republic of China. This experience at the Buddha's Tooth Relic Pagoda, less than an hour's drive from the center of Peking, was but one of several contacts my wife and I had with Chinese Buddhists during our recent six-week tour of that country. In all, we were able to visit ten Buddhist monasteries in various parts of China; and in Peking, Sian, and Canton, we saw the offices of the Chinese Buddhist Association. In all of these places, we talked to a number of monks, laymen, and knowledgeable nonbelievers.

The Chinese government cannot and does not wish to hide China's Buddhist heritage—either from its own people or from foreign visitors. Buddhist pagodas are still landmarks all over the country, and in some places they are even the models for new architecture. Golden Buddhist stupas are currently one of the great attractions at the Palace Museum in Peking, and unearthed images of the Buddha are on display in all the archaeological exhibitions. Even Mao Tse-tung's calligraphy is freely admitted to have been based on that of a Buddhist monk in Hunan. What the Chinese want to do is to understand their own Buddhism in the light of Marxism, Leninism, and Mao Tse-tung's thought; to see its good points, to show its bad points, and to rally what remains of it in support of socialist construction.

The Chinese government is well aware that "the blood of the martyrs" may be "the seeds of the Church," and its stated policy toward religion in general has remained the same since it came to power in 1949. The Chinese constitution guarantees that the people are free, as individuals, either to believe or not to believe. This is more than a token constitutional formula. Buddhists all over China are keenly aware of their personal rights to religion. "We are free to have our own beliefs," said an old Mongolian monk at the Lamaist monastery in Peking. When we asked him whether this meant that they were also free to worship and to go on pilgrimage, his answer was immediately affirmative: "We are free to go any place we consider to be holy."

Nevertheless, social pressure is definitely toward the other freedom—that of *not* believing—so that ever since "liberation" in 1949, the number of Buddhists in China has been decreasing. An estimate of the early 1950s put the figures at 500,000 monks and nuns and 100 million Buddhist laymen, but there are many fewer than that today. Although the Chinese refuse to give any more recent statistics, they themselves admit that during the last twenty years the number of Buddhists in China has decreased sharply, especially among the young.

In the West, this fact is usually attributed to the general effect of Communist propaganda against religion, and to such acts as the dispossession of the old monastic landholdings. The Chinese do not deny this, but at the same time they explain the decline of Buddhism in another way. First of all, they point out that much of lay Buddhism in China involved superstitious practices, and that the people simply "cannot be duped" into believing in them anymore. Secondly, they claim that poor families no longer send their sons to the monasteries for want of being able to feed them, a common occurrence in the old society. "The people are better off now," said one Buddhist layman. "They prefer to send their children to school." Finally, they explain that within the monasteries many of the older monks have died and many of the younger ones have left voluntarily in order to "take part in production."

There is much truth in all this. Although Buddhism in its most philosophical forms rejects superstitious beliefs, as a religion of the common people in China it was caught up with all kinds of magical practices and superstitions. Indeed, for most laymen and for many monks that was all that Buddhism amounted to; and in the face of education and indoctrination, it was simply unable to compete with the

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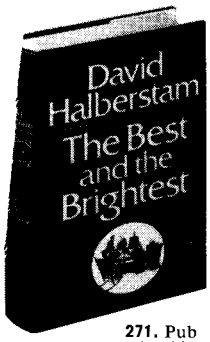

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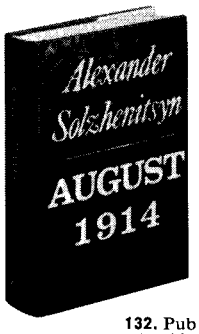

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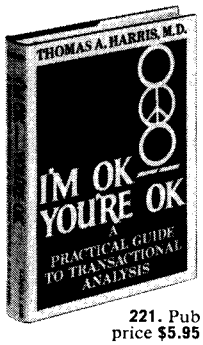

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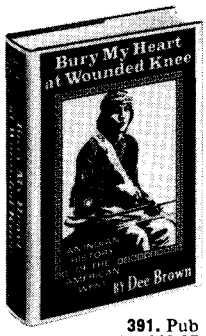

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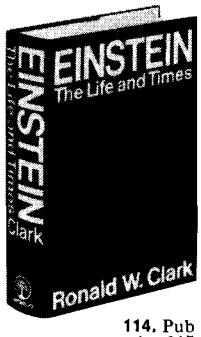

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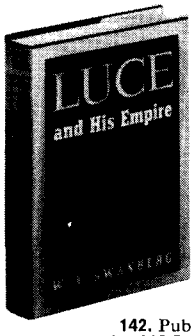

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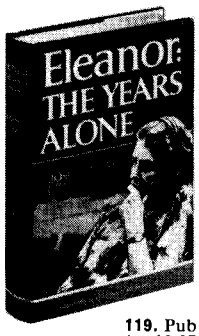

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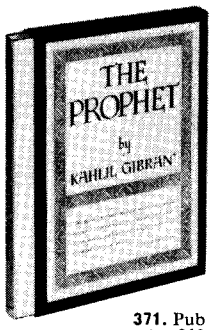

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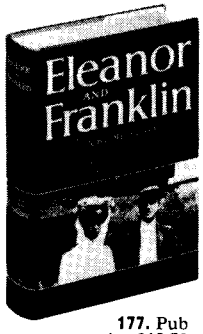

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new materialistic ideology. We met one ex-monk on a People's Commune near Soochow. He had left the local monastery in 1958 because, as he put it, "there was nothing to do in the temple," and he felt he was still young enough to make a productive contribution to society. Today, he is a member of the nearby commune, lives in his own house, is married, and has six children. He says that he no longer believes in Buddhism, even as a layman.

New context

The reasons for the decline of Buddhism in China should be sought not in Communist persecution, not in the dispossession of old monastic lands, but in the greater dynamism of the Maoist movement. During the last twenty-three years, Mao Tse-tung's thought has swept the nation and carried most of the former Buddhists with it. Today, if there are not many Buddhists left, it is because they have been converted to a new way of life.

Very few Chinese ever go to a temple anymore. This is not only because it might be difficult and politically unwise to do so but because very few Chinese *want* to go to a temple anymore. For the most part the masses, especially the youth who make up such a large proportion of the Chinese population, are simply not interested in Buddhism. It is a piece of the past that no longer holds them, and they would rather not tamper with it.

In spite of all this, Buddhism in China has not died out, for the simple reason that throughout this period the Chinese government itself has been giving the Buddhists some active support and cooperation. This constitutes one of the paradoxes in the relationship between the Communists and the Buddhists in China today; for if on the one hand the new regime has been the cause of Buddhism's decline, on the other hand it has been responsible for Buddhism's preservation. Thus, shortly after 1949, many of the historically important monasteries were repaired or restored, at considerable expense to the government. Then in 1953 the Chinese Buddhist Association was founded in Peking. The present head of this organization is Mr. Chao Pu-chu, a silver-haired, gentle man who has been a Buddhist all his life. For the past twenty years, he has had the delicate task of adapting Buddhism to the new Chinese context in such a way that it can both survive and not lose its own religious identity. He has walked this fine line very skillfully, and although his organization firmly supports the Maoist regime, it does give monks and laymen all over China a feeling of Buddhist identity at a national, organizational level.

One of the Chinese intentions during this period was to convince the other countries of Asia that China was not anti-Buddhist or even antireligious. On the home front, however, this intention spilled over into a policy of limited support for Buddhism, which enabled some monasteries to keep functioning, and the Doctrine to survive.

Lying low

When the Cultural Revolution was launched in 1966, the Buddhist monasteries were one of the first targets of the Red Guards. For a number of years, scattered reports of the destruction of temples reached the West, but it was very difficult to judge exactly what was going on. Today, it is still difficult to do so, but a little light is beginning to be shed on the matter. The recent appearance of the "ultra-left" as a convenient scapegoat for the excesses of the Cultural Revolution enables the Chinese to talk without embarrassment about such things as the damaging of temples. When I previously visited Peking in April, 1970, the mere mention of destruction caused by the Red Guards was enough to bring guides and interpreters to an embarrassed "I do not know." Today, the same people can readily admit that, "Yes, there was some damage: it was caused by youth of ultra-leftist tendencies who did not know Chairman Mao's line on this matter." With people willing to talk about the subject, a clearer picture emerges of what happened to the monasteries during the Cultural Revolution.

For Buddhism in general, th Cultural Revolution was a period c lying low. The Buddhist Associatio stopped functioning and was close for a period of "struggle, criticism and transformation." But there was no uniform policy toward the Buddhists during this time. Within a number of monasteries, life seems to have gone on fairly quietly, in isolation, after some kind of initial confrontation with the Red Guards. These confrontations often occurred early in the course of the Cultural Revolution, simply because the monasteries were so obviously part of Old China that they were immediately recognized as targets for criticism. And perhaps because at this early stage the Red Guards had not yet "gotten out of hand," the confrontations at the monasteries were often less acute than they might have been.

In Shanghai, for example, some Red Guards wanted to wreck the Jade Buddha Temple. "They shouted, 'Burn it down!'" recalls one member of the Shanghai Association for the Protection of Relics, "but along with some of the people in the neighborhood, we told them this temple was officially protected by the state, and convinced them to go away."

At the Liu Yung monastery of the Ch'an sect in Canton, the Red Guards put up big-character posters on the walls of the temple, but did not go in. "They couldn't distinguish between Buddhism and superstitious things," says a member of the Canton branch of the Buddhist Association. "We explained the difference to them, and they went away."

In the countryside, there often seems to have been even less confrontation. "There was no problem here," says the abbot of the Hsing Chiao monastery in Shensi Province. At the Lung-men Buddhist caves outside of Loyang, the local guide explains, "At the start of the Cultural Revolution, some ultra-left Red Guards wanted to destroy the images, but they were prevented from doing so by other Red Guards who knew Chairman Mao's true line about using the old to serve the new."

But not all the monasteries escaped damage altogether. Our repeated requests to visit the Temple

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of the Sleeping Buddha near Peking, which was widely reported to have been wrecked by the Red Guards, were met with refusals. The White Horse monastery in Loyang was "under repairs," and in Soochow we were told that the Lingyen monastery was "too far away," and then promptly drove twice the distance to visit a commune. For one reason or another, there are certain Buddhist places which the Chinese do not want foreigners to see, or at least not yet. This may be because damage was so extensive there that they are still reluctant to reveal it, or it may be a result of the natural hesitancy of local officials to take the initiative in breaking new ground with foreign visitors.

Showpieces

There are at least three different types of monasteries or former monasteries in China today.

There are what might be called the museum monasteries. These are generally in a very good state of repair. There are no monks living in them, but they are usually kept up by a branch of the Chinese Association for the Protection of Relics. The members of this organization act as guides and caretakers and are often well informed about the history of the places under their protection. These monasteries have become museums either because of the cultural and artistic importance of the images in them or because they are sites of historical significance. An example of the former type may be seen in the Jade Buddha Temple, which, with its magnificent collection of Buddhist images, is apparently getting ready to open again to the general public. In the latter category, the best example is the Big Wild Goose Pagoda and monastery in Sian in Shensi Province. This was the largest monastery of the T'ang dynasty and has become a protected historical site because of its association with the famous traveler-monk Hsuan Tsang, who translated many sutras into Chinese there.

Both of these places are now showpieces not only because they may be shown to foreign visitors but because they may be shown to the Chinese people. The masses today are very much interested in their own history, and Buddhist monasteries can often provide educational material for a Marxist interpretation of that history. Thus, when groups of Chinese schoolchildren are taken to see one of the famous jade Buddhas, they can learn that the beauty of the image reflects the great skill of the laboring people who made it, while the cost of the jade and the hours of labor involved expose the lavish opulence of the rich monastic exploiters who ordered it made. Similarly, at the Wild Goose Pagoda, they may come to understand that Hsuan Tsang was a very great monk, not because of his scholarship or enlightenment, but because he "kept in touch with the masses," participating in the construction of the pagoda by carrying bricks and stones with his own hands.

The second category of monasteries consists of what are really former monasteries, buildings which no longer have any connection with Buddhism and are now used for other purposes, such as schools, storehouses, factories, or offices. The Little Wild Goose Pagoda, also in Sian, is a good example of this type. The pagoda itself is officially protected, but today it is no more than a leftover from an age gone by. It is closed to the public and may be reached only through a breach in the wall from the yard of the nearby People's Liberation Army camp. The land immediately around the pagoda has been plowed for agriculture and is apparently farmed by the PLA soldiers who live in one of the adjoining monastic buildings. The gate to the rest of the monastery, however, has been sealed up by a brick wall; the other halls are being used as offices.

Finally, the most interesting monasteries in China today are the ones which are still functioning as monasteries. The degree to which they do so varies from one place to another. For example, at the Lamaist Yung Ho Kung in Peking, over twenty old Tibetan and Mongolian monks hold daily devotions, practice meditation, and according to the Mongolian lama we talked to, have occasional examinations and debates on scriptural knowledge. The older monks also care for a small orchard in the forecourt of the monastery, and the younger ones "engage in production" on the outside, one at an ironworks, another at a toothpaste plant, a third at the Foreign Languages Press. In spite of this, we got the impression that the place was very much cut off from any real contact with the world around it. The main gate to the street has been permanently shut (we had to enter through a small side door), and of course laymen seldom visit the temple anymore. "Occasionally some old people come here," says the lama, who has been there himself for fifty-four years, "but not very many, and not very often."

However, in Ch'ang-an County in Shensi Province, we saw a very different type of functioning monastery. Perhaps because the Hsing Chiao monastery is out in the country, the three monks who live there now have managed to combine their monastic lives with an active participation in local community affairs. The abbot is a relaxed, self-assured man in his early fifties. Although today he wears a blue work shirt, he has been a Buddhist monk for over thirty years. He is also a deputy to the Ch'ang-an County People's Congress, the Buddhist representative in the Political Consultative Conference of the county, and a traditional-style doctor who treats patients with acupuncture and Chinese medicine in his consulting room just off the main image hall of the temple.

At the same time, he and the two monks are engaged in agricultural production. They farm seven to eight *mou* (one *mou* is one-sixth of an acre) of land, and tend an apple orchard and several vegetable gardens, all of which makes them economically self-sufficient. "Over a thousand years ago," says the abbot, "the head of this monastery instructed the monks to grow their own food and make their own clothes. This is a tradition we keep."

On the religious side, the three of them hold daily devotions in the temple (which may be attended by laymen in the area), and every evening after sutra recitation they have a short period of meditation. They study Buddhist philosophy but also read the newspapers, follow international affairs, and study the writings of Mao Tse-tung. "We are living in New China," says the abbot,

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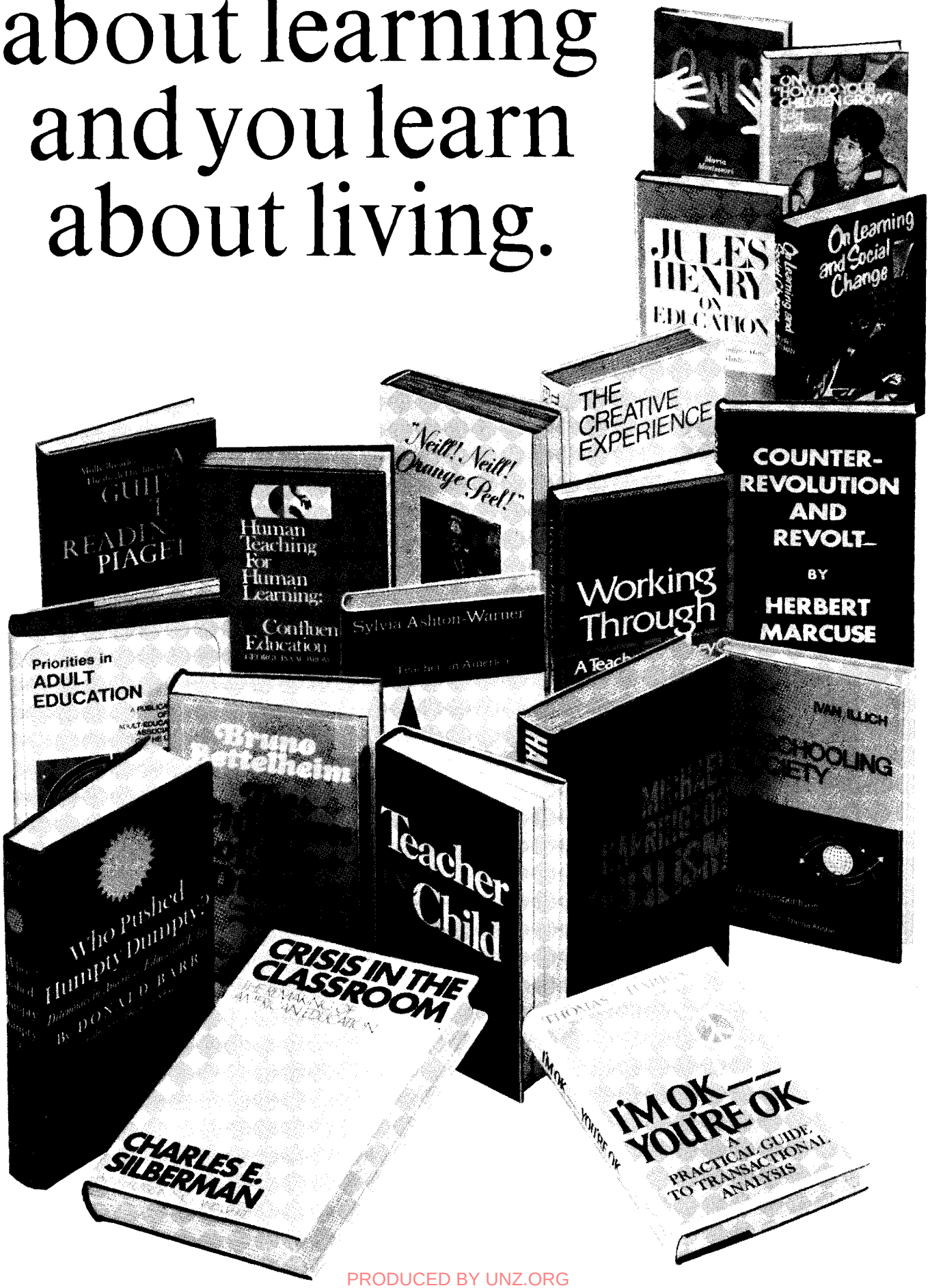

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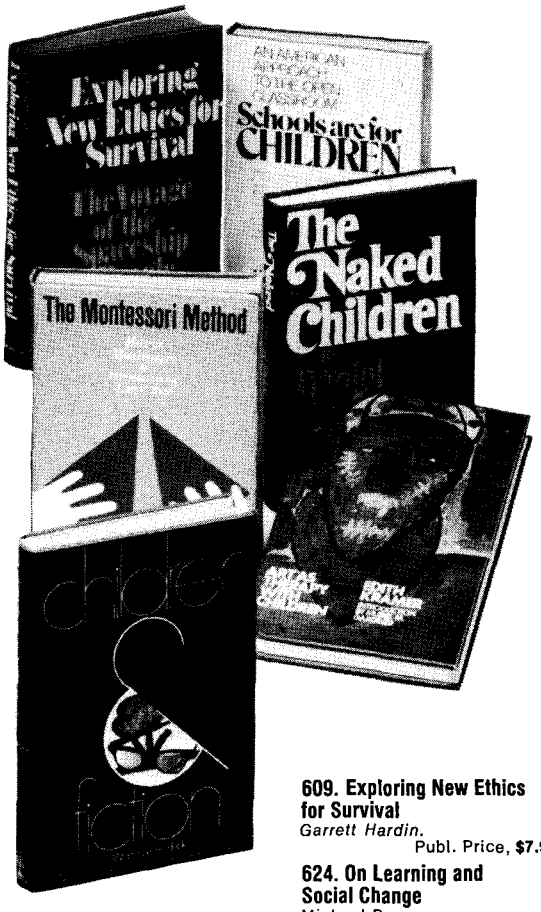

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who has both a picture of Mao and a statue of the Buddha in his bedroom, "and we must acquaint ourselves with society and see how it works."

This monastery is able to function effectively because the abbot plays not only the role of abbot but that of farmer, doctor, and deputy as well. His class origins in a poor peasant family and the fact that the monastery, as the site of Hsuan Tsang's tomb, is officially protected may also have something to do with it. Such a combination of factors is rare in China, but it makes possible a very positive participation by Buddhist monks in the community life around them.

To do this, however, they do not have to depend entirely on Mao Tse-tung's thought; they can draw on their own tradition and sources. This is precisely what is happening today. When we asked why the two monks living in the Ch'an monastery in Canton had jobs in a nearby handicrafts factory, the reason given was not that Mao Tse-tung said "Serve the people" but that Hui-neng (the sixth patriarch of Ch'an Buddhism) "advocated labor and instructed his disciples to engage in production." And when we asked whether these two monks held regular services in the temple, the answer was almost a protest: "Of course they don't hold services! Hui-neng opposed this. He didn't stand for ceremony, for recitation of the sutras or incense-burning, but only for keeping the Doctrine in mind whether sitting, walking, or working."

Collective Karma

It is clear that the Buddhists of China are rereading their own tradition to fit the new context, but they are rereading it in Buddhist ways. Chinese Buddhism, ideologically speaking, is not "merely surviving"; it is changing, it is developing. One might almost say it is reforming. For example, the doctrine of Karma, which in the old society was often used to explain away social and class distinctions, is now being reexamined. It is not being abandoned, because it is essential to Buddhist beliefs. "But," explains Chao Pu-chu, "there is both individual Karma and common, collective Karma. The defect was that in the past too much emphasis was put on individual Karma, and this is what was used to keep the oppressed classes in their place."

Similarly, when we asked about Buddhism and nonviolence, Chao Pu-chu replied, "The ideas on this vary. Some Buddhists believe in pure nonviolence. However," he added in clear reference to Chinese military foreign policy, "when the king of Kosala in India asked Sakyamuni what to do when his territory was invaded, the Buddha's advice was that he defend himself."

How far such rereading of Buddhism can go in support of the system still remains to be seen. One member of the Canton Buddhist Association went so far as to say: "In Buddhism, there is the ideal of benefiting all sentient beings and of glorifying our country. In the old society this ideal was an illusion, impossible to fulfill. But after liberation, under the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, our country has been built up; the people now lead peaceful and happy lives. Our goal of benefiting sentient beings has been realized."

What this amounts to essentially is a reinterpretation of the Bodhisattva ideal of Mahayana Buddhism in wholly materialistic terms, in which Mao and the Party somehow become twentieth-century Bodhisattvas. The thought is interesting in itself, but it is doubtful that either the Communist Party or the Buddhists will go along with it. Chao Pu-chu himself is more cautious. "Buddhism's goal," he says, "is freedom, and this is similar to the socialist goal. Also, Buddhism believes in compassion and helping one's fellow human beings. But we Buddhists are not materialistic; we believe in Nirvana, and Marxism doesn't."

Nevertheless, Chao Pu-chu is insistent that, politically and socially speaking, Buddhists should support the system. Indeed, their future depends on it: "If Buddhists support socialist construction, then their future is bright. If they go against it, then their future will be dark."

But it is also clear that their future will depend largely on whether the government decides to support Buddhism. With no young monks or laymen currently being trained in China, the question remains whether in another generation there will be any Buddhists left. This may depend on a number of factors. First of all, it remains to be seen how much the government wants to use China's past history as educational material for its own people. If they decide that Buddhism can continue to be useful in this way, they might then support the training not of new monks but of new scholars who would be knowledgeable in Buddhist history and religion.

Secondly, it may depend on the course of Chinese foreign policy. If the government decides that Buddhism may still be a helpful propaganda tool in dealing with countries of South and Southeast Asia, as it was during the 1950s and early 1960s, then steps might be taken toward the preservation of some kind of Buddhism in China. An indication that this may be happening was the fact that last summer Chao Pu-chu came out in Peking to welcome the visiting Prime Minister of Ceylon, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike; and last fall he was present at the state banquet given for the Japanese Prime Minister, Kakuei Tanaka.

Finally, the immediate future of Chinese Buddhism will depend mostly on the political mood inside China itself. If the liberal relaxation of the present post-Cultural Revolution period continues, then the old Buddhists should continue to resurface slowly, cautiously, as they are just beginning to do now. But if what is in store is another ideological crisis, another cultural revolution, then for Buddhism that might prove to be the fatal blow.

In any case, time will take its toll. For it must be admitted that the long-range outlook for Chinese Buddhism as a religion is not good. When we asked one layman about this, he said: "I think Sakyamuni himself has already answered your question. Buddhism, like all things, is impermanent. It undergoes birth, growth, abiding, and decay. The first five hundred years after Sakyamuni were the golden years. Today, we have already reached the end of the period of decay."

—JOHN STRONG

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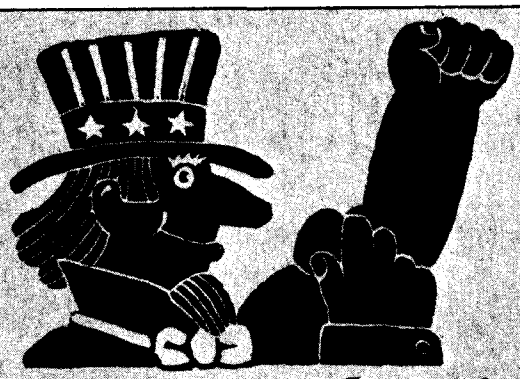
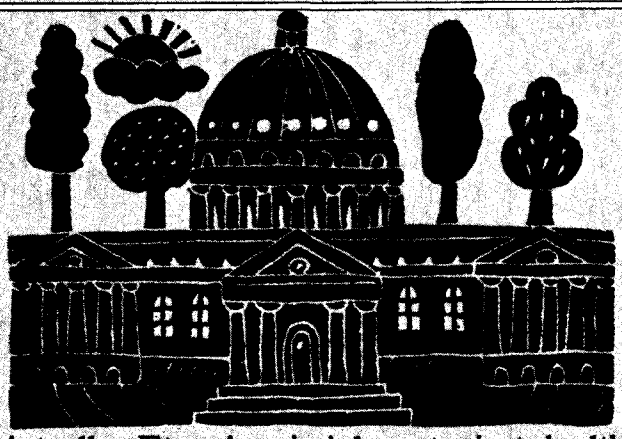
Two weeks in the hospital can cost you two months in wages.



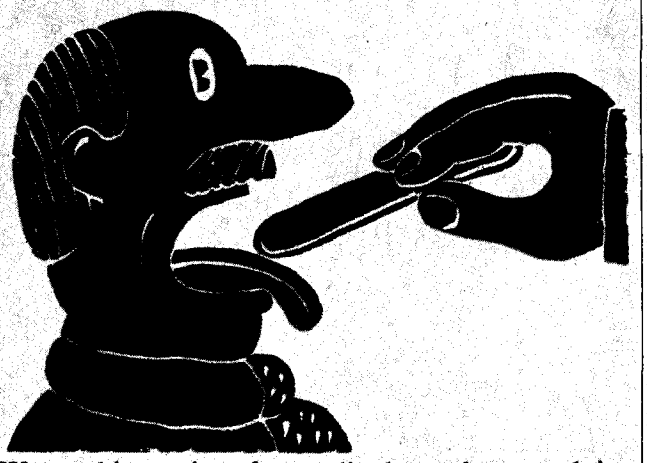
America needs action on Healthcare.

If we have our say, you won't have to be rich to be sick. Because the country will have a Healthcare plan that gives all Americans equal access to medical care and the insurance to pay for it.



Actually, Ætna, America's largest private health insurer, has been urging Healthcare for over four years. We've worked with Washington and the insurance industry to develop a total plan that puts our industry in partnership with government. So care will be available to all Americans at a cost that isn't a plague on the taxpayers.

To start with, the whole system of delivering health care has to be significantly improved. (Even if every last cost were covered, there aren't enough facilities or professional people now to take care of everyone.) We need more doctors and nurses. We need trained medical assistants.



We need incentives for medical people to work in places where they don't work now. We need walk-in neighborhood health centers to take a needless burden off the hospitals. And that's just the start.

Ætna

LIFE & CASUALTY

Ætna has a lot to say about Healthcare because we've thought a lot about the way this country should be. And we're doing what we can to move it in the right direction. It's hard work and it puts us right in the middle of public debates. But we think it's right. And in Healthcare, a good many people are coming to agree with us.

You get action with Ætna.

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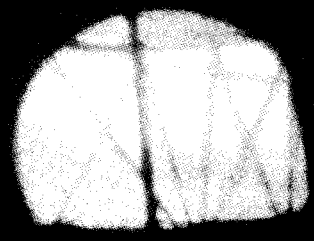
HOW CAN AMERICA HEAD OFF ENERGY SHORTAGES?



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THE SUREST WAY IS TO INCREASE OUR DOMESTIC SUPPLIES OF OIL AND NATURAL GAS.

THESE TWO FUELS FURNISH 77% OF ALL OUR ENERGY.

THEY WILL BE OUR MOST IMPORTANT ENERGY SOURCES FOR YEARS TO COME.

TODAY, AMERICA'S DEMAND FOR OIL AND NATURAL GAS IS MUCH GREATER THAN DOMESTIC PRODUCTION.

TO AVOID THE "ENERGY SHORTAGES" YOU'VE BEEN READING SO MUCH ABOUT, WE'RE DEPENDING MORE AND MORE ON IMPORTS OF FOREIGN OIL.

WE NEED IMPORTS, BUT WE SHOULD NOT BECOME OVERLY DEPENDENT ON THEM.

EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT THE ENERGY SUPPLIES ON WHICH HIS WAY OF LIFE DEPENDS.

Energy is the power to keep machines working.

Thousands of kinds of machines: people machines like home furnaces, kitchen ranges, air conditioners, light bulbs, automobiles; public machines like planes, trains, television networks, water purification plants; all the complex machinery modern industry uses to make the things we use in our daily lives.

Abundant and low-cost supplies of energy have given Americans one of the highest standards of living in the world.

Oil and natural gas furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Yet today, with energy demand expected to almost double within the next 15 years, production from known domestic reserves has reached a peak.

WE'RE USING MORE, FINDING LESS

In 1971, domestic natural gas production was 96% of what we used. By 1985, unless we take steps now to encourage exploration for new supplies, domestic production will meet only 40% of estimated demand.

Domestic oil production in 1971 took care of about three-fourths of demand. By 1985, domestic supplies will provide less than half of our needs—unless we start now to increase these supplies.

Our other domestic sources of energy at present are coal (18%), hydroelectric power (4%), and nuclear and geothermal power (less than 1%). By 1985, nuclear power's share may rise as high as 17%, while the relative shares of coal and hydroelectric power are expected to decline slightly.

We have learned how to make synthetic oil and gas from coal, and to produce oil from shale and tar sands. But it will be many years before these sources can make a significant contribution.

Some day we may even get power directly from the sun. But solar energy is still a long way off.

For the next critical decade or longer, the great share of our growing energy burden must be borne by oil and natural gas.

WHERE CAN WE GET ENOUGH?

Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and natural gas still to be discovered in America, particularly offshore. But environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing their development.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

"Imports" are one obvious answer to the supply problem. But that answer is not as simple as it may seem to be.

In 1971, we imported about one-fourth of the oil we used. That share will rise, year after year. So may imports of natural gas.

But the cost of imports is rising steeply. By 1985, if we have to import more than half our needs, our balance of payments deficit for oil and natural gas could be a staggering $25 billion a year, according to economic analysts.

And it's not only a matter of dollars. How dependent do we want to become on foreign sources for the oil and gas we need?

Our aim should be to keep our dependence on imports within reasonable limits by concentrating on the development of additional energy sources here at home, where we know they will not fail us.

SAVING MORE BY USING LESS

Over a period of time, it should be possible for the United States to conserve energy. More efficient automobile engines, improved thermal conversion and power transmission, better construction techniques, new concepts in mass transportation—all these can play a part.

Meantime, as individuals, each of us should make sure that we and our families use energy as thoughtfully and responsibly as possible.

By using all our energy supplies wisely—in our homes and in driving our cars—through proper insulation, storm doors and windows, weather stripping, wise appliance use, regular auto tune-ups, good driving practices—we might be able to slow the growth in energy demand.

But this alone will not solve the problem.

HOW TO GET MORE OIL AND NATURAL GAS

Above all, we must increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas. And we'll have to build new refineries and other facilities to make them into useable products.

We must do so with proper regard for the environment. The continuing technological advances of the petroleum industry make this possible.

Accelerated government leasing of public lands, both inland and offshore, for exploratory drilling is urgently needed.

Exploration for natural gas should be encouraged. It has been discouraged by the artificially low prices that have been imposed by the Federal Power Commission for the past 18 years.

A healthy economic climate should be provided to stimulate investment and help meet the huge capital requirements of the petroleum industry—an estimated $175 billion or more during the period from 1970 to 1985.

THE REAL SHORTAGE IS TIME

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make wise decisions about our energy supplies. Because of the long lead time required to develop new petroleum supplies, today's delays could haunt and plague us for at least the next 15 years.

Energy for America is not just an oil problem, nor a gas problem, nor a coal problem. It is all these and more, interlocking into a single problem that demands solution because it affects every citizen.

And you can help solve it.

To help you stay informed, we've prepared a basic booklet, "The Energy Gap". Write to Dept. K, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copy.

With your understanding and help, America can head off energy shortages.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

THE OIL COMPANIES OF AMERICA

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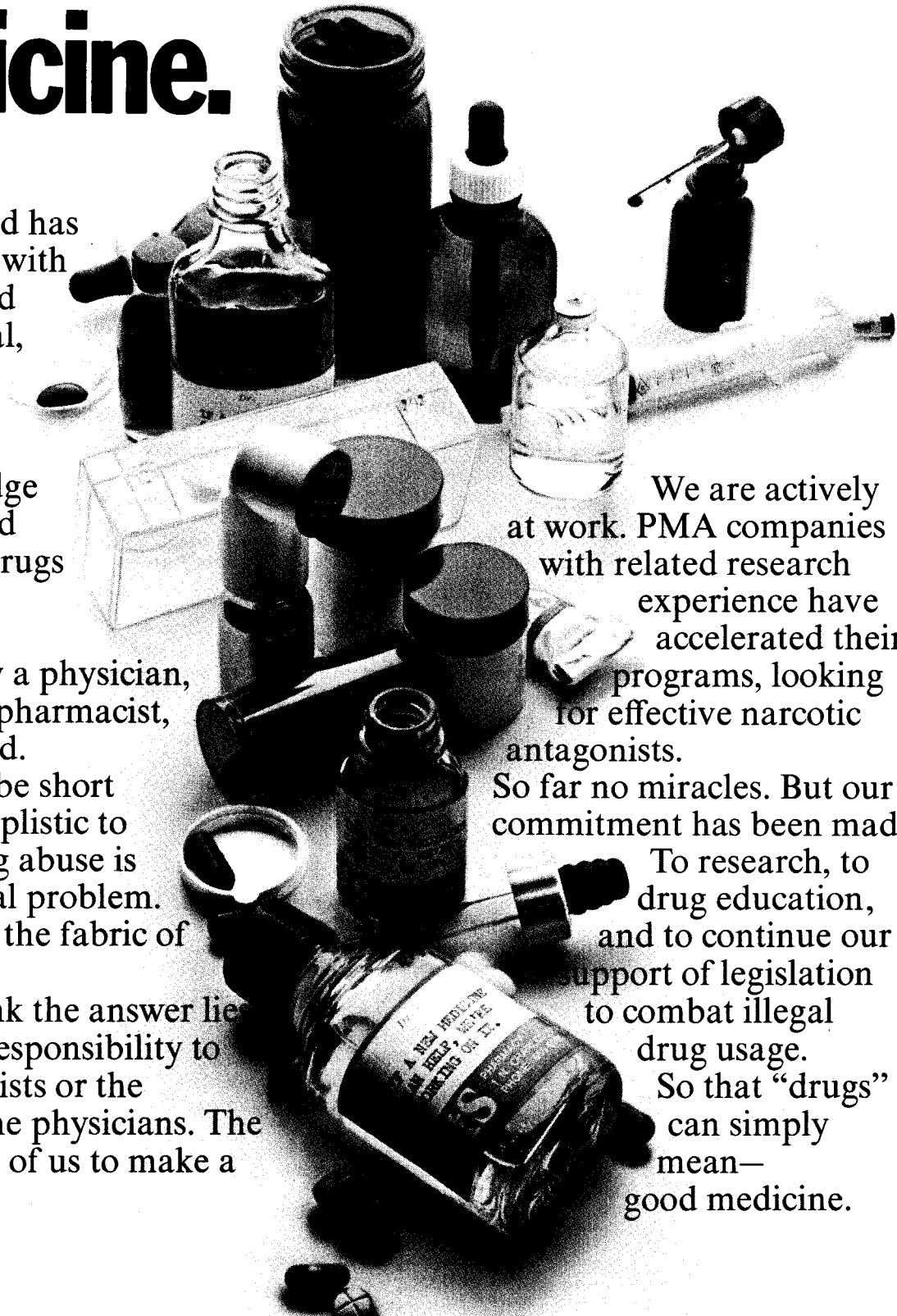
We want our products to be used as medicine.



"Drugs".

The very word has become loaded with implications and meanings: social, legal, medical, philosophical.

Our area of special knowledge is medicine. And we intend our drugs to be used as medicine.

Prescribed by a physician, dispensed by a pharmacist, taken as directed.

But it would be short sighted and simplistic to stop there. Drug abuse is a severe national problem. Rooted deep in the fabric of our lives.

We don't think the answer lies in shifting the responsibility to the social scientists or the lawmakers or the physicians. The answer is for all of us to make a massive effort. Cooperatively.

We are actively at work. PMA companies with related research experience have accelerated their programs, looking for effective narcotic antagonists.

So far no miracles. But our commitment has been made

To research, to drug education, and to continue our support of legislation to combat illegal drug usage.

So that "drugs" can simply mean—good medicine.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. ATI, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

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Innocent Bystander

Auld Acquaintance

by L. E. Sissman

A great deal is written today about the inspiriting and sustaining qualities of sex, but nothing about the perhaps equally consoling powers of friendship. In a highly competitive society, friendship is likely to be out of fashion, anyway; concentration on a personal goal, almost by definition, tends to force one to don a mask of secretiveness and to exclude others from one's counsel. Every man is his own internal-security force, his own thought police, and the devil take the open or unguarded. This isolation of ego is often reinforced by an especially American kind of self-imposed rootlessness, a desire to avoid personal or geographical entanglements, an urge to keep moving on. Nearly fifty years ago, D. H. Lawrence hit on this truth in a review of Hemingway's *In Our Time*. "Nothing matters," Lawrence said. "Everything happens. One wants to keep oneself loose. Avoid one thing only: getting connected up. Don't get connected up. If you get held by anything, break it. Don't be held. Break it, and get away. Don't get away with the idea of getting somewhere else. Just get away, for the sake of getting away. Beat it! 'Well, boy, I guess I'll beat it.' Ah, the pleasure in saying that!"

Today we'd call it "keeping one's cool," preserving the freedom of movement and maneuver of a whole pantheon of real and fictive lone hands who have entered the niches of American myth—Bogart/Spade, Marlowe, James Dean, James Bond, Bob Dylan, many more. But for all that, friendship persists—almost underground, as you might say, since it runs counter to the aloneness of the culture—and even flourishes. Many other relationships of blood, love, or marriage are increasingly suspect of the taint of exploitation for personal gain. Mothers imprison their sons in a lifelong cage of guilt and obligation; sons demand financial support from their parents, but deny them emotional support. Men feign love to exploit a woman sexually; after marriage, the woman enforces her demands by withholding sex. Employer and employee, proclaiming mutual loyalty, each schemes to advance his own interest at the other's cost: the boss chisels on raises, the salesmen pad their expenses.

But friendship has its own ethical code in which most of these holds are barred, which makes it an almost unique relationship in our society. Needless to say, apparent friendship is often abused for gain—friends are used to obtain an entrée, an introduction, a preferment, or even money. But that's not friendship, only the dissimulation of it, which the dictionary definition of "friend"—"A person whom one knows, likes, and trusts"—specifically excludes. If a friend proves untrustworthy, he is no longer your friend.

This is not, of course, to suggest that friends may never be helpful to each other. It is well within the limits of friendship to give a friend a leg up, as long as it is a spontaneous act of goodwill and not connived at by the recipient. On the other hand, most friendships are, by and large, stamped "not negotiable." The essence of the relationship is that it is something held in common, something apart from the acquisitive side of one's life, something where mutual giving and taking are freely and equally balanced. And surprisingly, considering the vicissitudes of life today, it often remains so for a lifetime.

There is something very subtly pleasing and even exciting about making a friend. In a relationship in which two of the chief goods of our society—money and sex—are off limits, we can relax and, for once in a way, really please ourselves, indulge and gratify our taste. One might choose a wife (cynically, but it happens every day) for money or beauty alone. One might choose an employer for money or rapacity alone. But one chooses a friend for companionship and like-mindedness—and sometimes, too, for differences. The friend so chosen is often an alter ego in many respects, but with one element of character—aggression or submissiveness—omitted or put in. Thus a dominant man might choose a submissive friend who will be a good follower to his leadership; thus a diffident man might choose a dominant friend whom he can look up to and follow. These combinations first show up in school relationships, but they often last for life.

When I first meet a man—this applies, of course, to women, too, but the presence of sexuality makes the reactions a lot harder to sort out—I generally place him quite automatically, and within the first few minutes, in one of three categories: No, Maybe, and Yes. The No's (and the fortunately rather rare God, No's) are people who seem to me boors, bores, or just people I'd have nothing in common with. The Maybe's seem pleasant and ingratiating enough, but a faint alarm bell of some kind is beating away behind the eyes; it's going to take longer before I know whether the alarm will fade out or rise to the deafening clangor of a four-alarm boor. The Yesses are people I take to at once, for the naturally flattering reason that they talk and think like I do about the things I do. I seldom encounter one of these—maybe once every two to five years—but it's always, as I've suggested, a subtly exciting experience. It's as if I'm driving a car down an unknown road and suddenly find that I can guess all the curves and contours in advance. As my newfound acquaintance talks along, I find myself anticipating his ideas, his positions, sometimes even his literary citations or turns of phrase. In many ways, he may be quite different from me, but there is obviously some bond of common consciousness.

From then on, if chance permits—that is, if our ambits overlap with any frequency—I find myself avidly exploring the ground of the new friend's outlook. (I assume this pleasure is mutual, though, oddly, I've never discussed this aspect of friendship with a friend.) What be-

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gins to take on a special fascination as the friendship ripens is not the similarity but the *distinction* between us. For all our commonalty of views, the friend is no mirror twin of mine: his looks, his gestures, his mannerisms, his speech, his idiosyncrasies are all at variance with mine, which creates a delightful tension between us and puts his ideas—even those I share completely—in an instructive new light. And then something else begins to happen: I gradually come to look forward to each new meeting with this friend, knowing that the familiarity I have learned to savor and enjoy will also be spiced with something new from the store of infinite variety of a human being. It's like watching a favorite actor in a new play. You know and love his mannerisms, his characteristic mode of attack on a part, yet each new performance is something else again.

I'm talking now about close friends; there are, of course, many more casual ones with whom one shares a degree of trust and liking, but never intimacy. With a close friend, though, there is this ongoing and inexhaustible fascination with the contrast between his growth and his unchanging sameness. When, recently, I remet some old (and very close) friends for the first time since the early fifties, and when we all said, "You look just the same," we didn't mean it literally. We were saying, in code, that the relationship had been so well-founded from the start that it could be continued on the spot. Not, of course, that we did not bring each other up to date, both consciously and unconsciously, but that we felt completely free to do so. It's as if a conversation truncated by a curtain fall denoting the lapse of twenty years had been resumed, at rise, without missing a beat. Once, apparently, we possess the key to another person's mind and manner, we never let it go. On both occasions, I sat for several hours with my friends in a reunion where little was spelled out but everything was revealed. The talk was casual, offhand, sometimes disjointed or fragmentary. But no nuance went unnoticed, no implication was missed. And there was, for all the apparent desultoriness of the talk, an underlying impulsion forward, like the slow, deep movement of a ship, long docked, resuming way. Or, to use another analogue, the Old Firm had Reopened Under the Same Management, and we were all glad to be rejoined again in a common emprise.

In order for this to happen, it goes without saying that the ethical writ that underlies friendship—the writ of mutual trust and mutual injunction against manipulation—had to run as deeply and immutably as it had two decades before, that the Decalogue of Amicable Relations remained fully in force. This set of unwritten sanctions, commanding honor, respect, civility, and sharing among friends, might seem impossibly simplistic, idealistic, and sentimental today. Yet it survives as a reality in a world of short sales and curt expediencies, perhaps precisely because that world demands a leaven for its selfishness and a haven from its storms. In 1973, death and taxes are as calculably certain as in Franklin's time; vicissitudes, comeuppances, bouleversements, transgressions, and betrayals are more likely than they ever were in the past. Under pressures of the age, promising careers tail off into backwaters; challenging jobs dissolve into rote repetitiveness; lovers move on and marriages crack; adults lose control of their lives and their selves; children vanish into the Woodstock limbo, from which no traveler returns.

Where, then, are we to turn but to friends (and, in enduring marriages, to husbands or wives, who become friends by a long mutual process of tempering) for an unchanging validation of ourselves? Who but a friend has the time, the kindredness, the disinterest to take us up again, time after time, and make us whole again by steadfastly refusing to believe we have ever been less than whole? And who but a friend revivifies our own powers by depending on us for the same kind of recertification?

Making a new friend can certainly be as exciting at fifty as at twenty. But in the realm of friendship—a kingdom run on the old-fashioned lines of golden-rule morality—it follows that tradition and continuity must possess some special value, and that the hackneyed truism, old friends are best, is literally true. Some mysterious kind of compound interest is at work in long-standing friendships, enriching each new meeting with a set of unheard—but deeply felt—harmonic echoes of the past. Perhaps, again, because this world is so sheerly motile and rootless, a common touchstone ten or twenty years back becomes a precious stone, the foundation stone of a personal mythology both opposed and allied to the public myth of the lone hero. What we did with Y in the Village in the summer of '48, how we invaded X's birthday party dressed as spacemen in the fall of '51, why Y married Z so unexpectedly in Cambridge in '53—these palpable trivia, forgotten to all but us, become the stations of a crossing of paths, a pooling of interests, which sustain us in our self-belief today. Nostalgia—seeing and recognizing oneself in an antique setting—gives life a shape and point, and the real or possible presence of friends, then and now, reassures us of some stability in a waste of shifting sands of time.

My wife and I don't generally go out on New Year's Eve; we live too far out in the country, and the thought of a long, late drive over icy roads shared by other partygoers is a daunting one. But at New Year's and through the gelid, isolated month of January, I often think, with an involuntary smile, of friends. Some live fairly nearby; others are a continent or more away. Some I've seen fairly frequently and recently; others, not for many years. But all, if they were here with me, would immediately, without hesitation or embarrassment, proceed to open the richly wrapped gift of times we've shared, and, in cutting up old touches, advance the state of our relationship. Even in their absence, I can see and hear them now.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

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THE MAIL

SEXUAL IDEOLOGUES

SIR: Re: Midge Decter's "The New Chastity" (August *Atlantic)* and letter replies.

What strange compulsion now drives so many women to exploit their intralabial preoccupations in print? Does anyone honestly believe that public arguments about orgasm and femininity will improve either our pleasure or our culture? Surely a great sad ugliness has fallen upon the land—one which leers at us out of marriages destroyed by sexual ideology, out of misbegotten "clubs" for "singles" and "spares," out of omnipresent pornography, and—not least—out of Lib and anti-Lib literature.

Now comes Miss Decter to set it all right. She has thoroughly chewed that apple of discord, spat it out, and pronounced judgment. Sadder still, a good mind so used (imagine reading nearly *all* of Lib literature!), for Miss Decter is clearly one of the gifted, and, like Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex,* squanders herself in an unworthy cause. De Beauvoir will never be surpassed as the most brilliant and encyclopedic grievance collector in the history of feminism. Decter's work is informed by a more subtle sense of grievance against the women's movement. She speaks out of opposition and out of a powerful but controlled animus which verges on arrogance.

Grievance is still grievance, however—a matter of hostility and argument—no matter how well thought out. One longs for a different level of discourse than that chosen by Miss Decter—one which would allow her to see the Lib movement more dispassionately and finally compassionately than she appears to do. Given a little distance, surely so accomplished a mind would notice that Women's Lib is both too easy and too doubtful a target. Its most visible and published members, with their stridency and self-exploitation, are the most vulnerable of public figures. One hardly knows how, without the Movement to support them, they could hang on in this mad culture. Then, in the background, are all those ordinary women, not ideologues, not rushing into print, who simply manage to do useful things—for themselves, for other women, for children, and therefore, they hope, for men and the community. As always, beneath the ideology lie assorted goods and ills.

No, I'm afraid the excesses of Women's Lib are but one measure of the agony of failure in American private and sexual life—an agony long in muted history (Hawthorne and Henry James wrote of it a century ago) but now exploding throughout our culture. What has unbearably deepened that agony is the fact that sex has been turned into a combination of pornography and technology—a dreary infinite calculus of self-abasing permutations and combinations producing new wounds, new frustrations.

How can we not know, after all, that where analysis and exposure of sex are concerned, less is more—that silence and reticence bespeak not mere prudery but respect for privacy, the privacy of memory and human intimacy? I suggest that we obey the poets and learn to sit still, to keep silent for a while and give the last word on both grievance and chastity to that distinguished lady, Marianne Moore, who remarked, in a collection of her writings, that if she were sixteen again, she would give herself this advice:

> Don't relive bad moments, or *revive them for others,* or be expecting more of them. . . . Fashion can make you ridiculous; style, which is yours to control individually, can make you attractive—a near siren. What of chastity? It confers a particular strength. Until recently, I took it for granted as a universally regarded asset, like avoiding "all drugs."

SONDRA D. FARGO
Evanston, Ill.

SIR: *The Atlantic* is apparently so dedicated to Midge Decter's belief in the New Chastity of the new feminists that it omitted to print that section of my letter ("The Mail," October, 1972) in which I discussed the repression of female lust by our culture and accused Ms. Decter of having been brainwashed by our male culture into believing that young girls do not feel lust, that women are naturally passive in bed and get their sexual pleasure from giving.

In 1868, Elizabeth Cady Stanton said that "to keep a foothold in society woman must be as near like man as possible." Midge Decter, in her beliefs about female sexuality, thinks just like a man, thinks the way our male culture has taught her to think. She too is one of the helpless boobs, a manipulated woman.

DR. UNA STANNARD
San Francisco, Calif.

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LIFTON'S VETERANS

SIR: Dr. Lifton's article on "us" ("Home from the War," November *Atlantic)* was as searching and incisive as anything now published for the general public by a psychologist.

But Dr. Lifton makes his analysis post hoc from the Vietnam victim who did not know what he was doing in Vietnam in the first place, and could not adjust to the traumatic inhumanity he witnessed. Unfortunately, the majority of the young people who fought in Vietnam were too young to make sense out of it. And they will be, as Lifton suggests, plagued with varying degrees of guilt for years to come. However, there are some who went to Vietnam fully responsible and positioned, ethically and existentially. This class of veterans is above guilt (in the sense of not being led like sheep to the slaughter) by virtue of having opposed the war years before entry into the military, of having fought the war while in it, and of having resolved this moral tragedy into a workable continuity of life.

All through the article, Dr. Lifton points out the absurd games and illusions of young men in Vietnam with tanks, hand grenades, and death as attempts at sublimation. As the reality principle functions, our games must eventually be resolved. Given the quality of experience America has given some of us, the rest of you may not wish to stick around to see the bastard's ugly face.

GEORGE L. MORGAN
New Orleans, La.

SIR: Anent: "Home from the War," November, 1972.

I am seventy-five years old and a veteran of three wars, so I sound off knowledgeably. The Vietnam veterans interviewed by Robert J. Lifton strike me as being a paranoid bunch of lily-fingered, weak-kneed paranoics.

What's so special and earth-shaking about killing your enemies in occupied territory? We all did it; that's what we were hired and trained to do.

WILLIAM A. LYELL, SR.
Lakewood, N.J.

SIR: An aspect of absurdity not touched on in "Home from the War" is that death in Vietnam predominantly lacks even the vestigial meaning associated with being killed by the enemy. In a year of busting jungle with an armored cavalry unit and a month in Cambodia, most of us were killed in accidents. Tripping our own "automatic ambush" was the worst. Our chaplain brought a cassette player with a small walnut speaker to the field for thirty seconds of organ music before and after memorial services.

I now work for the Welfare Department, where careers are also based on body counts—those cut off aid; as in "Nam," little distinction is made between "the enemy" and "civilians."

RICHARD READ
Oakland, Calif.

SIR: Robert Lifton's article affected me very deeply. When Henry Kissinger announced "Peace is at hand" three days after I'd read it, the article took on a special significance. In a letter I wrote to my mother I described my reaction to Dr. Lifton's article:

> In a few years my experience in Canada will be part of history. Dodging the draft will have become a minor curiosity rather than a meaningful event. It will become part of my past, no longer relevant to day-to-day activities. It seems to me that the greatest pain will be suffered by the veterans of the war. This month *Atlantic Monthly* has an article that describes the psychological pain and loss of humanness that the many Vietnam veterans feel. When I was drafted I looked ahead and could see the difficulties I would have had if I had participated in the war. I had to decide whether I wanted to live this way. No one else seemed concerned about the problem of living with oneself after Vietnam and I never got a response when I mentioned that it was a problem to me.
>
> Until I read Lifton's article I felt that I must somehow be unique. Now it seems to me that almost anyone would feel this way. These feelings are a product of being human in a situation where one is involved in actions that are inconsistent with the concept of oneself as a human.

RICHARD HARMAN
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

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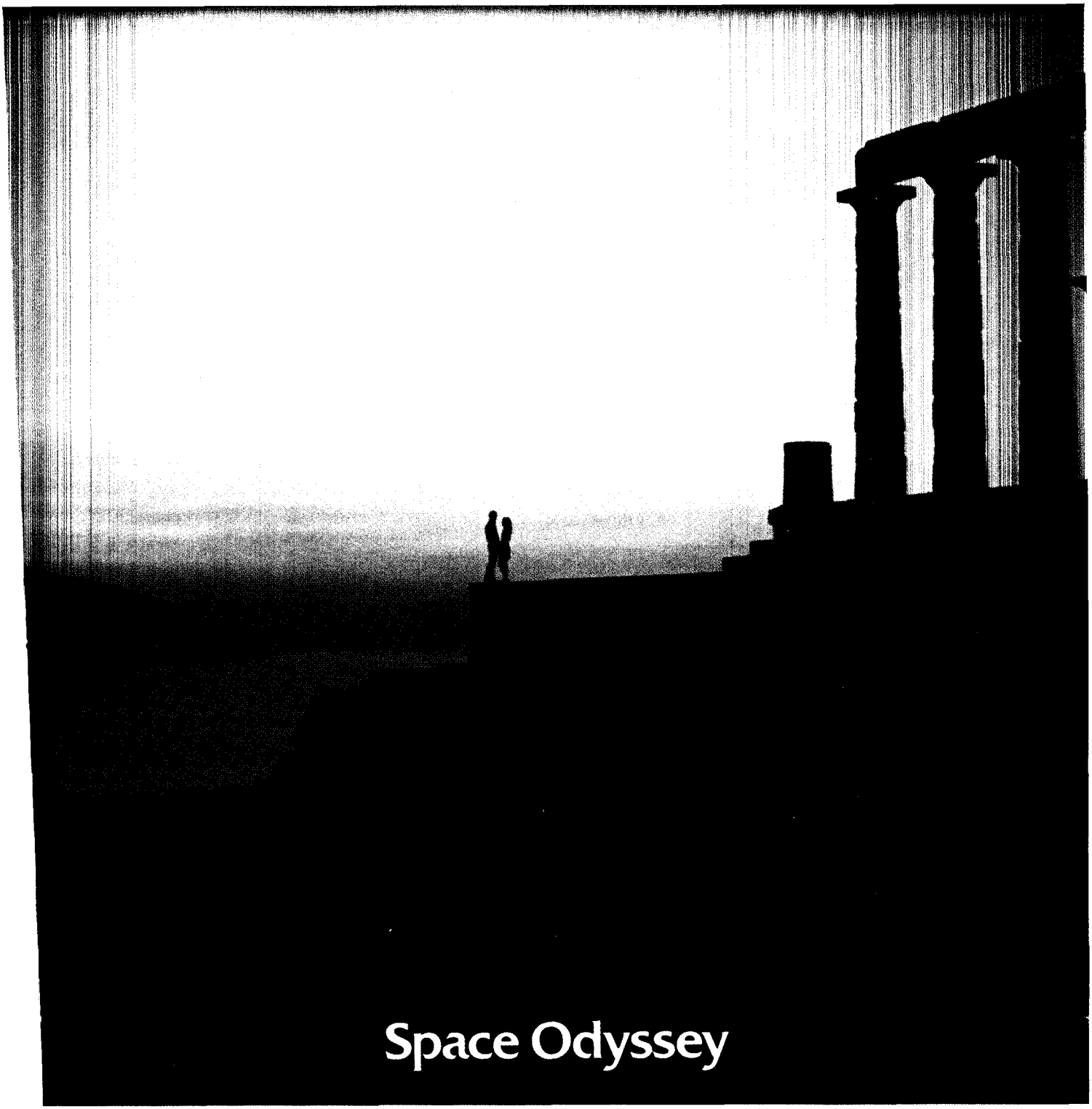

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POWERS MODEL

SIR: Thomas Powers ("The Government Is Watching," October *Atlantic)* has presented a one-sided, emotional appeal to the popular concern about government surveillance. Because it makes interesting reading, he shakes public confidence with our incomplete picture of our Army and Federal Bureau of Investigation, when really constructive criticism is needed.

Powers shows that FBI files contain raw, undigested, and therefore sometimes ludicrous material. Hasn't this been well understood for years by all legal, governmental, and investigative circles?

Powers must be well aware that the U.S. Army surveillance of radicals was a brand-new assignment given to it by executive order at a time when our cities were torn by riots, and when the few really violent and destructive radicals of both the right and left were trying to take advantage of the situation. By leaving out this fact, Mr. Powers implies that the Army got into the field entirely of its own accord. Even though only the Army had the disciplined numbers to handle the problem at that moment, few of us would want more than a temporary and partial assignment for the Army on the domestic scene.

Although Powers' information is one-sided and therefore misleading, it is mostly true. Therefore I agree with his conclusions.

JAMES F. CARNEY
Woodbridge, Conn.

SIR: I started to read the article "The Government Is Watching" by one Thomas Powers. I couldn't finish it as it began to turn my stomach.

This gentleman can find nothing good about the FBI and seems to classify them as a bunch of spies.

Hard to understand why a reputable magazine would provide space for this type of claptrap.

LEON C. FRIEL
Rochester, N.Y.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: I cannot resist contributing one addition to Edwin Newman's delightful "Steak Media, Please" (September *Atlantic).*

On the table at the Florida State University Faculty Club recently was a notice that the Friday night special that week would be "Cocoavan," explained as "chicken sauteed in wine sauce."

ROGER S. BAGNALL
Tallahassee, Fla.

SIR: Stewart Udall's article, "The Last Traffic Jam" (October *Atlantic),* was both timely and realistic. My only comment is that he neglected to mention that unnecessary gas-consuming evil, the snowmobile, and its summer counterpart, the "mudmobile."

Are we, as citizens, going to stand by and watch these playthings multiply while oil is fast becoming a luxury?

KATHLEEN RASMUSSEN
Brunswick, Me.

SIR: My bones still rattle from that ride through West Virginia in a '47 Hudson ("The Way We Went," November *Atlantic).* Let's have more of Wallace Knight.

DAVID TRAUTMAN
Satellite Beach, Fla.

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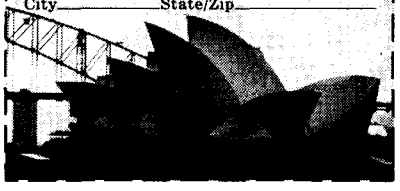

Contributors

ELIZABETH DREW is *The Atlantic*'s Washington editor.

JOHN STRONG, a scholar in the field of comparative religion, recently traveled in China with his wife.

HENRY BRANDON is the London *Sunday Times*'s Washington correspondent. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book *The Retreat of American Power.*

PHILIP LEVINE's latest book of poetry, *They Feed the Lion,* was published last year.

JANE O'REILLY covered the closing weeks of the McGovern campaign.

JAMES DICKEY, poet and novelist, is professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

WILLIAM KENNEDY is the author of a novel, *The Ink Truck.*

DAN WAKEFIELD has completed his second novel, *Starting Over,* from which this story is drawn.

WILLIAM PITT ROOT's new book of poems, *Striking the Dark Air for Music,* will be published this spring.

JESSICA MITFORD is making a study of the American prison system.

W. S. MERWIN is the author of two recent collections of poetry, *Writings to an Unfinished Accompaniment* and *Asian Figures.*

DAVID BLACK is finishing a novel, of which this story will form a part.

ALAN DUGAN is on the staff of the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Massachusetts.

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER's works of biography, translation, and essays include *Cocteau,* and the forthcoming *Flaubert in Egypt.*

FRANK KERMODE is professor of English at London's University College.

ROBERT EVETT is a composer and a music critic for the Washington *Star-News.*

L. E. SISSMAN, DAVID DENBY, EDWARD WEEKS, and PHOEBE ADAMS appear regularly in these pages.

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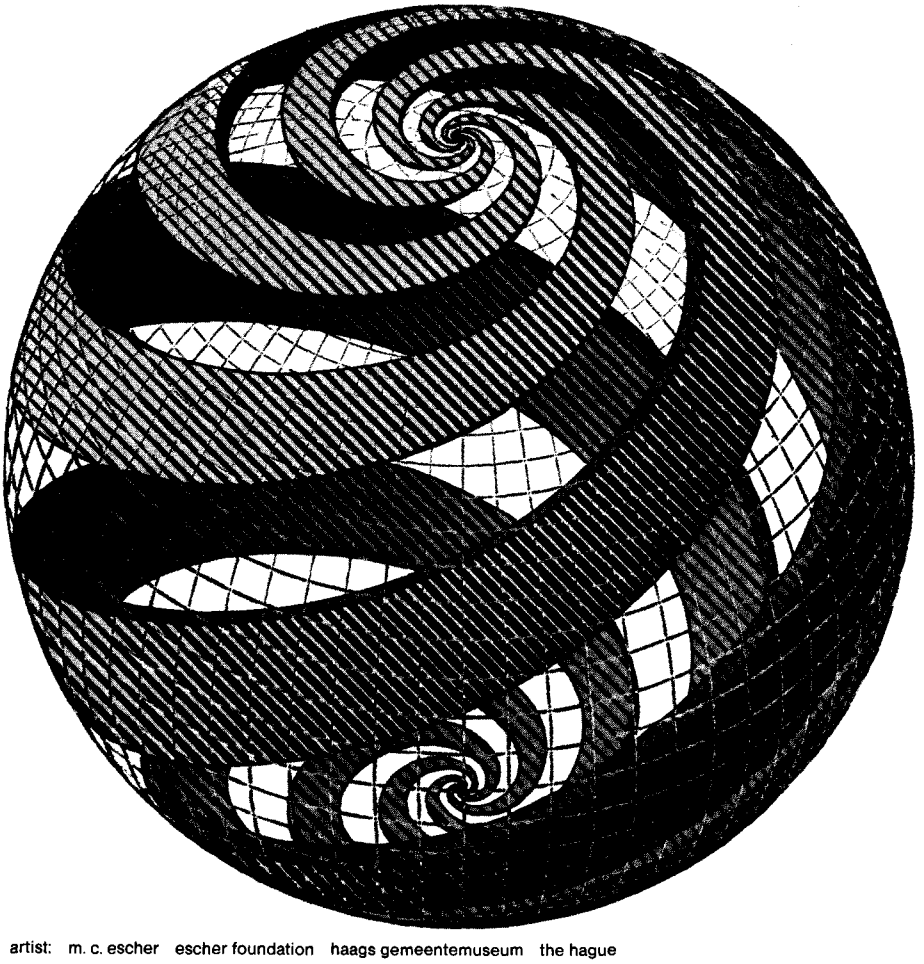
The real
The disparity is shocking; our highways are lined with quick-snack delights, our supermarkets are lined with nutritious gourmet foods, yet the faces of millions are lined with hunger and despair.

There are questions that must be faced. The population of the world will increase by 3½ billion people by the year 2000—can we possibly feed them? Is there a universal nutritious food? Can we farm the sea? Are people willing to eat foods foreign to them in order to survive? Are there ways to ship and store and distribute food to cut down on spoilage? Will it ever be possible to support a constantly expanding worldwide population? Will our world leaders solve these problems in time?
Disturbing questions; but the wrong answers, or no answers at all are even worse.



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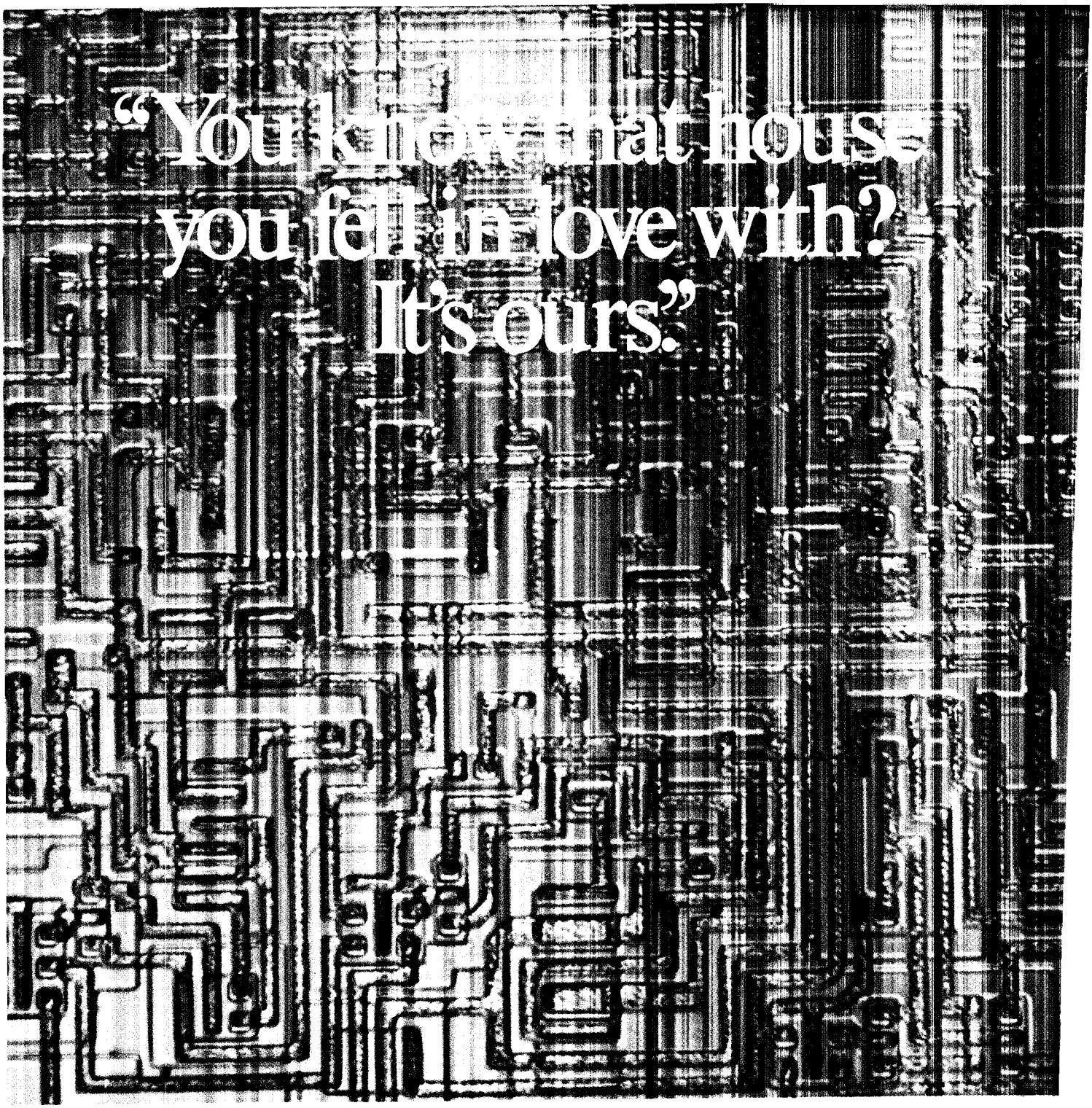

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THE BALANCE OF MUTUAL WEAKNESS

Nixon's Voyage into the World of the 1970s

by Henry Brandon

The President and the Professor blocked out a daring course: "stop-go retreat" from Vietnam and manipulation of big-power antagonisms. They took a first in Peking, covered ground in Moscow, and now, the election won, with or without Henry Kissinger at his side, the President has another four years in which to travel the new direction of international diplomacy. Where will it take us?

The tapestry of American foreign policy in the seventies will be woven out of a clearer understanding of the limitations of American power, whether military, financial, or economic; a fatigue with foreign commitments and a disenchantment with the world; a rebellion against the American values of the last fifty years, noisy on the left, quiet in the center, resisted on the right; a despair about the intractability of domestic problems; an overall disposition to retrench and retreat.

President Nixon shifted the gears of U.S. foreign policy into reverse, but at the same time he put his foot on the brakes to slow the backing up, when his Democratic critics would have had him step hard on the accelerator. The actual pace of the American retreat will be faster than he is willing to admit and slower than they want it to be. But the President's sense of pace—typified by the stop-go retreat from Vietnam—was confirmed by his overwhelming election victory. With Henry Kissinger at his side, at least for now, he is in the ascendancy.

The first half of the seventies is a period of transition and experimentation, a search for new fixed points of orientation. It is a period of uncertainty as to the role the American public wishes the United States to play in the world, the amount of influence it wants to preserve. The intellectuals, when President Nixon came to power, withdrew to their ivory towers to contemplate the mistakes of the past and the lessons to be drawn from them for the future. And the indications are that the foreign-policy elite, having found overseas affairs their undoing, are now turning inward and are more interested in becoming a domestic-policy elite, under the impulse of the overriding problems that any American government will be facing at home in the seventies. Europeans and the Japanese tend to underestimate these problems; Americans perhaps tend to overestimate them.

The new generation of Americans is coming to power with a different experience and a different

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outlook. It is hardly aware of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in 1947; it has no memory of the Berlin blockade, the invasion of Korea, or the suppression of Hungary. Uppermost in its mind is the catastrophe of Vietnam. The poison from that war will circulate in the American body and the American conscience for some time to come; the war's character and conduct are bound to remain part of the American experience and may leave an imprint as lasting as that of the Civil War. To this new generation it is damning evidence that the far-flung responsibilities of the United States have been executed in a reckless manner, that the limitations of American power have not been correctly assessed, and that American domestic needs have been badly neglected. The aim of this new generation will be to change the priorities of the past. Between those who do not understand the game of world power politics and those who exaggerate the need for overkill capacity, a great political struggle is developing in the seventies. There are many eloquent spokesmen among this new generation for the urgent American domestic needs, but for internationalism there are as yet none who can command the respect of this generation as well as of Congress. The kind of last-ditch defense the Nixon Administration mounted by sending the old guard of internationalists to do battle against Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's attempt to cut drastically American troop commitments in Europe will be difficult to repeat.

This new generation became the engine behind the shifts and changes in the Democratic Party for the presidential campaign, and by 1976, with many more million young people enfranchised, its impact, of course, will become increasingly effective. Their influx into active politics has profoundly upset many political assumptions, and the consensus that for twenty-five years gave American foreign policy continuity, bipartisan support, and a remarkable stability has, as a consequence, been badly undermined. There are many who believe that an entirely fresh start has to be made, that every priority, every commitment, every assumption needs to be reexamined. The very idea of continuity, which has been the basis on which the world viewed American foreign policy with either confidence or awe, has become an albatross around the neck of the United States.

Some revered and idealistic concepts, such as the Atlantic Alliance, have been elbowed aside by the march of events. The United Nations, one of those great idealistic hopes, strongly promoted by the United States, that rose from the destruction of World War II, has been shunted onto the sidetracks of history. As a guardian of international security it has lost its significance. It will linger on as an international meeting ground and, who knows, could once again become a useful instrument when the challenge of the Third World to the industrial world becomes more acute.

The momentum for big ideas which accompanies the aftermath of great catastrophic wars has petered out. The young of today may be idealistic, but it is with an inner-directed idealism. They have no feeling for, no understanding of, no commitment to the world that created the United Nations.

Americans are now sharply divided on the U.S. role in the world, and any President in this decade will find it difficult to enter into new commitments, least of all any that could lead to sending American fighting forces abroad again, unless there should be a very drastic change in the international situation. Such change seems to me to be unlikely because, despite their overweening power, the United States and the Soviet Union are confined by a mutual vulnerability of which they have become well aware. It is this balance of mutual weakness that has raised hopes around the world that the seventies will be a period of relative peace and stability. Not only are there the weapons of infinite power, which compel the superpowers to coexist because neither can use them to impose its will on the other, but there is also the lesson the superpowers are beginning to grasp: that it is in their own interest to keep tension down and to avoid getting too deeply involved in peripheral conflicts. Diplomacy, as Henry Kissinger defines it, "is the art of restraining the exercise of power."

In that sense President Nixon's foreign policy has been extraordinarily successful. And success very much affects the way the public views foreign policy. Had the American intervention in Vietnam, for instance, ended in victory, it would not have aroused the opposition and revulsion it has, and American foreign policy would not have come under the kind of barrage of criticism it has. Whatever public controversy it engendered would have been soon forgotten in the wake of a successful conclusion. That is why some of the controversial, but successful, foreign-policy moves found easy acceptance.

Nixon met the public desire for a shift away from the cold-war outlook that had dominated American foreign policy throughout the post-World War II period by actively pursuing a détente with Moscow and Peking. In the process he and his impresario Henry Kissinger introduced a new diplomatic approach, balance-of-power diplomacy, at least as far as the United States, Russia, and China were concerned. It meant a far more radical change in the conduct of American diplomacy than is as yet fully recognized. The acknowledgment of the existence of a mutual weakness, the fading of the cold war, the weakening of

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the old rigid framework of coalition diplomacy, and the public pressures everywhere for exploring a détente policy, all contributed to this new approach. Kissinger described it in 1968 as follows: ". . . Political multipolarity, while difficult to get used to, is the precondition for a new period of creativity. . . . The shape of the future will depend ultimately on the conviction which far transcends the physical balance of power . . . part of the reason for our difficulties is our reluctance to think in terms of power and equilibrium."

By opening up relations with China, Nixon made the Soviet Union suspicious and jealous, and so eager to hold the Moscow summit that the Soviet leaders were prepared to swallow the affront of the mining of Haiphong harbor. It became important to them to make certain that the balance of power in the seventies would be three-cornered, and to demonstrate that the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union was more important than that between the United States and China. When Kissinger squared the triangle by returning to Peking after the Moscow summit, he wondered, as he flew toward the China coast, whether he would get the same cordial reception as previously. But in spite of Moscow's smiles and Haiphong's mines, he was received even more warmly than before.

The world of the seventies is not so compact as the early-nineteenth-century political world which has been Kissinger's life study, and it is accordingly much more difficult, in his own phrase, "to respond to change with counter-adjustment." He readily admitted this when he told members of Congress in June, 1972: "This Administration's policy is occasionally characterized as being based on the principles of the classical balance of power. To the extent that that term implies a belief that security requires a measure of equilibrium, it has a certain validity. . . . But to the extent that balance of power means constant jockeying for marginal advantages over an opponent, it no longer applies. The reason is that the determination of national power has changed fundamentally in the nuclear age. Throughout history, the primary concern of most national leaders has been to accumulate geopolitical and military power. It would have seemed inconceivable, even a generation ago, that such power once gained could not be translated directly into advantage over one's opponent. But now both we and the Soviet Union have begun to find that each increment of power does not necessarily represent an increment of usable political strength."

This became painfully obvious during the Indo-Pakistan crisis, when all the counteradjustments were not enough to prevent war from breaking out. Still, as Nixon and Kissinger have shown, at least as regards the United States, the Soviet Union, and China, scales for balancing relations can be a valid instrument in the diplomatic toolbox, even in the complex world of today.

However, to pursue a balance-of-power concept a clear definition of basic interests is needed. Britain, at the height of its Empire days, was ruled by an elite which could forge its foreign policy on the basis of what it thought was in Britannia's interest—irrespective of public opinion. These interests were so clearly defined that even after the introduction of universal suffrage, the British public had an instinctive understanding of what was best for the Empire. No similar instinctive understanding is to be found in the United States today. The Nixon Doctrine is too vague a definition of American interests and priorities. It does not offer enough guidance about how new priorities should be adjusted between U.S. domestic and international responsibilities and commitments, how to marshal resources to maintain the balance-of-power equation with the Soviet Union, even if it is only a balance of mutual weakness. What complicates these calculations and adds to the pressures for a new approach is the recognition that has begun to sink in among economic planners—the fact that economic growth, which used to absorb the rising social costs of government, cannot do so anymore, and that new ways must be sought of finding the resources for the kinds of new undertakings that are increasingly being talked about by leading politicians, from a new welfare program and a national health scheme to income redistribution, to mention the costliest. Americans have come to accept a much more extensive interventionist policy by the federal government in dealing with social problems, but they have not yet found ways to fund new programs adequately.

The most obvious target in the search for funds for domestic needs is the defense budget. Half of that budget goes to paying for the forces on active duty. The conventional force structure therefore is constantly eyed for possible savings. It means that the defense requirements of Western Europe are increasingly exposed to attacks, especially as the détente becomes a settled state of mind. American interests and defense commitments therefore are under review, the cost of the so-called "bargaining chip" policy is frowned upon, and the margins of safety are bound to be narrowed. But there is something of a vicious circle between the security that is desirable and the cost of military expenditures to ensure it. Opinions as to how large an insurance premium the United States should pay vary enormously if one compares, for instance, the Nixon and McGovern views. The Nixon Doctrine, being designed for all seasons, offers arguments to justify defense cuts, but that aspect of it has been obscured for the present by the requests for new

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weapons included in the defense budget. Even sympathetic critics at the Brookings Institution wonder whether these new weapons systems are not being determined before the nature of the threat is fully analyzed—in other words, whether they are not being pressed prematurely.[1]

It has become obvious, therefore, that with American economic means limited, greater stringencies will have to be imposed, and they will have their effect not only on defense and foreign policy but also on American foreign economic policy.

A much more pervasive economic nationalism is making itself felt as a consequence of the costs of American defense commitments abroad, the heavy balance-of-payments deficits, and the influence foreigners can exert on the dollar. But just as the liberal Establishment has lost influence because of its misjudgments in Vietnam in the past ten years, so the international economic Establishment is now coming under increasing criticism for not deploying enough of its financial resources in the United States, for not being nationalistic enough.

John Connally, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, reflected the revival of economic nationalism, which had not been respectable for a generation or more. Even an internationalist such as Senator Hubert Humphrey thought it expedient to adopt an economic nationalist slogan during the California presidential primary of 1972; he admonished American investors to "make the dollar more patriotic." What he meant was that Americans should invest at home rather than abroad, so that Americans rather than foreigners would benefit.

Connally's outlook was not isolationist, but a mixture of nationalism and protectionism. It troubled not only foreign governments but also American business corporations, which are, with their multinational operations and vast holdings overseas, the last American globalists. His views were not typical, but they nevertheless reflected the views in the U.S. Treasury and of many in Congress. Mr. Nixon considers himself an expert in foreign policy, and so does Kissinger, but neither has a real understanding of overseas economic affairs. As a consequence there has been an unfortunate lack of American leadership in this field. Mr. Connally, while in power, was primarily interested in tactics, not long-term strategy. Still, he presented the President with a highly controversial, still unpublished proposal for a dollar bloc as a counter to the potential power of the European Economic Community. The EEC, he was convinced, would increasingly threaten American interests and exploit weaknesses in the overall American economic situation. What he underrated was the extent to which these weaknesses were mutual and therefore created an interdependence. He saw the harnessing of dollar power as the best way to stave off the threat. It was difficult, however, to see the practicality of a dollar bloc, and easy to predict that to play the balance-of-monetary-power game would lead to trade and monetary wars and would inevitably jeopardize not only international economic relations but political relations as well. It was an idea that certainly did not fit the Kissinger scheme of things.

There was anyway a danger that relations between the United States and the Western European alliance would deteriorate. Nixon and Kissinger, preoccupied with their diplomatic forays to Peking and Moscow, had little time—except during the dollar crisis after August 15, 1971—to think about future economic, financial, military, and nuclear relations with their European allies. These relations were of a lower priority to Nixon and Kissinger, engaged as they were in overarching balance-of-power maneuvers, because Western Europe did not figure as a great power. What added to the Europeans' feeling of being on the outside was the realization that, in order to gain a freer hand for this great-power diplomacy, the Nixon Administration tended to behave like a mother bird toward its allies and friends to make them more aware of the future need to fly on their own wings. They wondered whether the Gaullist view—that it was interests, not friends, that mattered—had come to inspire American diplomacy. The American view of the world, in the quest for flexibility, seemed to have become an extension of the weaknesses that Nixon and Kissinger share—a difficulty in committing themselves intimately to other people, a desire to have no firm commitments and to have the freedom of several options. The European allies made their own contribution to the alienation with Washington by being too insensitive on their part to American problems. As a result, allied relationships have deteriorated and have been unnecessarily hurt. Kissinger once quipped that "the worst fate that can befall one is being an ally of the United States." Even if this was said facetiously, the detached U.S. attitude toward her allies did come as a surprise after the impressions Mr. Nixon left behind on his first European tour in February, 1969. There was also an implicit assumption that countries like West Germany (and Japan) had nowhere else to go, so they had to stay, in their own interests, close to the United States, and an assumption, too, that self-interest was a more enduring basis for relationships between governments than the sentimentality of a feeling of friendship. But mutual confidence, I, being a bit of a romantic, believe, does play a role in international relations and to undermine it is a loss

[1] *Setting National Priorities: The 1973 Budget* (Washington, D.C.: The Brookings Institution, 1972).

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to both sides. The British in their Empire days ruled supreme, convinced they did not need to consult with anybody. But when the Empire was transformed into the Commonwealth and Britain became *primus inter pares,* it consulted more and more, because it correctly concluded that a cooperative Commonwealth would help to make up for Britain's declining influence.

The continuing American interest in the Western alliance is to make certain that the most powerful industrial complex outside the United States does not come under Soviet control, but Americans also have a cultural conscience about the fate of Europe and, with so many other U.S. interests at stake, they want to keep their oars in European affairs.

One of the serious dangers, as the spirit of the Atlantic Alliance continues to fade in the seventies, is that the United States and Western Europe will come to see each other as competitors and not as allies. There are important men on both sides who are either anti-European or anti-American, and an unfortunate coincidence of chain reactions could play into the hands of those so prejudiced. A major American troop withdrawal, for instance, without proper consultation with NATO, a breakdown in the negotiations about EEC preferential tariffs followed by new protectionist legislation in Congress—just to dip into a basket of eels—could set in motion forces on both sides of the Atlantic that would be difficult to restrain.

Western Europe cannot become a military equal of the United States or the Soviet Union and should not even try to. What will decide its power position in the seventies, whatever efforts are made to create a European Defense Community, is whether it can acquire a unified foreign, economic, and monetary policy. Whether it will have the political will to achieve that remains uncertain, but in seeking it the Europeans will have to be careful not to overplay their hand in dealing with American interests. There is an interdependence between economic and security relationships, and alienating one could lead to alienating the other.

The United States is not prepared anymore to pay a high economic price for the political benefits of European unity. A growing number of Americans have strong reservations about how desirable a new independent European power is, especially from the U.S. economic point of view. There is almost no area where the United States feels a more acute sense of vulnerability than in its economic relationship with Western Europe and Japan. The danger exists that the uncooperative behavior of the United States's main trading partners or of the United States in monetary affairs, with both blaming each other, will make for transatlantic and transpacific friction. Moreover, the United States, which for so many years shunned trading with Communist countries, will become a major competitor for Europeans, who used to have this market virtually to themselves. The United States also enjoys better communications with Russia today than do most European governments, and American interests in preserving this duopoly are also bound to conflict at times with the interests of the Western alliance.

The pressures at home for withdrawals of American troops from Europe will add to the strains between the United States and the rest of NATO. There is no evidence that these pressures reflect a desire for change in the relationship toward Western Europe. When the most vocal senators, such as Mansfield, Fulbright, or Church, raise the issue, they see it more as a housekeeping problem. Nor are there any public pressures for a change in the relationship. What troubles Congress is the disparity between the American defense effort and that of the Europeans, and the cost of maintaining that many troops under arms. One way to delay the congressional pressures for a troop withdrawal from Europe (which are mainly budgetary) would be to deactivate those forces stationed in the United States that are assigned for the defense of Europe; they represent about half of the expense, and it costs the United States as much to keep them in uniform at home as it would in Europe. Withdrawing the troops actually in Europe would not in itself save money. And since there is logic in maintaining American troops in Europe as a "bargaining chip" for the negotiations with the Russians about mutual and balanced force reductions, this would be a practical way for the U.S. government to approach this problem. Furthermore, there is a new reason for maintaining sufficient conventional forces in Europe: the advent of nuclear parity between the two superpowers could become a temptation to the Russians to use their conventional forces, if not for military ends, then for political pressures.

The advocates of troop withdrawals reject the accusation, usually from across the Atlantic, that such withdrawals would throw doubts on the reliability of the American security guarantee. They are believers in the trip-wire theory, which holds that even a handful of American soldiers in Europe would be enough to activate the guarantee. Still, this accusation raises a more fundamental question—how reliable, in fact, is this guarantee in the era of mutual weakness? Men like Kissinger believe that the Europeans, to be safer, should create their own nuclear deterrent. The British, in contrast to the French, used to oppose this in the belief that it would give the Americans a tempting escape clause, or that at any rate it would lessen the psychological deterrence of the American commitment. Kissinger is a Realpolitiker; the British tend to believe more in the mystique of power, though Edward Heath is the first British Prime Minister also to favor a European nuclear deter-

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rent. It is impossible to decide who is right. Kissinger and Heath may be, in the light of the balance of mutual weakness and vulnerability between the great powers; but then it may be more important to preserve the psychology of the American guarantee in the Russian mind. The best hope, of course, is that the test as to which is the better choice will never occur.

Europe in many ways has become politically more stable. Written agreements usually are nothing more than the codification of an already existing situation, but the treaty on Berlin and the agreements of the Federal Republic of Germany with the Soviet Union and with Poland are the equivalent of a peace settlement of World War II. The territorial gains made by the Soviet Union and Poland are now legally confirmed and, since the Russians attach great importance to legality, they will help to lessen tension in the center of Europe. Berlin, the symbol of these tensions for so many years, is likely to become more a symbol of relaxation, and, as the frontiers between the two Germanies harden, will become something of a bridge. The psychology of the division of Germany is changing. What used to be regarded as a forcibly imposed division, arousing frustrations and illusions about the unrequited promises of unification, will be viewed instead as a recognition of the existence of two German states with two different and deepening identities. This is not likely to be a permanent solution, but probably one that will last through the seventies, and one that will be equally welcome to the Russians and the West Europeans. It will help the Russians to maintain control over Eastern Europe and at the same time it will strengthen West Germany's sense of belonging to the European community.

Unquestionably, therefore, the United States will want to maintain an influence in Western Europe, though the relationship will come to rest more on psychological than institutional foundations. As the power of NATO declines and the U.S. security guarantee seems to become open to question, this psychological relationship will provide the necessary index. If it is good, then so will be the deterrent value of the guarantee; if it deteriorates, then the guarantee will be devalued with it. The growing fluidity in international relations will not make all this any easier.

In the Middle East the Israelis, though lacking a formal guarantee, will continue to rely on the United States to counterbalance Soviet power. When Egypt's President Sadat told Secretary of State William Rogers in 1971 that he would never allow the Russians to remain in his country indefinitely, Rogers was encouraged and impressed, but his elation was met with skepticism inside and outside the Administration. Yet a year later, to everybody's surprise, the Russians had been "expelled." The Middle East, with so many irreconcilable elements, so many people driven by emotion, so much smoldering hatred, is bound to remain a crisis area. But Mr. Nixon's luck in foreign affairs held even in this unpredictable area, and he and Mr. Rogers can take solace in the fact that they were able at least to begin the seventies by preserving a cease-fire along the Suez Canal. However simple it seems to many Israelis that the status quo is better than any settlement Israel could negotiate with its neighbors, the Arab-Israeli territorial conflict cannot go on indefinitely. Because of the enormous costs in men, material, and money to Israel, and the slow but growing strength of Egypt, however relative to the past the latter may be, something will have to give somewhere sooner or later. American policy will continue to aim at preserving a balance of power to prevent Israel from being destroyed. The Israelis would feel readier to give up territory that reinforces their security and their frontiers if they were more certain about the extent and consistency of this U.S. protection. What Israeli policy makers must take into consideration, and American planners increasingly talk about, is that by the end of this decade the United States will be facing a very serious energy crisis. And since so much of the needed oil comes from the Middle East, the Arabs will by then be in a powerful bargaining position with the United States.

In Asia, U.S. and Chinese interests are nowhere in serious conflict, except for Taiwan, and that problem has been defused. The Chinese do not mind the world behaving as it pleases, so long as it does not impinge on their interests. The two powers that could impinge on them are the Soviet Union and Japan, and with both of them the United States can exert an important influence—most importantly, to give the Chinese a certain reassurance that neither the Soviet Union nor Japan will attack them.

The Chinese, for instance, were very much concerned about the outcome of the Indo-Pakistan war, which involved Chinese interests, but Peking proved unable to give the support its Pakistani allies expected. The United States, whose interests were also involved, was not able to prevent the war from truncating Pakistan, but it nevertheless played an important hand, much more than China. In Washington the United States was seen as defending American interests, but in Peking it also seemed to be defending Chinese interests in this situation. Thus Peking does not mind the United States maintaining a position in Asia, because it imposes certain limitations on Russia's freedom to extend her influence. Actually, the Russians have been careful enough not to get tied too closely to a weak country like India; what probably matters most to them is to ensure that India does not fall under Chinese influence. It was not surprising that

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the Indo-Pakistan war was compared to the old Balkan wars and the roles of the United States, Russia, and China to those that Austria, Prussia, and Russia played then. What actually happened to India and Pakistan seemed of lesser interest to the observers of big-power play. It was the maneuvers among the big powers that aroused the greatest attention, and not in the sense of who was gaining geographical advantages, but who was cleverer in preventing the other from gaining any. The Indo-Pakistan war experience points at the danger of small, limited wars among minor powers, as did the Arab-Israeli war, and at the risks and temptations they create for the great powers. It may be even more difficult to prevent them, now that big-power intervention is fraught with so much danger and therefore cannot dictate their settlement. The great powers are also learning that the developing world is hard to deal with. The Russians have learned that lesson in Indonesia, in the Sudan, and, above all, in Egypt; the United States learned it in Vietnam. It is bound to moderate their outlook and appetite.

If the Russians desist from moving against China—and they may already be too late—then China, probably with some technological support from the United States, will gradually move toward great-power status (Chou En-lai still refers to China as a developing country). If the United States continues to play its cards well and does not try to play off China against the Soviet Union, then it will place the Russians in a position where they will want to maintain not only the détente in Europe but also a modus vivendi in the gray areas where their interests overlap.

U.S.-Japanese relations have markedly deteriorated under the Nixon Administration, and although the United States would like Japan to assume the leading role in the Pacific region, no well-defined concept for this has yet developed in either country. Certainly in Washington the war in Vietnam and the initiative toward China took up too much of the time and effort of Kissinger and his staff to leave room for much else. Whatever frustrations were caused by the Vietnam War were compensated for by the exhilaration of the new relationship with China. For the rest of Asia, as for the Third World, no time was left on Kissinger's calendar, which, he once remarked, "was so crowded that it left no time for war."

The majority of Americans, despite the new relationship with Moscow and Peking, remain very conscious of the risks and dangers of cutting too deeply into the muscle of American power. Just as the forces for change in the United States are formidable, so are the forces of resistance. Robert W. Tucker, in his small book *A New Isolationism*—which he advocates with so much persuasiveness to American ears—admits that "the mood of the public is clearly ambivalent, the American people show little propensity to impose a massive veto on Presidential action on foreign policy, at least so long as this action avoids a repetition of the events associated with Vietnam." Whether interventionist or isolationist, Americans remain power-conscious and power-proud. A drastic reduction of the military budget soon is therefore unlikely; even if desired, it could not be accomplished except over a period of three to five years. The trade unions, the military-industrial complex, the military and congressional forces will slow it down. After all, the USSR is not sitting complacently on its achievement of nuclear parity. What the great debate in Washington will be about is not whether the United States should protect whatever qualitative lead it has in nuclear weapons, but the degree to which it should try to keep ahead. The next phase of the SALT talks ought to make this easier to decide.

But I have no doubt that the United States will, in the next few years, cut its overseas commitments more closely according to the cloth at its disposal. Nixon and Kissinger became very conscious of the fact that the United States no longer had the capacity to fulfill the range of commitments it had acquired after World War II, when the balance of power among the leading nations was quite different. There were commitments America was bound to live up to, but there were others it was prepared to jettison if necessary. The two therefore came to feel that they were acting from a hand that was, as they saw it, vulnerable. It is not impossible that in the recesses of his mind Kissinger occasionally compared his own situation to that of the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, who, at least after 1871, applied his mastery of the balance-of-power game to protect a vulnerable Prussia against any hostile coalition. The feat of developing good relations with China and the Soviet Union at the same time was alone one that would have been quite a challenge to Bismarck or Metternich; Kissinger succeeded because he knew how to restrain the contending forces by manipulating their antagonisms.

What presents a serious problem for the future is the intricate weave of the Nixon and Kissinger diplomacy and the difficulty of anybody else's assuming its management. Abram Chayes, the Harvard Law School professor who headed a task force to develop McGovern's foreign policy during the election campaign, called Kissinger a virtuoso for whom there was no obvious successor because there was simply no one, he thought, who had the same command of diplomacy and who could play the balance-of-power game with the same skill and success. Nothing worries Kissinger more than the fear that a President will come to power in this decade who will not understand his scheme of things, who will see the world quite differently and

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tear down the pillars of the power relationship he built. Essential to his thinking is the belief that you do not cut your strength and then fashion policy accordingly, but that you maintain or build up your resources and then negotiate about limiting or reducing them, if they can be limited or reduced. He has more faith in the power than in the prospects of limiting it; he is convinced of human fallibility. But it is a policy that increases rather than decreases budgets, and therefore it will become more difficult to follow.

What may alleviate this problem is that the two superpowers have in common the urgent need to deal with demands for domestic reform, as have China and Japan. This *Drang* for reform is most obvious, though, in the United States and the USSR, the two societies that have prided themselves for so long on being "classless." They have become more class-ridden than they are willing to admit, and the leaders in both countries have come to recognize that they must do more to alleviate these pressures for the sake of internal peace and order. It is a vital element in the balance of mutual weakness. The rebellions in the American ghettos and among the workers in Poland were signals no government could ignore. What happened in Poland, where police power is almost as strict as in the Soviet Union, could happen in the Soviet Union itself tomorrow.

In the Soviet Union the raising of the standard of living is still a relatively simple problem of more and better consumer goods; in the United States the problem is how to restrain the glut of inessential consumer goods that eat up an inordinate amount of raw materials, and how to reduce the ever widening gap between the rich and the poor. Americans could say with Churchill, "We are stripped bare by the curse of plenty." The focus may shift between the schools, the cities, the environment, the welfare program, but all are aspects of the redistribution of wealth, which will be the great social struggle in the United States in the seventies. What this requires is a Kissinger for domestic policy who can undertake the kind of long-term economic planning that this requires; Mr. Nixon lacked such an equivalent.

The retreat of American power will continue to prove a traumatic experience for Americans, their friends, and even their enemies. This does not mean, however, that the Western world will not continue to look to the United States for leadership, or will not watch with some anxiety whether the retrenchment will be managed wisely and how much the polarization of forces on the right and left will be kept under control. The stability of the Western world will continue to depend on the quality of American leadership. In a period of détente, which the seventies promise to be, and in an even more complex world than the one we are used to, it will be more difficult to keep a steady rudder than it was in a period of tension, when the answers often imposed themselves automatically. It will require a careful balancing between preserving the essentials of the older policy principles and making sufficient allowances for the new public mood. Whoever is in charge during the rest of this decade will have to remember that people do not forgive their leaders when they err, even if their errors reflect the popular preferences.

The seventies will go down in history as representing a watershed in the American relationship to the rest of the world. This relationship will prove to be more restrained, more impersonal, more detached, more self-centered. After a period when everyone knew where everyone else stood, when diplomacy was played to well-established rules, and a certain intimacy and interdependence were observed within the alliance, the world of the seventies will be less predictable. But the basic design of the retreat of American power is drawn. Only its pace and limits remain in doubt. □

HOLY DAY

Los Angeles hums
a little tune—
trucks down
the coast road
for Monday Market
packed with small faces
blinking in the dark.
My mother dreams
by the open window.
On the drainboard
the gray roast humps
untouched, the oven
bangs its iron jaws,
but it's over.
Before her on the table
set for so many
her glass of fire
goes out.
The childish photographs,
the letters and cards
scatter at last.
The dead burn alone
toward dawn.

by Philip Levine

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THE McGOVERN CAMP DISBANDS

The rewards of upward failure

by Jane O'Reilly

The final phase of any losing political campaign is variously called unloading, bailing out, and positioning for the future. Suddenly all the aides and reporters realize that they will have to get off the campaign planes, detach themselves from the WATS lines, stop living life to the fullest in the name of the higher good, and find another job.

When, in the last week of the McGovern campaign, people with their last chance to play Power showed an evident delight in deciding who would be bumped from the campaign planes and who would stay . . .

And when Milton Gwirtzman, perennial political groupie, stepped over from the McGovern "issues" office to the Washington *Post* to publish some *pensées* on the desirability of the press foregoing speculation on future presidential possibilities for a while . . .

And when Frank Mankiewicz, listening to a rally in Gary, Indiana, during the final days, heard the introductory line "Twelve months ago the Democratic Party was not ready for George McGovern . . ." and finished it by saying to some nearby reporters "and vice versa . . ."

And when the candidate himself, St. George, muttered into the ear of a heckler (and the microphones of the networks), "I've got a secret for you . . . kiss my ass . . ."

. . . they were all going through a kind of transitional therapy, a preparation for the return to stale, ordinary real life, which will go on.

The participants were, mostly, the kind of people who decide that politics is their magic key to fame, power, and glory—as opposed to, say, the people who choose pro football or insurance sales—but this time they simply played on the wrong team. If the role models are Salinger, Goodwin, Sorensen, and Larry O'Brien, who ended up rich enough, famous, or glorious after performing great service as Kennedy coat holders, and John Ehrlichman (from zoning lawyer to Nixon packager to—presto!—chief domestic affairs adviser), there are also heartening examples of what must be thought of as upward failure. Richard Kleindienst, out of Goldwater into Attorney General. Even Dean Burch, from the same campaign, did all right in time as chairman of the FCC. The Stevenson campaign debacles of 1952 and 1956 were steps up the ladder for a long list of Kennedy-Johnson era luminaries, such as George Ball, Willard Wirtz, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and J. Kenneth Galbraith. There are individual possibilities even in collective fiasco. It doesn't matter to the people who choose politics as their game whether they win or lose, it's how nimbly they play the game.

And so, in the last weeks of the McGovern campaign, the impression one found at the Washington headquarters was not one of people who are about to retire in humiliation and defeat. They had passed beyond chaos and despair into a kind of odd serenity. Pat Caddell, the boy wizard of polling, still sent up pink message slips about "Good news from West Virginia," and the scheduling office ranted and screamed into the night. But in the upper levels, in the last week, there was time—indeed, three hours of uninterrupted time with Gary Hart. (Jean Westwood, McGovern's chief of the Democratic National Committee, assured me that although she had wanted to talk to Gary, she could just as well wait until the next day.) Time for long philosophical talks which ended in searching words about "legacy" and "achievement" and began, "Nobody believes me, but I got into this because . . ." It was a time to contemplate what each one really wanted out of the campaign. On the whole, after allowing for seasonal adjustments, no one came out very far behind. Except George McGovern.

Padding about his office at Washington headquarters, Milton Gwirtzman, sporting his Kennedy PT boat pin, was talking about his weary anticipation of the press trotting out new names for the presidency in '76. "I heard a new name just today, some mayor," he said, his eyes brightening. Gwirtzman was with John Kennedy in '60, with Ted in '62, with Bobby in '64. He spent two years in Europe and came back, as a moth to flame, wandered around the Muskie campaign, pad-

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dled off to McGovern. And now? Back to law practice in Washington with that old war-horse of political advisers, Fred Dutton. And—who can doubt it?—back to Ted.

Mark Shields, thirty-five, formerly famous in the Muskie campaign for his careful attention to every detail of his own reputation, spent the last days traveling with Shriver. Part of the new/old boys network, survivors from the McCarthy-Robert Kennedy-Muskie-Lindsay-Lowenstein-et cetera campaigns, Shields is one of a group of smart, idealistic, hotshot political gunfighters, some of whom will undoubtedly show up in New York City soon: there will be plenty of mayoral candidates to go around in the city's 1973 campaign. Politics keeps you young; win or lose.

Ted Van Dyk, close to Humphrey in 1964, even closer in 1968, was McGovern's main "issues" man this time out. He spent the last days of the campaign looking for something to do, but that did not spoil his mood. ("The fun of this campaign," he said, beaming, "is its ad hoc quality.") Van Dyk was clearly enjoying himself. "Politics is addictive," he said. "In sixty-eight I swore I would stop it. Now I'm saying I will make money, be selfish, be with my family. But I know I will help the first liberal friend who needs me. My family is very good about it." Until then, said Van Dyk, he plans to go back to his consulting business. "I do some lobbying. United Air Lines. Hertz." Business should be better next year; he knows a lot more telephone numbers than he did before.

Down in the scheduling office, another gunfighter, Steve Robbins, former president of the National Student Association, graduate of the Yale Law School, formerly of the Lindsay, Duffey, and McCarthy campaigns, was playing his game apparently for the fun of it. His game was called Control. With a cadre of former Muskie people, Robbins tyrannically, efficiently, and very humorously managed to refuse, whenever possible, to tell anyone what the candidates' schedules would be more than a couple of days in advance. That way everyone—in the press and in the building—had to come to him, receiving bon mots and "special treatment." "No one believes me," he said, "but I only came to Washington because my wife is finishing her Ph.D. at Howard. After this I'm going to the Pacific Northwest, I'm going into a Consciousness III thing." There was a lot of talk at the end of the campaign about going off to islands or mountains. Such talk reminded Elaine Shannon of the Nashville *Tennessean* of "eighty-year-old men talking about whores. They wouldn't know what to do with an island if they got one."

Gary Hart, up-front superstar, mastermind of the amazing, incredible, well-oiled McGovern machine, said he was going back to Colorado. The press assumed all along that he was really setting himself up to run for governor, or Congress, or something. "Really?" said Hart, the master of ingenuousness, still resplendent in white denims. "No one believes me, but I was ready to go back to Colorado after the convention. I knew there were people better equipped to run the campaign. I will wonder a long time why none of them would. There were people willing to work for any candidate but George McGovern. I had planned to run for something after this, but now I want to decompress, write a book, a personal impression. I'd like to write a novel."

What Hart proudly described as decentralization turned out to be massive disorganization. But the press, always looking for the next chess move, pointed out that Gary Hart now has more telephone numbers than anyone else, and that all he has to do to secure his future is stay interested. It is possible to wonder. He seems to be the kind of person who sinks into a campaign as an escape from real life, as a way to stay busy and transcended during a life crisis, and he seemed bewildered at the end. The McGovern campaign never became fashionable, he said, pleased. But neither did Gary Hart—despite tennis at Ethel Kennedy's. And Georgetown doesn't assimilate Colorado easily, unless Colorado wins big. "I've found out there aren't any pros. If you can do it, you can do it. Some people are good once and never are again. It's a problem of energy. I'd never take a high-level job in a campaign again," he said, and he might mean it. On the other hand, he might never be offered one.

In McGovern's Washington headquarters they were proceeding to pack it in with the calm existential resolve of people who declare bankruptcy once every four years. There were happy hours of idle talk about planning the Transition from the Nixon Administration. Tom Eagleton had already received an apologetic letter from Queens Democratic leader Matthew Troy, who in July had been one of the first to shout "dump him." The Eagleton group still calls it the "Eagleton campaign," but whatever its name, after that seven-day disaster the McGovern campaign was a replay of *Beau Geste*. There were dead men in the parapets at Fort Zinderneuf.

The final rallying point was the Dakota Queen II—Mother Plane—where the loner candidate gathered near him the most trusted, most inner circle. Their odd serenity, the courteous refusal *openly* to admit defeat, was broken by the Kiss My Ass incident on November 2. Afterwards the unmasking, the cozying up to the press in bars and restaurants at night, looked almost surreal.

Frank Mankiewicz joined a group in Riccardo's restaurant in Chicago and remarked: "On the last Monday we may do a telethon with the Shrivers. George and Eleanor have wanted to meet Eunice and Sarge for a long time." Not that Mankiewicz had ever succeeded in pretending to be what he pretended to be—national political director. He was, is, and will be a celebrity. People all over the country stopped him for handshakes and smiles and one-liners, few of which he ever managed to save for the candidate. One time there was even a press kit handed out in Maryland during a visit from McGovern that included a picture of Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel with Mankiewicz

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instead of George McGovern. "Maybe I am exactly what I appear to be, a slovenly idealist," he said one night in the waning weeks.

As campaign life drew down to the moment of sad parting, Mankiewicz said he imagined "the rest of you [the press] dining at Elaine's exchanging delicious gossip." There is no doubt that Mankiewicz would contribute significantly to the conversation at Elaine's, but there is some doubt about his contribution to the campaign. During Mayor Daley's extravaganza at Chicago's Auditorium Theater in the closing days of the campaign, Mankiewicz climbed on a chair, surveyed the sullen, impassive Daleyites in the center of the audience, and said, "Oh, look, the fat people are here." It was good journalism, and Mankiewicz's instincts and inclinations are always to tell it like it is, better than anyone else, before an admiring audience. But it was irresponsible politics, and irresponsibility was the cue of the McGovern campaign. George McGovern was never eager to hand over responsibility. On the other hand, no one really seemed to want to take it. They were too busy hanging around the press claiming they had it. What they had was conflicting or confused delegation of power ("creative tension," it was called), not responsibility.

Dick Dougherty, the press secretary, was one person who did not hang around the press much. A popular fellow and former reporter, he signed on in 1971 saying, "It seemed the decent thing to do," and that he "might get a book from it, an autobiographical fragment, perhaps." His earlier experiences as Deputy Police Commissioner in New York were the basis of a successful book, *The Commissioner,* and a movie and television series based on it *(Madigan).* This year he saw himself as a "kind of professional *éminence grise,*" but his duties as trusted companion and fragment recorder kept him from any but the most fleeting moments with the press. He once told a reporter his role was to talk to McGovern. "I'm the only one around his age. He doesn't relate to these kids very well." At least *his* book will probably find a publisher.

Gordon Weil, of McGovern's Senate staff and one of the innermost circle, had a drink with Martin Nolan of the Boston *Globe* one night late in the campaign and said: "That rally in Gary was like all our black events; fifty percent white and fifty percent empty." Not quite, but close enough. Yancey Martin, official black organizer, had insisted on the rally in Gary, which, despite the presence of Coretta King, was a dismal failure. But presumably it was nice for Martin, who is now going on to Atlanta to start a black political consulting firm with Julian Bond.

Near the end, Gordon Weil was probably the happiest person on the plane—which was odd, since he was the general scapegoat for the failure to check out Eagleton, and was blamed for pushing the $1000-per-person scheme. Weil, thirty-five, described accurately by Mankiewicz as the "officious intermeddler," had come to McGovern's Senate staff three years ago "knowing he would run," after a drab history with the Twentieth Century Fund, the European Common Market, and writing books and articles on international economics. "The campaign has been an unparalleled education," he said. "I've seen a lifetime's worth of things." Weil would be a demon in faculty politics, but on the campaign he was the unoiled gear, throwing tantrums to get back close to the candidate, keeping people away from McGovern. He will probably have plenty of time to be close to McGovern back in the Senate Office Building.

There were some people on the plane who had a grasp of the issues beyond war and righteousness. Bob Shrum and Sandy Berger, the final speechwriters, both in their twenties, did, but writing eloquent words for McGovern's mouth and getting them through the South Dakota barrier was impossible. Fred Dutton left the campaign at one point because McGovern wouldn't listen to him, and wound up at the end still carrying around a speech draft for George McGovern about what he would be like as President. Dutton is still a good adviser. After all, his advice simply wasn't taken.

The inner circle was remarkably good at turning away available talent and wisdom. Longtime friends and supporters like J. Kenneth Galbraith and Gloria Steinem campaigned hard, but from the fringes. The scheduling office put them in the "sparklies," or celebrities, category. Former antiwar and McCarthy workers like Sam Brown loyally told the inquiring press that they were busy with local, grass-roots reform efforts, but closer to the truth is that their phone calls offering help were never answered. Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin of the Institute for Policy Studies phoned in, but didn't hear back. "Oh, those people, they don't want to *do* anything, they just want to make policy," was the inner circle's explanation.

John Holum, thirty-one, legislative aide to the senator, was the one person to whom McGovern did listen. Holum, from South Dakota, has worked for McGovern since 1965. His position is alter ego, favorite son, and what he talked about—in fact, knew absolutely everything about—was the war and defense spending. In the last week he said: "I have a secret plan. Right after the election we will put the amendment to end the war back together again with Hatfield." Except for Eagleton, the whole campaign went the way he thought it would. "Especially after New Hampshire, when everyone said he was dull. Now I can't help a certain heady feeling of elation when a quarter million people are listening."

One wonders what George McGovern really thought he wanted out of the campaign if the people closest to him—the men he chose, not the people who chose him—were Holum and Weil. Holum is a great twelve-string guitar player and a smart man on war, but the point of the whole exercise was not to prove that George McGovern could show those Eastern Establishment bastards he would win the nomination, and then get him safely back to the Senate. □

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REUNIONING DIALOGUE

by James Dickey

Two men meet, by accident or design, in a New York bar almost thirty years after the event they talk about. They were formerly a two-man crew attached to a night-fighter squadron in the Philippines during World War II, and neither has ever been able to ascertain what happened on a particular mission. What happened took place just after the squadron had received, as its official aircraft, the Northrop P-61 Black Widow, the first U.S. plane made specifically for night-fighter and night-intruder work, complete with automatic pilot, new "scan" radar—the Hughes SCR 720—binoculars for the pilot, and many other features not to be found in the A-20's and B-25's hitherto used by such squadrons in the Pacific. The poem is concerned with what they say about that night, and is dedicated to Jack Egginton and Ed Traverse, who lived it.

—New York, 1972,
St. Moritz bar—

Didn't we double!
Sure, when we used to lie out under the wing
Double-teaming the Nips near our own hole
In the ground opening an eye

For the Southern Cross, and we'd see something cut the stars
Out into some kind of shape, the shape of a new Widow

Black Widow
and all over the perimeter the ninety millimeters would open

Up on Heaven the sirens would go off
And we'd know better than not to dive
for the palm logs,

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The foxhole filled with fear-slime, and lie there,
Brains beating like wings

our new wings from Northrop,
The enemy looking for the aircraft
We slept under.
Well, we knew what we wanted,
Didn't we?
To get out from under our own wings,

To let them lift us
together
lift us out of the sleep
With a hole in it, and slot back the fresh windows and climb into the squared-off cool

Of the Cross.
Angels, Observer!
Nine thousand angels,
Pilot! The altitude of the Heavenly Host
In the Philippines is that completely air-conditioned
Nine thousand feet!
I couldn't wait to fool with the automatic pilot,

And I went absolutely crazy over Howard Hughes' last word
In radar!
Remember?

We were pulling convoy cover.
By my figures we were seven hundred miles south of base, my eyes brilliant sweeps
Of electronic yellow, watching the spinner painting-in the fleet,
The arranged, lingering images of the huge fortunes
Of war the great distances and secret relationships
Between tankers and troopships and on my screen, God's small, brilliant chess set
Of world war, as we sat
Circling
relaxing in all the original freshness
Of the Cross, comfortable and light
And deadly: night-cool of nine thousand angels
Over the fleet.

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You called back with clear, new
Electricity: Hey, Buddy, how're you liking this?
What a war! I said. The scope just pulses away
Like a little old yellow heart. The convoy comes in, the convoy goes out
And comes right back in for you and me
And Uncle Sam.
It was easy,
Right? Milk run? Why, by God, we *flew* on milk!
I cut-in the automatic pilot and leaned back
In the cool of those southern stars, and could have spent the rest of my life
Watching the gyros jiggle the wheel
With little moves like an invisible man like a ghost
Was flying us. The next thing I knew the intercom busted in
With YOU I looked down and out
I looked the radar down
To the depths of its empty yellow heart. I didn't have a ship
To my name.
And I said where in Hell
Are we? Jesus God, I was afraid of my watch afraid to look
Afraid the son of a bitch had stopped. But no,
Four hours had gone to Hell
Somewhere in the South Pacific. Our engines were sucking wind,
Running on fumes, and I started calling everything that had a code
Name south of our island. Nothing but I thought of the five boys
From our squadron all volleyball players
With no heads, and all but one
Island south of us was Japanese. I thought I could hear the sword swish,
But it was a wisp arriving
In my earphones an American spirit crackling
That we were over Cebu. They had one strip and no lights,
Lumps and holes in the runway and the moon
Almost gone. I said to the Seabees get me a couple of things
That burn; I'll try to come down between 'em.

—Can you hold out for fifteen minutes?—

Just about.
They doubled. Two pairs of lights came running
Together then split stopped and gave us five thousand devilish feet
Of blackness laid out maybe on the ground. I said hold on,
Buddy; this may just be it. We drifted in full
Flaps nose-high easing easing cleared the first lighted jeep

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Hit and

Bounced came down again hit a hole
And double-bounced the great new night-
gathering binoculars came unshipped and banged me in the head
As I fought for hot, heavy ground,
Trying to go straight for the rest of my life
For the other jeep,
Doing anything and everything to slaughter
The speed, and finally down
Got down to the speed of a jeep down
Down and turned off into the bushes that'd been pouring
By pouring with sweat and killed
The engine. Man, was I shaking! I couldn't even undo the hatch.
You pounded at me
From underneath. I'm all right, I said, drawing in the stuffed heat of life,
Of my life. I climbed down, rattling the new black
California bolts of the wings.
Buddy, would you sit there and tell me,
How we got over Cebu? Why, it was the wrong goddamned *island!*
Why didn't you give me a course
Correction? Our million-dollar Black Widow bird like to've carried us off
And killed us! How come you didn't say a thing
For four hours?
I'm sorry, Pilot, but that Southern Cross
Had the most delicious lungs
For me. We'd jumped out of our hole
On wings the heat was off and weight, and I could breathe
At last. I was asleep.
Well, for the Lord's sake,
Observer Navigator Miracle
Map-reader second half of the best
Two-man crew in night-fighters, as we sit here
In Central Park, where on earth in that war
Have we *been?*
I don't know. I told you I was asleep.

Well, Old Buddy, the ghosts had us
For sure, then. Ghosts and angels. Nobody else.
I guess in Central Park I can tell you, too, after all
These years. So was I.

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THE YELLOW TROLLEY CAR IN BARCELONA, AND OTHER VISIONS

A profile of Gabriel García Márquez

by William Kennedy

Faulkner created Yoknapatawpha County. Welcome to García Márquez' Macondo.

"Do you speak English?" I asked him.

"Nada," he said on the phone. *"Nada, nada."*

Well, it isn't true, but he likes to insist that it is, and so I dug up some rusty Spanish and asked when we'd get together and where he lived. "In a house," he said, and added he'd pick me up at five at my hotel on Las Ramblas, the great thoroughfare of Barcelona's old city. I told him my wife Dana was a *puertorriqueña,* so we could get through the fine points of language in either direction and he said *bueno* and that was that.

Ten minutes later he'd changed his mind and said he'd come by at noon. And at precisely noon on the Day of the Book, Gabriel García Márquez came down the crowded, noisy Ramblas in a double-breasted navy-blue sports jacket, gray slacks, an open-collared blue shirt with a brown and white paisley design, a full head of curly black hair, and with a less than lush goatee, begun recently when he'd gone away for a month and forgotten his razor.

Hallo, hello, greetings, how are you, *como está,* a pleasure, handshakes, and then he asked: "Have you bought a book yet?"

"Of course. Yours."

His book means his big book, *Cien Años de Soledad (One Hundred Years of Solitude),* the semi-surreal saga of a hundred years of life among the Buendías, a family of mythical achievements and absurdities in the mythical South American town of Macondo. García's dramatic comedy of Macondo's century, acclaimed a masterpiece again and again, seems to suggest every human high and low point from post-Genesis to the air age. The *Times Literary Supplement* described it as "a comic masterpiece and certainly one of Latin America's finest novels to date." It won the Prix du Meilleur Livre Étranger in France in 1969 and won Italy's Premio Chianciano the same year. It has been published in 23 countries, has sold a million copies in the Spanish language during 21 printings since Editorial Sudamericana in Buenos Aires brought it out in 1967. It has been translated into 18 languages, sold 60,000 copies in Brazil, 50,000 in Italy, 30,000 in Hungary, 18,650 in hard-cover and 46,650 in paper in the United States, where it made the best-seller list. All of this gives him the economic and literary freedom he long sought, but also burdens him with what he now sees as a "persecution" by newsmen and editors.

In a letter to a friend he bemoaned the waste of two hours of self-revelation to reporters who reduce it to a page and a half of copy. As for the editors, one came and asked García's wife, Mercedes, for his personal letters. A girl appeared with the idea for a book called "250 Questions to García Márquez." Wrote García to his friend: "I took her for coffee and explained that if I answered 250 questions the book would be mine."

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Another editor asked him to write a prologue to the diary of Che Guevara in the Sierra Maestra and García answered he would gladly do it but it would take him eight years, because he wanted to do it right.

And so when any outlander calls, he does not invite him home but meets him elsewhere, in front of a hotel on Las Ramblas, for instance, stays long enough to be civil, then excuses himself. If the interview goes well, he might keep it going. His problem, he says, is to see as few people as possible. Even friends are a complication at times. He accepts a luncheon date with a friend and finds twenty strangers invited to meet him.

"Then I can't make jokes," he said. "I have to be intelligent for them. This is horrible."

But life in Barcelona is not out of control, despite these pressures. "I have accomplished one thing," he said. "I have not become a public spectacle. I know how to avoid that."

As we walked inconspicuously along the crowded Ramblas, seeing flowers everywhere, García had another question: "Did you buy a rose when you bought the book?"

Dana showed him a rose to prove we had. It is the custom on the Day of the Book for the city's publishing houses and bookstores to sell books in temporary wooden stalls on the main streets. By tradition, you buy a rose for your lady and she buys you a book.

"We ought to go someplace where it's quiet," I said, barely able to hear García above crowd noises.

"It's hard to find a place like that in Spain," he said, but then he pointed. "Look, we could go to that bar. It's American. Nobody goes there."

So at a formica-topped table in a bar-restaurant memorable now for its plainness and near emptiness, García ordered coffee for himself and red wine for the visitors, specifying Imperial 1956 to the waiter so that our taste would not be offended by the ordinary *tinto,* which he does not drink. He apologized for not having wine himself. Too early. He likes to drink when it's dark. Also, he had only one coffee in the two hours we talked. Weight-watching. And balancing values.

"Coffee now," he said, "less whiskey tonight."

I told him the last writing I had done before leaving for a European trip was a short review of his last book published in the United States, *Leaf Storm (La Hojarasca),* actually his first short novel, published in Colombia in 1955. I explained that even though another short novel and many short stories had been published in the United States, very little personal information about him was available. He agreed.

Moreover, despite a critical reception in this country that for a Latin has been second only to the Borges boom of the 1960s, the literary magazines have been rather unconcerned with the man who wrote a masterwork. This is less strange than it seems. I remember a conversation in an Irish bar in Albany, New York, some years ago, when revolutions were erupting in two Latin American nations. The bored bartender ended a discussion of both upheavals with the observation that "neither of them countries is worth a cat's titty," and this has stood ever since in my mind as a most lucid summary of United States attitudes—literary, political, military, it doesn't matter—toward the lands and people of the subcontinent.

It has been suggested that this less than enthusiastic reception of García as a literary personage has a political basis: the consequence of his work as a Communist newsman from 1959 to 1961 for Fidel Castro's *Prensa Latina* in Bogotá, Havana, and New York. He left the United States in 1961, and not until he was given an honorary degree by Columbia University in 1971 was he allowed to return. But if his Communist past ever did percolate down to the level of assignment editors, which is doubtful, it is likely that the Cat's Titty syndrome, rather than anti-Communism, was the dampening agent. Another literary Latin leftist. Ho-hum.

The Spanish-speaking literary world behaves differently toward García. At Columbia University last April, Pablo Neruda referred to *Cien Años* as "perhaps the greatest revelation in the Spanish language since the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes." García is already the subject of an excellent critical biography, *Historia de un Deicidio* (The Story of a Deicide) by Mario Vargas Llosa, published in 1971 by Barral Editores, Barcelona. Vargas, a teacher and novelist *(The Time of the Hero, The Green House),* wrote the book with García's full cooperation, and García says it is the best book about him to date; and there are several. But he vouches for the authenticity of only the first eighty-four biographical pages, paying Vargas the compliment of being afraid to read the rest.

"Mario's book may have the key to me," he said.

Why should he be afraid of somebody else's analysis?

"It's a gamble," he said, "a game. It's possible I would not be harmed by change if I read it. But why should I take the risk?"

There are instructive literary ironies in García's becoming both a critical success and a best seller. ("If I hadn't written *Cien Años,*" he said, "I wouldn't have read it. I don't read best sellers.") He had given up writing and for more than five years did not write a word. This was overreaction to his negative feeling about his early books, to a disorienting change he'd made in his style and approach to his material, and to the influential but frustrating hold that film had on him.

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He says he was always a writer, for as long as he can remember. He was born on March 6, 1928, in the small northern Colombian town of Aracataca, which is the prototype in García's imagination for the mythical village of Macondo, where life rages and sighs for one hundred years in his masterpiece. His first published stories did not appear until 1947, when he was at the University of Bogotá, studying law and hating it. Political violence closed the university and he transferred his studies to Cartagena and continued writing. Then during a visit to Barranquilla, he became involved with a small group of other writers and newsmen who knew his work. He quit law school, moved to Barranquilla, and took a job as a newspaper columnist. In 1954 he returned to Bogotá as a film critic and reporter for *El Espectador.*

"As a reporter," he said, "I was the lowest on the paper and wanted to be. Other writers always wanted to get to the editorial page, but I wanted to cover fires and crime."

His biographer compares his career as journalist-into-novelist to Ernest Hemingway's, and there are similarities. But there are also substantial differences. Hemingway was the realistic, impressionistic, serious-minded reporter. García, much less solemn about his job, more inclined to see it as a source of experience rather than as an outlet for opinion, seems to have had as much Ben Hecht as Hemingway in him. At least that is the impression one gets after reading a letter García wrote to a friend, recollecting a story he once covered in the Colombian town of Quibdó. An *El Espectador* correspondent had cabled reports of wild fighting in Quibdó, and García and a photographer traveled far and with great difficulty to reach the action, only to find a sleepy, dusty village, and no fighting whatsoever. They did discover the correspondent beating the heat in a hammock. He explained that nothing ever happened in Quibdó and that he'd sent the cables in protest. Unwilling to go back empty-handed after such an arduous trip, García, his photographer, and the correspondent, with the help of sirens and drums, gathered a crowd and took action photos. García sent back action stories for two days, and soon an army of reporters arrived to cover it all. García then explained the Quibdó scene to them and directed the creation of a new and even larger demonstration they could report on.

A high point of his newspaper career came in 1966 when a sailor named Luis Alejandro Velasco came to *El Espectador* with the offer to tell the whole story of his famous survival at sea.

Velasco had lived ten days on a life raft after a Colombian naval destroyer, en route home from New Orleans, was struck by a storm. Eight sailors were lost overboard and only Velasco survived. This had already made him a national hero, and quite wealthy. But only the newspapers favored by Colombian dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla had been allowed to talk to him. His offer to *El Espectador* to tell the tale anew, long after public interest had peaked, was first received, says García, as *"una noticia refrita"*—a rehashed story—but one editor had second thoughts, and turned Velasco over to García.

The result was a fourteen-chapter, first-person narration, signed by the twenty-year-old seaman, which revealed that the destroyer had not encountered a storm at all—and meteorologists verified this—but had been carrying contraband cargo, badly packed on the deck. The vessel almost keeled over in some high winds, the cargo broke loose, and the eight crewmen were knocked overboard. The public found this story delicious and *El Espectador*'s circulation climbed. The embarrassed dictatorship denied all, but the paper subsequently proved its case with photos from other crewmen, showing men standing on the destroyer's deck alongside clearly labeled boxes of TV sets, refrigerators, and washing machines from the United States. The Rojas Pinilla government initiated reprisals against the paper and months later, when García was in Paris as *El Espectador*'s roving European correspondent, closed it down.

The articles were republished in paperback in Barcelona under García's name in early 1970, the first time he was publicly connected with them. He entitled the book: "The Tale of a Shipwrecked Sailor who was adrift ten days on a life raft without food or water, who was proclaimed a hero of the nation, kissed by beauty queens and made rich by publicity, and then loathed by the government and forgotten forever." In a prologue to the unaltered reprint, García credits Velasco with a natural gift for narrative and an astonishing memory for detail, and adds: "It depresses me that editors are not interested in the merits of the text as much as they are in the name of the author, for much to my regret, this makes me out to be a fashionable writer. Fortunately, there are books that belong not to those who write them but those who suffer them and this is one of those." And he states that the rights of the book belong to Velasco, not García.

It was Hemingway who argued against journalism, adjudging it a good training ground if you get out in time, but one that could spoil a writer who stayed at it too long. García could not accept such a dictum, for he was writing journalism to live, and he stayed at it from 1948 to 1961. He was much more in tune psychologically with William Faulkner, who felt that nothing could destroy a good writer. Like so many serious writers at mid-century, García was deeply influenced by the work of Faulkner, and so much has been made of this that he now draws the curtain on extended talk about the relationship. Nor can he read

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Faulkner anymore, perhaps because of this, although he ascribes it to the effusion of Faulknerian rhetoric that put him off when he went back to him in 1971. But in the late 1940s, when García was writing *Leaf Storm,* Faulkner was of major importance to him.

Leaf Storm was finally published in 1955, the same year as the shipwreck articles, after almost seven years of searching for an editor who would accept it. One critic rejected the book for an Argentinian publisher, advising García that he was not talented as a writer and ought to dedicate his life to something else. The story of *Leaf Storm* is told alternately by a father, his daughter, and his grandson, who are the only mourners at the burial of a doctor who once lived with them. The doctor later became a recluse and by a single act earned the enmity of the whole town, which now wants to humiliate his corpse. Faulknerian phrasing is evident and the doctor bears some resemblance to Reverend Gail Hightower of *Light in August.*

But despite Faulkner's influence, *Leaf Storm* is not a derivative work. Its own language is rich, dense, but without the difficulty that goes with much of Faulkner. It is occasionally surreal in a way that Faulkner's work is not. And though it establishes Macondo in emulation of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, it does so with such originality and relevance to Latin American life that by the time Macondo matured into the fully appointed village in *Cien Años,* multitudes of Latin readers recognized it as the dwelling place of their communal spirit.

The world García imagines is always solidly grounded in the real world, but it is deceptive, for the real is also frequently surreal.

In *Leaf Storm,* the old doctor sits down to a pretentious, bourgeois dinner and startles everybody by saying to a servant: "Look, miss, just start boiling a little grass and bring that to me as if it were soup." "What kind of grass, doctor?" the servant asks. "Ordinary grass, ma'am," the doctor says. "The kind that donkeys eat."

Surreal? Not to García. "A man said that in my house," he said.

He believes that Faulkner differs from him on this matter in that Faulkner's outlandishness is *disguised* as reality.

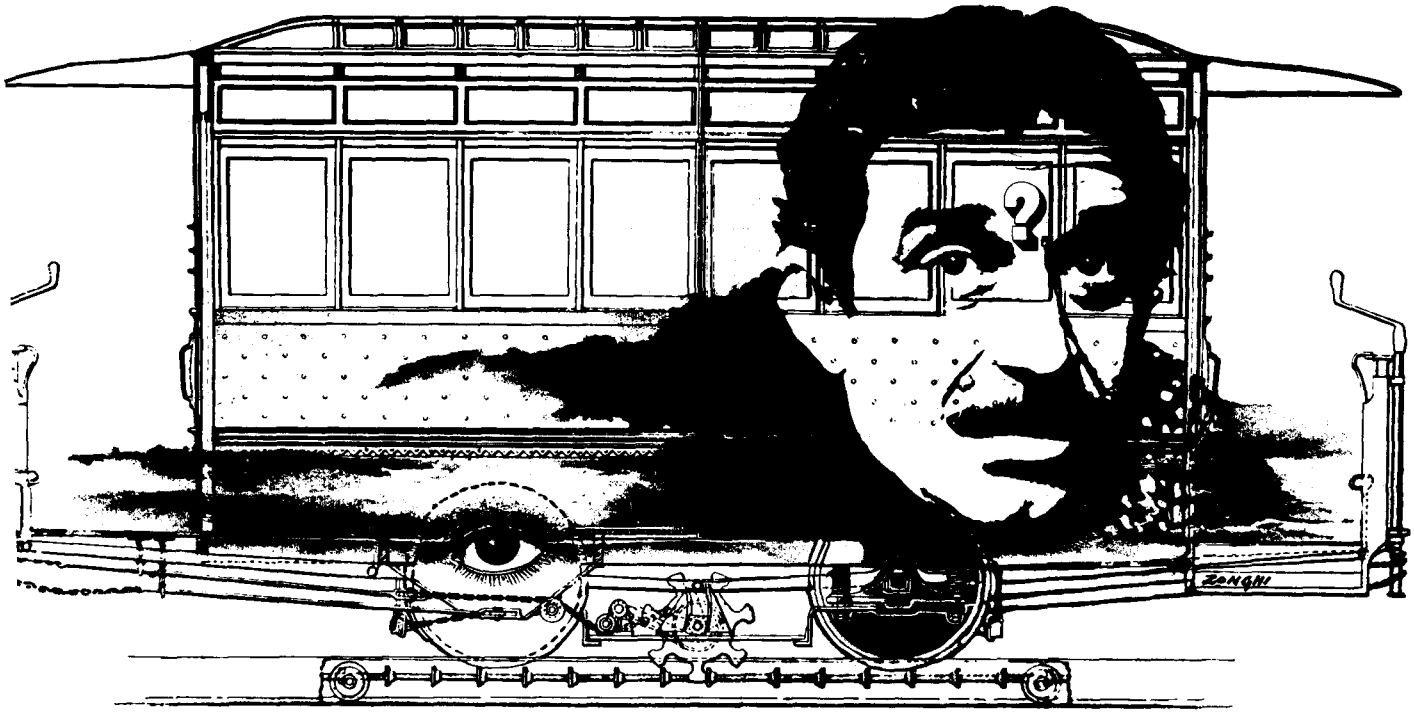
"Faulkner was surprised at certain things that happened in life," García said, "but he writes of them not as surprises but as things that happen every day."

García feels less surprised. "In Mexico," he says, "surrealism runs through the streets. Surrealism comes from the reality of Latin America."

About two weeks before he talked, a newsman had called to ask García for his reaction to an occurrence in a rural Colombian town. About ten in the morning at a small school, two men pulled up in a truck and said, "We came for the furniture." Nobody knew anything about them, but the schoolmaster nodded, the furniture was loaded onto the truck and driven off, and only much later was it understood that the truckmen were thieves.

"Normal," says García.

"One day in Barcelona," he continued, "my wife



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and I were asleep and the doorbell rings. I open the door and a man says to me, 'I came to fix the ironing cord.' My wife, from the bed, says, 'We don't have anything wrong with the iron here.' The man asks, 'Is this apartment two?' 'No,' I say, 'upstairs.' Later, my wife went to the iron and plugged it in and it burned up. This was a reversal. The man came before we knew it had to be fixed. This type of thing happens all the time. My wife has already forgotten it."

García likes the principles of surrealism but not the surrealists themselves. Given a choice, he prefers the painters to the poets, but he does not think of himself as being like any of them. And it is true that his work is based more in the anecdote than in the symbolic or random flow of events so important to the surrealists; true also that his aim is to be accessible, not obscure. And yet, a surreal quality, a rendering of the improbable and impossible as real, pervades his work. And its importance to him has obviously intensified since the tepidly surreal grass-eating of *Leaf Storm.* In *Cien Años* he made the leap to earth-eating, to a plague of insomnia, to ghosts that grow old, to a young woman who ascends bodily into heaven and takes two bed sheets with her. His improbability usually extends an everyday reality. In *Cien Años,* for instance, José Arcadio, son of Úrsula, enters his bedroom, closes the door, and a pistol shot is heard. Then:

> A trickle of blood came out under the door, crossed the living room, went out into the street, continued on in a straight line across the uneven terraces, went down steps and climbed over curbs, passed along the Street of the Turks, turned a corner to the right and another to the left, made a right angle at the Buendía house, went in under the closed door, crossed through the parlor, hugging the walls so as not to stain the rugs, went on to the other living room, made a wide curve to avoid the dining-room table, went along the porch with the begonias, and passed without being seen under Amaranta's chair as she gave an arithmetic lesson to Aureliano José, and went through the pantry and came out in the kitchen, where Úrsula was getting ready to crack thirty-six eggs to make bread.
>
> "Holy Mother of God!" Úrsula shouted.
>
> She followed the thread of blood back along its course, and in search of its origin she went through the pantry, along the begonia porch where Aureliano José was chanting that three plus three is six and six plus three is nine, and she crossed the dining room and the living rooms and followed straight down the street, and she turned first to the right and then to the left to the Street of the Turks, forgetting that she was still wearing her baking apron and her house slippers, and she came out onto the square and went into the door of a house where she had never been, and she pushed open the bedroom door and was almost suffocated by the smell of burned gunpowder, and she found José Arcadio lying face down on the ground on top of the leggings he had just taken off, and she saw the starting point of the thread of blood that had already stopped flowing out of his right ear.

We talked of this passage in connection with the surreal aspect of the book, but García all but dismissed the improbable quality of it, saying only: "It is the umbilical cord." And we moved on to something else.

After *Leaf Storm,* García encountered some heady influences that would change his fictional style and bring him as close to socialist realism as he would ever come. The Communists in Bogotá wooed him after *Leaf Storm* was published; but while they wanted him as a writer and a mind, they rejected his style as too artistic to convey the stringent socialist realities. On this point Mario Vargas writes: "Although he never fell into the coarse conceptions of socialist realism, García Márquez nevertheless reached a similar conclusion about his narrative language some months later, at the beginning of his second novel." The change in his writing that followed could hardly be adjudged a bad one, for working in his new style García produced three highly regarded works. But he was not satisfied, because the change restricted his imagination.

He had a flurry of party militancy in Bogotá, but it faded quickly and he then went to Europe for *El Espectador.* He found himself in Rome covering Pope Pius XII's hiccups, and he enrolled at the Centro Sperimentale de Cinematografia, with plans to become a director and film his own version of *Leaf Storm.* After some months of study, he moved to Paris and learned there that the Rojas dictatorship had closed his paper and that he was out of a job.

He stayed in Paris, beginning a short story about some violence he remembered from childhood, changing the locale from Macondo to "El Pueblo" (the town), a shift which has generated confusion about the settings of his various works. His language became more staccato, with dialogue playing a larger role. The short story he had begun expanded quickly and took shape as a novel, then two novels. The last offshoot he completed first and it became *El Coronel No Tiene Quien Le Escriba (No One Writes to the Colonel),* the story of an old military man who waits endlessly for his military pension, long after he and the war that he fought in have been forgotten by the government.

"He had written a small masterwork," Vargas writes, "but not only did he not know it, he also experienced the same sensation of failure as when he finished *Leaf Storm.*"

He then completed his novel about violence in the same small town, the violence provoked by *pasquines*—anonymous signs that appear myster-

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iously on the walls of public places. The book is called *La Mala Hora* (The Evil Hour) and has not yet been published in English.

García's life in Paris while writing these works was memorable but not happy. He lived, he said, on "daily miracles," deeply impoverished, as a foreigner not allowed to work, unable to speak the language very well, at one point turning in empty bottles for cash. When his money ran out, his landlord let him live in an attic, where he wrote steadily. When he returned to Paris in 1968 as a success and looked back on his three years of poverty, he concluded: "If I had not lived those three years, probably I would not be a writer. Here I learned that nobody dies of hunger and that one is capable of sleeping under bridges."

My wife and I had just come from Paris to Barcelona, and we told of the extraordinary time we'd just had in the city.

"I had money when I went back there," García said. "I wanted to eat all the things I had not eaten, drink all the wine I could not afford to buy. And I hated it. I hate Paris."

He lifted himself out of his poverty there in 1957 by selling newspapers in Bogotá and Caracas on the idea of a series of ten articles about the Iron Curtain countries. A newsman who went with him on that tour, Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza, later in the year became editor of *Momento,* a Caracas magazine, and hired García immediately. It was in Caracas, confronting his fictional world only on his days off, and reporting meanwhile on the last days of the Pérez Jiménez dictatorship, that he wrote some new short stories. These he called *Los Funerales de la Mamá Grande (Big Mama's Funeral)* when he published them in Mexico in 1962. These, too, have the staccato quality, except for the title story, which is written in dense language that satirizes Colombian political and editorial-page rhetoric. It is the only story set in Macondo, another point of confusion. The others in the collection, all set in El Pueblo, make no mention of Macondo.

The assumption by many casual readers of García's work is that all his fiction is set in Macondo. But when he broke with the lush style of *Leaf Storm* and took up with the Communist Party realists, he not only adopted a kind of Hemingway realism but he also left his fictional hometown. He returns to his natural style, an exalted but not overblown prose, only in the title story, in which he returns to Macondo.

García said he has a problem convincing people about El Pueblo. "*Leaf Storm* and *Cien Años* are in Macondo, nothing else," he said emphatically of his books. "The other three [*Colonel, Mala Hora, Mamá Grande*] are in El Pueblo." He opened the United States edition of the *Colonel* to page 42 and cited internal evidence where the Colonel remembers Macondo and mentions when he physically left it, in 1906.

"But some people," he said, "do not accept any evidence, and I leave them so I don't have to discuss it."

Another rumor is that he is through writing about Macondo, but of this he says, "It is a lie. I don't tamper with the future." During the past year, in fact, he completed a short novel which develops the lives of characters he created in *Cien Años.* It is called *The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother,* and is now being translated into English by Gregory Rabassa, who translated both *Cien Años* and *Leaf Storm.*

García's career as a fiction writer remained publicly static during his time in Venezuela, but journalistically he took an odd turn: he left *Momento* and went to work for *Venezuela Gráfica,* a magazine commonly called *Venezuela Pornográfica* in Caracas. Solemn fictionists might be put off by such work, but García accepted it then and still accepts it.

"I'm interested in personal life," he said, explaining that at the moment in Barcelona he was reading the memoirs of Jackie Kennedy's chauffeur. "I read all the gossip in all the magazines. And I believe it all."

The Cuban revolution lifted him, for the first time in his life, out of journalistic fluff and fun and into advocacy. He opened the Bogotá office for *Prensa Latina,* went to Havana later, and in 1961 became assistant bureau chief in New York. He quit in mid-1961 during a wave of revisionism, in solidarity with his disgruntled boss; and with his wife Mercedes, the Barranquilla girl who had waited for him for three years until he married her in 1958, and his two-year-old son Rodrigo, he left New York, but not without a tropical memory of the city.

"It was like no place else," he said. "It was putrefying, but also was in the process of rebirth, like the jungle. It fascinated me."

The Garcías headed for New Orleans by Greyhound, passing through Faulkner country. García duly noted one sign advising DOGS AND MEXICANS PROHIBITED and found himself barred from hotels where clerks thought him Mexican. He had planned to return to Colombia, but Mexico, being a film capital, lured him, and on the urging of Mexican friends he changed plans and began slowly, and with much difficulty, a new career as a screenwriter. He wrote one short story in Mexico and then lapsed into a silence that lasted several years.

The screenwriting was partially the cause of the silence, but so was what he considered his failure as a writer of fiction. He wrote film scripts, some in collaboration with Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes, and several became movies, memorable

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now mainly because he worked on them. In dry periods he worked again as an editor and at one point did publicity for the J. Walter Thompson office in Mexico City.

"It was a very bad time for me," he said, "a suffocating time. Nothing I did in films was mine. It was a collaboration, incorporating everybody's ideas, the director's, the actors'. I was very limited in what I could do and I appreciated then that in the novel the writer has complete control."

His friends remembered him as being blocked and in a period of severe self-criticism, dissatisfied with all he had done, not wanting to return to anything like it.

It was in January, 1965, while driving from Mexico City to Acapulco, that he envisioned the first chapter of the book that was to become *Cien Años.* He later told an Argentinian writer that if he'd had a tape recorder, he could have dictated the entire chapter on the spot. He then went home and told Mercedes: Don't bother me, especially don't bother me about money. And he went to work at the desk he called the Cave of the Mafia, in a house at number 6 Calle de La Loma, Mexico City, and working eight to ten hours a day for eighteen months, he wrote the novel.

"I didn't know what my wife was doing," he said, "and I didn't ask any questions. But there was always whiskey in the house. Good Scotch. In that respect my life hasn't changed much since those days. We always lived as if we had money. But when I was finished writing, my wife said, 'Did you really finish it? We owe twelve thousand dollars.' She had borrowed from friends for a year and a half."

At one point, he said, his wife was given the option by the butcher shop, where she was a good client, to pay by the month. She refused, but later, when getting money every day was more difficult, she accepted the offer and paid monthly installments to the butcher. At another point there was no money for the rent, so she told the landlord she couldn't pay for six months and somehow he said all right; so they didn't have to worry about that.

"She is stupendous," García said.

We had been talking in the Ramblas bar for almost two hours and now García had to leave for an appointment. But he said we should come to his home at five and continue the talk, and we did.

He and Mercedes both greeted us. She is a slender, serene beauty, her dark, shoulder-length hair parted in the middle, an Indian quality in her face that is reminiscent of some of Gauguin's Tahitian women. She speaks softly and said that the Spaniards tell her she speaks a sweet Spanish, as contrasted with the cacophonies of Castilian. She employs a day maid to help with the housework, in notable contrast to the time when García was writing *Cien Años.* She lived those days, she said, trying not to dwell on the precarious quality of their life, for when she did, she became very nervous.

"I would not want to go through that again," she said.

It is not at all likely she will have to.

The Garcías' apartment is modern in its furnishings, with wall-to-wall carpeting, floor-to-ceiling drapes, the color scheme beige, brown, and orange. The hi-fi, which García, and no one else, operates, is a significant object in the room, and in García's life. He treats his records as if they were fine crystal, wiping each one after use. His sons Gonzalo, ten, and Rodrigo, now twelve, have their own phonograph, so that Papa's will not be disturbed. Reading as he listens to music forms the second part of his day and regularly follows his morning work period, which usually begins at ten and lasts until about two. (One page a day, of twenty-four lines, is his average output, five pages his record.) Apart from the records—he played Leonard Cohen for the visiting North Americans—a large and orderly collection of classical works on cassettes occupies a shelf beside the sofa.

"There were no records where I grew up," he said, "and now all this on cassettes. Imagine!"

A discussion of some of García's literary tastes was prompted by the living-room shelves which held some of his books.

"He left most of his books in Colombia when he moved to Barcelona," Mercedes said, "but the Conrad, Plutarch, and Kafka he takes with him wherever he goes. And the Virginia Woolf he always buys when he gets there, if he can find it."

The shelves had all of these, plus the complete works of Stefan Zweig and A. J. Cronin, fourteen volumes of Borges, Rabelais' works, and among other items, *The Day of the Jackal* by Frederick Forsyth. Ah ha! A best seller.

"Literarily," García said, "it is of no importance. But things happen. It is good false reporting."

From the blue he asked: "What do you think of Graham Greene?" His manner implied that I would be judged by my response. I said I had a high opinion of Greene.

"He teaches you how to write," García remarked. "His technique of narration is so good. He also taught us to see the tropics in books like *The Power and the Glory, The Comedians,* and *A Burnt-Out Case,* which is set in Africa, but which is like Latin America. People think of life in the tropics as being exuberant, happy, rich. But Greene shows its elements—the heat, the plants, the rain, the animals, the sea. And he shows life is poor and sad. And that is the truth about that place."

Greene brought to García's mind one of his prejudices. "The intellectuals would like to like Greene," he said, "but they don't think they should. He writes a good book like *A Sort of Life*

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and then confuses them by writing *Travels with My Aunt.* The intellectual is the worst thing there is. He invents things and then he believes them. He decides the novel is dead but then he finds a novel and says he discovered it. If you say the novel is dead, it is not the novel. It is you who are dead."

He talked of liking Ray Bradbury, but selectively. "There are two Ray Bradburys. One writes the science fiction and one is human. I don't like the science fiction."

He said that he has read no great American writers since what he called "the Lost Generation"—meaning Faulkner and Dos Passos, and Erskine Caldwell and Hemingway for their short stories. He liked none of the Hemingway novels. "*The Sun Also Rises* was a lengthened short story," he said. Of the Faulkner works, he was most captivated by *Absalom, Absalom,* but added, only half facetiously, that he thought *The Hamlet* was "the best South American novel ever written."

"Until you're about the age of twenty," he said, "you read everything, and you like it simply because you are reading it. Then between twenty and thirty you pick what you want, and you read the best, you read all the great works. After that you sit and wait for them to be written. But you know, the least known, the least famous writers, they are the better ones."

Of contemporary Latin American novelists, two in particular, and both of them known in the United States, were early boosters of *Cien Años:* Carlos Fuentes and the Argentine, Julio Cortázar. García sent his first three chapters to Fuentes, who was so impressed that he wrote for a Mexican magazine:

"I have just finished reading the first seventy-five pages of *Cien Años de Soledad.* They are absolutely magisterial. . . . All 'fictional' history coexists with 'real' history, what is dreamed with what is documented, and thanks to the legends, the lies, the exaggerations, the myths . . . Macondo is made into a universal territory, in a story almost biblical in its foundations, its generations and degenerations, in a story of the origin and destiny of human time and of the dreams and desires by which men are saved or destroyed."

Cortázar, one of the first readers of the completed book, and equally enthusiastic, said García's imagination had redeemed the South American novel from its boring ways. Cortázar's novel, *Hopscotch,* had won the National Book Award for its English translator, Gregory Rabassa, in 1967. García was dissatisfied with the English translation of *No One Writes to the Colonel* and, after reading Rabassa's version of *Hopscotch,* he asked his publisher to have Rabassa, a professor of romance languages at New York's Queens College, translate *Cien Años.* The publisher found Rabassa tied up for a year.

"I'll wait," García said, a decision for which anyone attuned to the English translation must be grateful.

Rabassa describes García's Spanish as "classical, very clear. He doesn't fool around with syntax. Certain local words do creep in, in dialogue, but he is not an experimenter. He uses the right word in the right place. I would compare his language to Cervantes'."

Rabassa will doubtlessly translate García's next major work, which Vargas has said has the title of *El Otoño del Patriarca* (The Autumn of the Patriarch). García has been working on it since before *Cien Años,* inspired by his exposure to the Jiménez dictatorship in Venezuela, and strengthened by what he learned of the Batista dictatorship during his time in Cuba, and the Rojas dictatorship in Colombia. The central figure is a Latin dictator who lives to be 270 years old.

García's alienation from right-wing politics raises the question of why he now lives in Spain under the Franco dictatorship. I asked how he felt about Spanish politics. He groaned and put his head in his hands as a reaction to a question whose public answer could jeopardize his residency in Barcelona, where he lives in apolitical peace.

"If I were to choose a country which had politics that I like," he said, "I would not live anywhere."

"A clever answer," I said. "I won't press the point."

"You are a gentleman," he said.

We talked of Barcelona as a place to live and I expressed my short-term admiration of its magnificence and the vibrancy of its life. I also told a trolley-car story: that when we crossed into Spain at Port Bou, we asked at the tourist window for some literature on Barcelona and were given a brochure which, among other things, detailed the trolley lines in the city, by number and destination. At Columbus Plaza we tried to get a trolley that would take us to Antonio Gaudi's Sagrada Familia church, one of Barcelona's wonders. A vendor of fresh coconut at the plaza explained that there hadn't been any trolley cars in Barcelona for fourteen or fifteen years. Why, then, were they still mentioning them by name in the tourist literature? The coconut vendor had no answer and so we boarded a bus instead of a trolley and rode toward Gaudi's monumental work. We stood at the back of the bus and watched the mansions and apartment buildings make splendid canyons out of the street, at times looking like I imagined Fifth Avenue must have looked in its most elegant nineteenth-century moments. And then I said to Dana: "Look, there's a trolley."

She missed it, understandably. Its movement was perpendicular to our own. It crossed an inter-

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section about three blocks back, right to left, visible only for a second or so, then disappeared behind the canyon wall.

"What trolleys still run in Barcelona?" I asked García.

He and his wife both said there were no trolleys in Barcelona. Mercedes remembered a funicular that went somewhere.

"This one was yellow," I said, "and old-fashioned in design."

"No," she said. "The funicular is blue."

García called his agent Carmen Balcells on the phone. "Is there a yellow trolley car in Barcelona?" he asked. "I'm here having an interview with Kennedy and he saw a yellow trolley."

He listened, then turned to us and said, "All the trolleys were yellow in the old days."

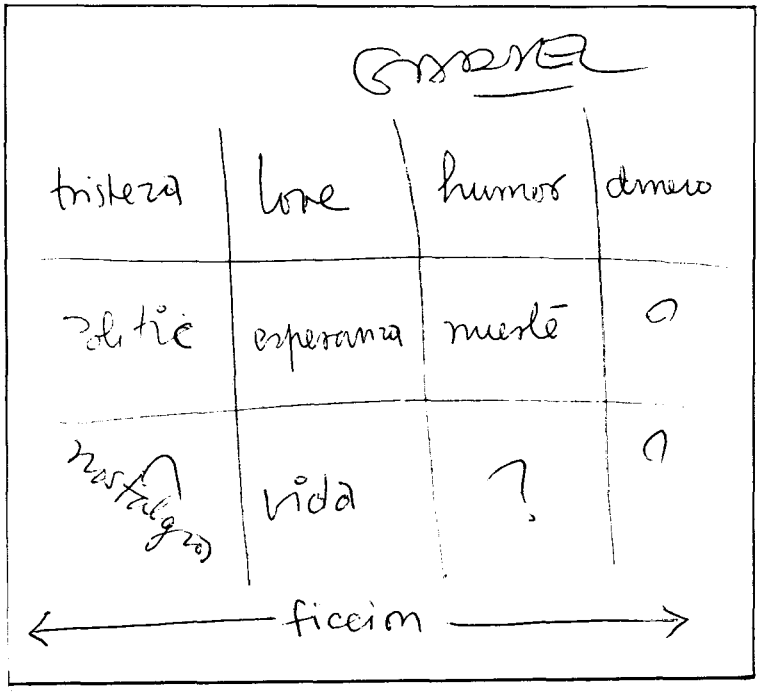
He asked about the blue trolley, but Carmen said it was outside of town, nowhere near where we had been. In a few minutes she called back to say that about two years ago there was a public ceremony in which the last trolley car in Barcelona had been formally buried.

What had I seen? I have no idea.

"To me," García said, "this is completely natural."

Then he told of hailing a taxi in Barcelona not long before this, but when he saw someone in the back seat he pulled down his arm. The cab driver stopped anyway and García then saw no one in the back seat. He explained this to the cabbie, who was outraged. "People are always seeing somebody in the taxi with me," he told García.

We had been drinking Scotch carefully for about five hours, lost in small talk and the free-form interchange of two languages. What had begun as a meticulous quest for the translation of phraseology through the intermediacy of Dana had loosened to the point where I was asking Dana questions in Spanish and she was talking to García in English. García was popping English phrases at me more and more, and I was fluently pidgin in Spanish. There was no comprehension problem. We praised the liberating effect of whiskey, but I downgraded it as a tool for writing. García agreed but hesitated: "There is a point where it works," he said.



It was a quarter to eleven, the theater hour in Barcelona, when García decided we should go to dinner. He drove, soberly, through the old streets, parked near an alley, and then led the way to what he called "the best secret restaurant in Barcelona." I put on my steel-rimmed glasses to read the menu, but García said, "I have better glasses than those," and took out a pair of steel-rimmed half-glasses.

"Are you blind without them?" I asked.

"Not quite," he said, holding the menu as far away as he could. "My arm is still long enough."

I ordered baby squid in garlic and acceded to García's choice of *perdiz,* which we finally figured out meant partridge. He ordered French wine, Côtes du Rhône, I think, which came in a dusty, crooked-necked bottle. He chewed a piece of bread, clearing his taste buds of old Scotch, before tasting the wine for approval.

We had one more literary discussion at dinner. We had talked of politics and fiction earlier and he had mentioned a writer who, he felt, had hurt himself by overemphasizing politics, and whose work had changed. García considered this a loss. I then asked what he thought the proper place of politics was in fiction. He borrowed my pen and drew some interesting vertical and horizontal lines in my notebook, creating twelve boxes. Beneath the boxes he wrote the word *ficcion* and drew arrows to the left and right vertical borders. Then he wrote *politic* in the left central square. He paused. The vacant squares impelled him to further statement, and randomly, in two languages, he filled them in: *tristeza, love, humor, dinero, esperanza, muerte, nostalgia, vida,* and three question marks.

There is another García drawing in my notebook; it shows a flower blooming atop a two-leafed potted plant and an open-mouthed fish about to bite on a dangling fishhook as a one-eyed sun rises, or perhaps sets, behind an undulating horizon. In homage to Kennedy, he included in the drawing a two-wheeled trolley on a track, off to the left, denoting it as "old yellow," and he signed it in two places and included my own name with the year mentioned, 1972.

We eventually left the restaurant, around one-

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thirty. I discovered I'd left my copy of the Vargas biography at the García apartment, but I was told not to worry, that there would be bookstalls open on Las Ramblas where we could get another copy. García drove to one but it was Mercedes who leaped out and bought the book; for how would it look, García said, for him to go out and buy his own biography at one-thirty in the morning?

There was a conversation whose site I do not remember. Maybe it was the American bar, or maybe the apartment, or the best secret restaurant in Barcelona. But it has to do with García and his going back to Colombia every two or three years, and returning to Aracataca.

"Each year less," he said of the hometown, meaning each year the world he knew vanishes a little more. But there is a renewal. For each year, as the fame of *Cien Años* grows, Aracataca becomes more and more a place where tourists who have read the book go to compare its reality with the reality they have in their heads. They want to see the chestnut tree where José Arcadio Buendía, the founder of Macondo, died in beatific madness, tied to the trunk for years, seeing the ghosts of his past grow old along with him. They want to see the old Buendía house, and the plaza where thousands of striking banana workers were massacred by the army and their corpses taken on the longest train in the world to a remote point and dumped into the sea, so that not only would no evidence of their deaths remain but that the lie would be given to anyone brazen enough to suggest that a massacre had taken place.

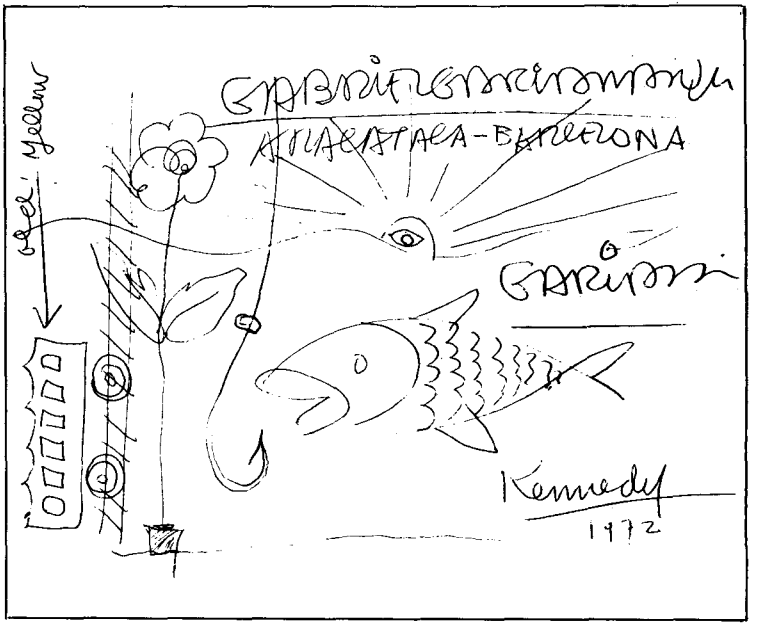
Years later that massacre would merely be a legend, its reality as accepted, yet as unverifiable, as the Trojan horse, or my yellow trolley car. García overheard it as a legend in Aracataca when he was young and he later reinvented it, just as he reinvented most of Macondo from bits and pieces of Aracataca, from the storied or merely imagined past. The Macondo he created barely exists in Aracataca today, but that does not stop the enterprising small boys of the town from reinventing, with *their* imaginations, what the tourists want to see. For a few coins they will find José Arcadio Buendía's tree and the place where the ants devoured the last newborn in the Buendía line, the infant that had been conceived incestuously and born with the tail of a pig. The cycle of the imagination is not dependent on any reality that can be bought at the hardware store like a seventy-eight-cent screwdriver.

Writing fiction today, a friend once advised me, is about as significant as playing bridge. Possibly this is true for those who dwell in the Land of the Cat's Titty. Possibly, for them, other things have replaced it. But in the face of a primordial event like the creation of Macondo, the argument is not worth rebutting. Whatever the numbers, and the numbers never mattered, there are still those who would rather dwell there for a time, and ride the yellow trolley car that may or may not exist, and thrive on the heat of a one-eyed sun, and draw sustenance from a book full of verities and question marks. Those who feel this have no need to justify their preference.

A Bogotá journalist went to Aracataca in 1969 and found that the home of García's ancestors was being eaten to dust by ants, just as García had predicted the dust storm that would bury the Buendía house and the town forever. The journalist found ruins and solitude in the town, no doubt what he went to find, and which always exist everywhere if you look closely. But the fading of Aracataca was not the consequence of a cursed, fateful prophecy. It had been predicted by García Márquez not because he had chosen it to be that way in his godlike role as novelist, but because—like the gypsy Melquíades, who is *Cien Años* had written in the coded parchments that "The first of the line is tied to a tree and the last is being eaten by the ants"—he deciphered the key to history, and he knew that events occurred because they had to, that the turn of time was cyclical and that the vital, bloody warmth of every life held in itself not only its own dusty eventuality, but the seeds of regeneration as well.

García's nickname is Gabo, and the diminutive of that is Gabito. And in an Aracataca bar the Bogotá journalist heard a song being sung which was really a song of the rebirth of this novelist, this man:

> It was in the land of Macondo,
> Where little Gabriel was born,
> All of the people knew him,
> By the name of Gabito . . .



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A FULL MOON IN SAGITTARIUS

A story by Dan Wakefield

As he watched the number of shopping days till Christmas dwindle, Phil Potter found himself dreading the coming vacation that would interrupt his teaching duties at Gilpen Junior College for almost two full weeks. It was not just the fact that this would be the first Christmas after his divorce and therefore especially depressing that made him apprehensive. More than the holiday itself he feared the space of empty time, the days without classes or office hours, opening before him like a black and treacherous tunnel through which he must stumble in order to come to the beginning of another new year and the relieving resumption of duties.

On the last day of classes before the vacation break, his P.R. seminar turned into an impromptu party. The students had got together and bought him a fifth of Cutty Sark for a Christmas present, a gift that indicated their knowledge of the bottle he kept in the drawer of his office desk and also their evident appreciation of his class. Potter was moved, feeling like a premature version of Mr. Chips. He thanked the class, and, in the spirit of the occasion, proposed that instead of taking home his gift he share it with all of them right then and there. This daring proposal was greeted with cheers, and the peppy little Miss Patterson quickly brought back from the cafeteria a dozen styrofoam cups and two bags of Fritos.

It was a nice feeling. The pleasant anticipation of the students for the season almost upon them relieved Potter's own apprehension, allowed him to share the warmth. They spoke of ski trips and parties, of going home to Schenectady or Cleveland, of hitchhiking to Florida. Halligan, the veteran who was waging a losing battle against his girlfriend's marital offensive, admitted with a nervous grin that he was getting engaged over Christmas. There were hoots and cheers.

Ted Featherstone, an engaging young guy who had announced in the second session of the seminar that he was interested in public relations as it could be applied to selling things like peace and brotherhood, population control, and universal health care, had come to class dressed in his usual outfit of Levi's and motorcycle boots, and was also carrying a large rucksack.

"Where you heading?" Potter asked him.

"Oh. This commune where some friends of mine live," Featherstone replied.

"Going there for Christmas?"

"For the Winter Solstice. That's what they celebrate."

"How do they celebrate it?" Foster B. Stevenson asked with an obvious edge of contempt. "Get stoned?"

Featherstone shrugged. "Some do, and some don't. On the actual day of the Solstice, people from neighboring communes come over and they have a real feast."

"What do they live on. Rich Daddy money?" Halligan asked.

"Nope. Some have jobs in a

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neighboring town. Their farm's over in the western part of the state. It seems real remote, but there are towns around. Also, they raise their own vegetables, of course. And some are musicians; they bring in a lot of bread. Like the Sandman. You know, the guitarist? He signs all the profits of his albums over to the farm. If they can't make a mortgage payment, he gets a gig."

"What do the women do?" asked Myrna Seely, who was one of the few women's movement activists at Gilpen.

"Everybody does their own thing," Featherstone said.

"Yeh—and I bet I know what *their* own thing is—cooking and washing the goddamn dishes and all the rest of the menial stuff."

Featherstone only smiled, refusing to be drawn into battle.

Myrna finished off her drink and left, and the room broke up into groups of twos and threes. Potter had more Scotch and questioned Featherstone further about the commune. Potter had never been able to imagine himself living communally, for he cherished his privacy as much as he despised his loneliness. But he had always had a fascination about such experiments, understanding as he did the need of people to huddle together, any way at all, for mutual warmth and sustenance. Featherstone spoke of his friends' commune in glowing terms, and said they even had "this older guy" who lived there, who used to be an architect, as if this would make the whole thing seem more plausible to Potter. After a few more Scotches, Potter accepted an invitation to visit the commune that very weekend, along with anyone he wanted to bring. Featherstone drew him a map.

Potter tried to convey his enthusiasm about the commune visit to his girlfriend Marilyn that night, but she seemed reserved, suspicious. Besides, she had lined up another party for them to go to on Saturday.

"Jesus," Potter said, "it'll just be the same."

"Well, what'll the commune be?"

"Different," he said.

"Well," she said, "I guess that's something."

On the way to the commune, Potter and Marilyn stopped in at a supermarket to buy some supplies. It seemed only right that they get into the spirit of the thing by bringing food and drink to share. But once in the supermarket, Potter was confused about what would be appropriate. Marilyn picked out a big roast she thought would be nice.

"But what if they're vegetarians?" Potter asked. "A lot of them are—I mean a lot of people who live on communes are. I don't know if these people are, but they might be."

"You should have asked."

"Well, it's too late now."

They walked slowly up the aisles, staring vacantly at the bright rows of cans and bottles and jars, all of which seemed too fancy and commercialized to be suitable for a commune.

"If they're vegetarians," Marilyn said, "I guess we have to bring vegetables."

"If they're vegetarians, they probably grow their own. Besides, you can't just take people a bushel of carrots."

"Well, what the hell can you take?"

"There's no need to get excited. Try to be cooperative."

Marilyn closed her eyes and sighed.

"OK," she said. "I'm trying. What about fish? Do fish count?"

"Hey, that's great. I think you're right. I think fish is all right."

Potter purposefully pushed the empty cart to the fish section, and looked down at the selection, frowning.

"These are all frozen," he said.

"What did you expect? This isn't Fisherman's Wharf."

"Is it all right for them to be frozen?"

"What the hell do you mean is it 'all right'?"

"I mean, doesn't freezing them add some harmful chemicals or something that they couldn't eat?"

"By God, if we can eat them, they can eat them."

She started hurling packages of frozen haddock into the cart.

"That's enough!" Potter said.

There were more than a dozen packages of the stuff.

"OK," said Marilyn. "What else? What about bread?"

"They probably bake their own."

"Maybe they don't need anything."

"Wine," Potter said. "I'll get some wine. They might just have dope. They don't like hard liquor, but I think wine is OK."

He bought a gallon of Tavola red table. It seemed very earthy to him, and he hoped it would be acceptable.

According to the map, the commune was a dilapidated small brown house with a garage whose roof was caving in. Potter was not so much surprised at the deteriorating nature of the place, if that was indeed the right place, as he was by its proximity to the world it was presumably trying to escape. It wasn't far from the supermarket in town, and once here, you could see at least three neighboring farmhouses. Potter had imagined something hidden away, far from towns and main roads, far from anything.

It was the place, though.

A girl in a dirty blouse and torn jeans came to the door.

"Hi," said Potter, with his best smile. "My name's Potter."

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The girl only stared at him.

"Is Ted Featherstone here? He asked me to come."

The girl turned in toward the room and yelled "Ted!" then walked away. Potter and Marilyn still stood outside, shivering. Featherstone appeared, a bit groggy and pulling a T-shirt over his head.

He looked at Potter blankly for a moment, then rubbed his eyes and said, "Oh—hey—yeh."

"Well, I found it," Potter said.

"Far out."

"This is my friend Marilyn."

"Hey, yeh—c'm in."

"Thanks."

Potter handed Featherstone the supermarket bag filled with frozen haddock and the gallon of Tavola.

Featherstone looked inside the bag.

"Far out," he said. "Listen, just sit down anywhere. I'll get some glasses."

Potter and Marilyn took off their coats, and looked around the room. There was one old chair with the stuffing coming out, but it was occupied by the sprawled body of a large, red-haired young man reading a comic book. There were pillows scattered over the bare floor and Potter and Marilyn each grabbed one and sat down. Featherstone came back with jelly glasses filled with wine. A girl walked in from the kitchen and climbed up a rickety ladder to what was evidently a sort of dormitory floor above, with bedrolls.

Featherstone lit up a joint.

"Wow," he said. "You came."

"Yeh, we really came," said Potter.

He didn't dare look at Marilyn. He was hoping things would pick up. Several other people passed in and out, glanced at them, and walked on, as if they had merely noticed a couple of spots on the floor.

"So this is it," said Potter.

"Not everyone's here right now—Roger, the older guy I was telling you about, had to make a run into town. He ought to be back."

Potter inhaled furiously on the joint, wishing to hell it would stone him out of his skull, but it only led to a coughing fit, and he passed it to Marilyn, who puffed delicately, and drank more wine.

A tall, frail-looking guy with thick glasses came out of another room and Featherstone motioned him over. It was the Sandman himself, and, true to his image, he looked as if he was still half-asleep. When introduced to Potter and Marilyn, he nodded and yawned.

Roger, the older guy, came back from his run into town with a carton of Camels and some frozen orange juice. That made Potter feel better about the frozen fish. Frozen must be OK. For all Potter knew, frozen was beautiful.

The fish, however, were never mentioned again. Dinner was pumpkin-and-cucumber soup, and homemade dark bread. Four people, including the Sandman, sat at a round table. The others crouched or knelt on the floor.

"Let's have some sounds, man," the Sandman said, and the girl in the dirty peasant blouse put on a record. It was some kind of rock, and blared out any other possibility of sound, which was actually a relief to Potter, since the only other sounds were those of snoring and belching.

Roger, the older guy, nodded at Potter and Marilyn when introduced but didn't look them in the eyes, as if he didn't want anything to do with people who were vaguely his own age. Right after dinner the Sandman summoned Featherstone into the back bedroom, which it turned out the Sandman had all to himself. He seemed to have all the rights and privileges of leadership except that he lacked the title and pretended that he was just one of the others. Marilyn went back into the kitchen to ask if she could help with anything, but the dirty-bloused girl and a tall, rather pretty blond said no, they were going to leave the dishes till tomorrow.

The dirty-bloused girl deigned to come out and sit by Marilyn and Potter on the floor.

"How long have you been here?" Marilyn asked.

The girl shrugged.

"I wanted to go to South America, even found out about a job on a freighter, but they wouldn't take me on, just because I was a chick."

"That's too bad," Marilyn sympathized.

"You know it. I mean, it's really a drag when a chick can't ship on a freighter."

"Damn right," said Potter, shaking his head.

He and Marilyn had more wine.

Featherstone and the Sandman came out. Featherstone sat down by Marilyn, but the Sandman explained he had to get back in that room, there was a little problem.

"What's wrong?" Potter asked.

"It's Andy," said the Sandman.

"Andy's just been here a couple months," Featherstone explained, "and he's not used to it yet. He isn't into anything yet, you know, like creative, so he just sits around and looks out the window."

"What's happened to him—or happening?" Marilyn asked.

The Sandman yawned, and scratched his head.

"He's having what used to be called 'a nervous breakdown.' "

"Oh," said Marilyn.

"What's it called now?" Potter asked.

The Sandman smiled.

"He's freaking out."

"That's a shame," Potter said.

Featherstone stood up, and said, "Listen, I ought to go back and rap with him, along with Sandman. Whenever you want to crash, there's plenty of room up on the dorm floor. Take any bedroll. If it's someone else's, they'll find another one."

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Featherstone and the Sandman disappeared.

"Listen," Marilyn whispered, "let's get the hell out of here."

"What? Drive all the way back to Boston?"

"We can go to a motel."

"Where?"

"Anywhere. There's motels everywhere. Thank God."

"You can't just do that," Potter said. "I mean, we can't just leave."

"The hell we can't! You think any of these creeps would know the difference, or care less?"

"Well. I ought to tell Featherstone."

"To hell with the little creep. He's busy playing medicine man."

"Well. Maybe you're right."

They snuck out quietly, jumped in the car, and gunned their way back to the highway, giggling and cursing. They found a Howard Johnson's motel, checked into a room with a color TV, and ordered club sandwiches and beers from room service.

The next time Potter saw Featherstone he apologized for having left without saying good-bye, and Featherstone said he understood, it was nobody's fault. In fact, he said, the Sandman had figured the whole thing out. The Sandman's theory was that the bad vibes that led to both Potter's departure and to Andy's freaking out had been due to a full moon in Sagittarius. □

BURNING

I was no one
Until they made me
Afraid

Made me something fearful

Until they made me have
To survive them

Now I have deeply plunged
My hands
Bleeding through the dark
Broken windows of their streets

I've watched them
I've learned

I've seen them breaking in
To my people
Breaking in to the faces of children
Leaving nothing
But nigger grins

Breaking in to our lives
Our women
Leaving us to lie
About ourselves
Leaving us ruins

With my best nigger grin
I take their curse
I take it
I give it back burning

So I have let the old bright
Currency of their being
Run freely through my fingers
Flowing
Warmer than anything
Even my women can offer me

And Lord I am changing

Lord I am consumed by change
Now that I have seen myself
Caving in
In windows caving in
And seen myself flickering
In fragments
On the streets

Now that I have seen myself
My whole world
Burning

by William Pitt Root

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EXPERIMENTS BEHIND BARS

Doctors, drug companies, and prisoners

by Jessica Mitford

"Criminals in our penitentiaries are fine experimental material—and much cheaper than chimpanzees."

Before a new drug can be marketed in the United States, it must, according to Food and Drug Administration rules, be tested on human beings. In recent years, most of the early testing of our increasingly exotic drugs has been done in prisons. And prisoners have been the subjects of other medical experiments as well.

For some time, international medical societies have attempted to prohibit the use of prisoners as subjects, but these efforts have been effectively frustrated by American medical experimenters. The World Medical Association proposed in 1961 that prisoners "being captive groups should not be used as the subject of experiments." The recommendation was never formally adopted, largely because of the opposition of American doctors. "Pertinax" writes in the *British Medical Journal* for January, 1963: "I am disturbed that the World Medical Association is now hedging on its clause about using criminals as experimental material. The American influence has been at work on its suspension." He adds wistfully, "One of the nicest American scientists I know was heard to say, 'Criminals in our penitentiaries are fine experimental material—and much cheaper than chimpanzees.' I hope the chimpanzees don't come to hear of this."[1]

Although few involved in prison experiments like to talk openly about them, alarming stories crop up in the press with sufficient regularity to give some indication of the scope and nature of the experiments. In 1963, *Time* magazine reported that the federal government was using prisoner "volunteers" for large-scale research, dispensing rewards ranging from a package of cigarettes to $25 in cash plus reduction of sentence; that prisoners in Ohio and Illinois were injected with live cancer cells and with blood from leukemia patients to determine whether these diseases could be transmitted; that doctors in Oklahoma were grossing an estimated $300,000 a year from deals with pharmaceutical companies to test out new drugs on prisoners; that the same doctors were paying prisoners $5 a quart for blood which they retailed at $15.

In July, 1969, Walter Rugaber of the New York *Times* reported that "the Federal Government has watched without interference while many people sickened and some died in an extended series of drug tests and blood plasma operations . . . the immediate damage has been done in the penitentiary systems of three states. Hundreds of inmates in voluntary programs have been stricken with serious disease. An undetermined number of the victims have died."

The stakes in prison research are high. The drug companies, usually operating through private physicians with access to the prisons, can obtain

[1] See M. H. Pappworth, M.D., *Human Guinea Pigs,* Beacon Press, 1967.

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The participating physician cashes in on the programs in various ways.

healthy human subjects living in controlled conditions that are difficult, if not impossible, to duplicate elsewhere. In addition, the companies can buy these for a fraction—less than one-tenth, according to many medical authorities—of what they would have to pay medical students or other "free-world" volunteers. They can conduct experiments on prisoners that would not be sanctioned for student-subjects at any price because of the degree of risk and pain involved. Guidelines for human experimentation established by HEW and other agencies are easily disregarded behind prison walls.

When the studies are carried out in the privacy of prison, if a volunteer becomes seriously ill, or dies, as a result of the procedures to which he is subjected, the repercussions will likely be smaller than they would be on the outside. As Rugaber discovered when trying to trace deaths resulting from the "voluntary programs," prison medical records that might prove embarrassing to the authorities have a habit of conveniently disappearing. There is minimal risk that subjects disabled by the experiments will bring lawsuits against the drug companies. Prisoners are often required to sign a waiver releasing those responsible from damage claims that may result. Such waivers have been held legally invalid as contrary to public policy and are specifically prohibited by FDA regulations, but the prisoner is unlikely to know this. The psychological effect of signing the waiver, along with the general helplessness of prisoners, make lawsuits a rarity.

For the prisoner, the pittance he gets from the drug company—generally around $1 a day for the more onerous experiments—represents riches when viewed in terms of prison pay scales: $30 a month compared with the $2 to $10 a month he might make in an ordinary prison job.

Dr. Robert Batterman, a clinical pharmacologist, told me, "The prisoner-subject gets virtually nil." He cited an estimate given him for experimenting on prisoners in Vacaville, California: $15 a month for three months to be *lowered* to $12.50 a month should the experiment run for six months. "We would normally do it the other way around with free-world volunteers. We'd give them more money if the experiment ran longer." Dr. Batterman makes considerable use of student-subjects from a nearby Baptist divinity school. For a comparatively undemanding experiment—one requiring a weekly withdrawal of blood—he would pay a student at least $100 a month, he said.

However, the problem as seen by some leaders of the American medical profession is not that the prisoner-subjects are paid too little, but rather that they may be paid too much. That a dollar-a-day stipend to a healthy adult can be so overwhelmingly attractive as to invalidate the results of medical research is a possibility only in the topsy-turvy world of prisons. Yet the fear that this will happen is precisely what is expressed by some spokesmen for the profession. Thus Dr. Herbert L. Ley, Jr., then commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, testified in 1969 before the Senate Select Committee on Small Business:

"The basic problem here, Mr. Chairman, is that the remuneration to the prisoner was too much. This meant that the prisoner had a very strong pressure not to report and not to withdraw from the study. Therefore he would decline to say that he felt any adverse reactions. This is bad for the prisoner in that it exposes him to unnecessary risk, it is bad for our records in that it does not provide us full information."

Prisoners do indeed view the small sums paid as largesse. In a series of interviews conducted in 1969 at Vacaville prison, California, by Martin Miller, a graduate student at the University of California Department of Criminology, some of the prisoners commented: "Yeah, I was on research but I couldn't keep my chow down. Like I lost about thirty-five pounds my first year in the joint, so I started getting scared. I hated to give it up because it was a good pay test." . . . "Hey, man, I'm making $30 a month on the DMSO thing [Chronic Topical Application of Dimethylsulfoxide]. I know a couple of guys had to go to the hospital who were on it—and the burns were so bad they had to take *everyone* off it for a while. But who gives a shit about that, man? Thirty is a full canteen draw and I wish the thing would go on for years—I'd be lost without it." . . . "I was on DMSO last year. It paid real good and it was better than that plague thing [Bubonic Plague Vaccine Immunization Study] that fucked with guys last year. There was a lot of bad reactions to DMSO but I guess that's why it paid so good." Of DMSO Morton Mintz, staff writer for the Washington *Post,* had written three years earlier: "Human testing has now been severely curbed by FDA because of reports of serious adverse effects" (Washington *Post,* July 24, 1966).

The participating physician cashes in on the programs in various ways. He may make a direct deal with the drug company for financial backing, out of which he pays the expenses of research and pockets the rest as his fee. An individual research grant might run from $5000 to more than $50,000, enabling a doctor with good prison contacts to double or triple his regular income. Or if he is, as many are, a faculty member in a medical school,

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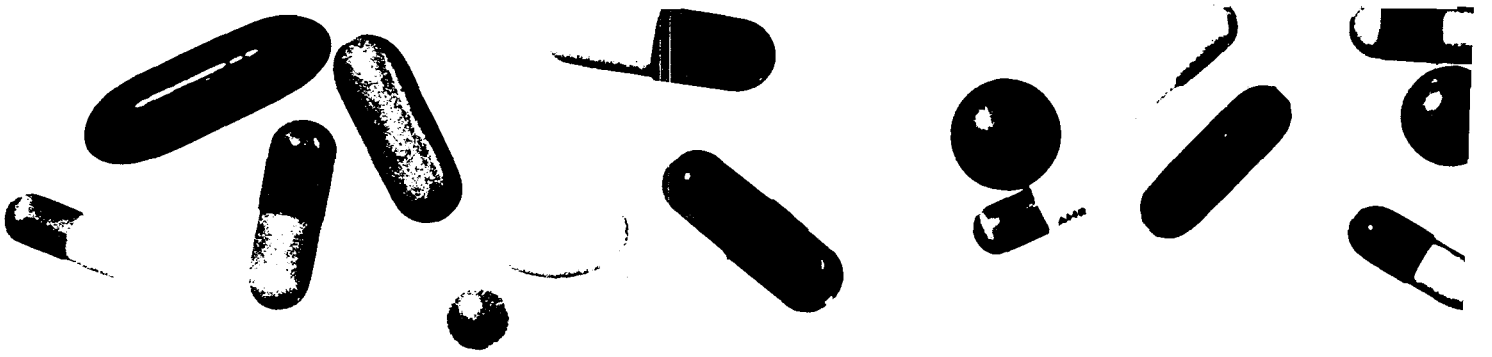

he can route the grant through his university, to the acclaim of his colleagues. His prestige will be enhanced when the results of his research appear in a professional journal.

Some of the vicissitudes that the medical researcher may expect to encounter in his quest for prisoner-subjects are described by Dr. Robert E. Hodges in the November 6, 1971, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* In the late forties, Dr. Hodges and his colleagues reached a "verbal working arrangement" with Iowa prison officials enabling them to canvass the prison population for volunteers who would submit to prolonged hospitalization in university hospitals as research subjects. "We knew this procedure was not specifically permitted by law," writes Dr. Hodges. "But neither was it specifically prohibited." Eventually the experiments came to the attention of Iowa's Attorney General: "In his judgment, it was not legal for us to accept prison volunteers for medical research." There followed two fallow years in which the experiments were halted, but Dr. Hodges during this time "sought and obtained enactment of a specific law permitting the use of prisoners for medical research at university hospitals." The path thus cleared, a total of 224 convicts were in the course of time delivered over to Dr. Hodges and his colleagues at the university hospitals.

Speculating on the "incentives and motives" that induce prisoners to volunteer for research studies "which are usually somewhat unpleasant and in a few instances involve distinct risks," Dr. Hodges surmises that "for some, it probably represents a new experience which takes them away from the monotony and oppressiveness of prison routine." The relief from monotony: "They have eaten strange diets, swallowed tubes, submitted to repeated venipunctures, and participated in a wide variety of physiological tests. . . ."

For some prisoners, "monetary gain may be the incentive, though inmates are paid only one dollar daily." Iowa prisoners are not supposed to receive reduction of sentence in return for volunteering, but Dr. Hodges routinely sent a thank-you letter to the warden for each subject: "It is possible that this letter in the prisoner's file may favorably influence the parole board." As for the incentives and motives of researchers, Dr. Hodges reports that more than eighty scientific publications resulted from the Iowa studies on prisoners.

Dr. Hodges becomes almost lyrical in his discussion of the moral and ethical aspects of such experimentation. The prisoner-volunteers, he says, are "our companions in medical science and adventure"; the subject "in whatever degree derelict or forlorn has sacred rights which the physician must always put ahead of his burning curiosity." Dr. Hodges, without elaborating on these sacred rights, concludes: "A system of voluntary participation firmly based on legal and ethical standards has provided a rich opportunity for clinical investigators who wish to study metabolic, physiologic, pharmacologic, and medical problems. This has been a rewarding experience both for the physicians and for the subjects."

One such experience is described by Dr. Hodges in one of his papers: "Clinical Manifestations of Ascorbic Acid Deficiency in Man," in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* of April, 1971. The object: "to define the metabolism of this vitamin in the face of severe dietary deficiency." For the study, which consisted of experimentally induced scurvy, five companions in medical science and adventure were recruited from the Iowa State Penitentiary "and their informed consent was obtained." For periods ranging from 84 to 97 days they were fed by stomach tube a liquid formula free of ascorbic acid: "Because of the unpalatability of this formula, the men took it thrice daily via polyethylene gastric tube." They were exposed in a cold-climate "control room" to a temperature of fifty degrees for four hours each day. The volume of blood drawn "for laboratory purposes" was large enough to "cause mild anemia in all the men." In a throwaway line, Dr. Hodges observes that "the mineral supplement [recommended by the National Research Council] was inadvertently omitted from the diets during the first 34 days of the depletion period."

The experiment was a great success. It was the second of its kind, Dr. Hodges having tried it once before with far less favorable results: "Despite a somewhat shorter period of deprivation in the second scurvy study, the subjects in the second study developed a more severe degree of scurvy . . . although none of the subjects in the first scurvy study developed arthralgia, this was a complaint in four out of five men who participated in the second scurvy study. Joint swelling and pain made themselves evident in Scurvy II, but had not been observed in the subjects participating in Scurvy I."

The gradual onset of scurvy in the five prisoners is traced by Dr. Hodges with some enthusiasm. "The first sign of scurvy to appear in both studies was petechial hemorrhage [hemorrhages in the skin]. Coiled hairs were observed in two of the men and first appeared on the 42nd and 74th days, respectively. The first definite abnormalities of the gums appeared between the 43rd and 84th

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"We knew this procedure was not specifically permitted by law. But neither was it specifically prohibited."

days of depletion and progressed after the plasma ascorbic acid levels fell. . . . The onset of joint pains began between the 67th and 96th days. . . . Beginning on the 88th day of deprivation there was a rapid increase in weight followed by swelling of the legs in the third man, who had the most severe degree of scurvy."

By the time it was all over, Dr. Hodges was able to chalk up these significant accomplishments: all five subjects suffered joint pains, swelling of the legs, dental cavities, recurrent loss of new dental fillings, excessive loss of hair, hemorrhages in the skin and whites of the eyes, excess fluid in the joint spaces, shortness of breath, scaly skin, mental depression, and abnormalities in emotional responses. The youngest, a twenty-six-year-old, "became almost unable to walk as a result of the rapid onset of arthropathy [painful joints] superimposed on bilateral femoral neuropathy [disease in both large nerves to the thighs and legs plus hemorrhage into nerve sheaths]. The onset of scurvy signaled a period of potentially rapid deterioration." Dr. Hodges' anticlimactic conclusion: "Once again our observations are in accord with those of the British Medical Research Council."

To other doctors, the "Ascorbic Acid Deficiency" study appears as a senseless piece of cruelty visited on the five volunteers. "This study was totally pointless," Dr. Ephraim Kahn of the California Department of Public Health said of Dr. Hodges' publication. "The cause and cure of scurvy have been well known in the medical profession for generations. Some of the side effects he lists may well be irreversible—the young man who had the most severe case of scurvy may never have recovered. There's a clue here to the degree of competence of these so-called 'researchers'—they 'inadvertently' omitted a mineral supplement from the diets. This no doubt weakened the men and exacerbated the other side effects. It might cause them to go into shock, and to suffer severe cardiac abnormalities." Among effects of the experiment recorded in the publication that could be permanent, Dr. Kahn cited heart damage, loss of hair, damage to teeth, hemorrhage into femoral nerve sheaths—the latter is "terribly painful and could lead to permanent nerve damage."

I asked Dr. Hodges, now a professor of internal medicine at the University of California medical school at Davis, how much he had paid the scurvy test volunteers. "I think it was one dollar or maybe two dollars a day," he replied. "Over the years, when I was in Iowa, as the cost of cigarettes and razor blades went up, we increased prisoners' pay somewhat. It's unethical to pay an amount of money that is too attractive. Oh, we had the money, we could have paid much more, of course—but we weren't just being cheap, we were considering the ethics of the situation. The prisoners got a bit extra for really unpleasant things—if we had to put a tube down their throats for several hours, or take a biopsy of the skin the size of a pencil eraser, we'd give them a few dollars more."

Doctors with whom I have discussed the matter agree unanimously that FDA regulations requiring drugs to be tested on humans before being marketed are sound and necessary. But human experimentation, they say, must be conducted within a framework of stringent rules for the protection of the human subject.

Since World War II a number of "guiding principles" and "codes of ethics" have been developed by the medical profession to govern the conduct of experiments. An American Medical Association resolution of 1946 on human research was in turn followed by FDA regulations of 1962 and the Helsinki Declaration of 1966.

These are largely repetitive. All affirm that human experiments must be based on prior laboratory work and research on animals, emphasize the grave responsibility of investigator to subject, and exhort him to avoid experiments that are of no scientific value or that subject humans to unnecessary pain and risk. Above all, the "informed consent" of the subject must be obtained.

In 1972 the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare issued a set of comprehensive and detailed regulations, incorporating principles of the previous codes, entitled "The Institutional Guide to DHEW Policy on Protection of Human Subjects."

The Guide expresses a "particular concern" for "subjects in groups with limited civil freedom. These include prisoners . . ." Having uttered this praiseworthy sentiment, HEW has apparently let the matter drop. Dr. D. T. Chalkley, chief of the Institutional Relations Branch, Division of Research Grants, and signer of the Guide, tells me that HEW does not even maintain a list of prisons in which HEW-financed research programs are in progress and has "no central source of information" on the scope of medical experiments on prisoners by drug companies—in any event, the regulations set forth in the Guide apply only to HEW studies, and not to those sponsored by private industry. "The FDA has some data on prisoner usage by drug houses, but I doubt if this is collated."

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"If the prisons closed down tomorrow, the pharmaceutical companies would be in one hell of a bind."

What efforts have been made by HEW to enforce its guidelines in HEW-financed medical research behind prison walls? "We do give some grants that involve prisoners. But there's no convenient way of recovering the information as to whether our guidelines are being followed," said Dr. Chalkley. "That responsibility lies with the principal investigator." I asked him about a letter I had received from Dr. Richard B. Hornick, director of the Division of Infectious Diseases, University of Maryland School of Medicine, who is currently conducting cholera, typhoid fever, viral respiratory, and viral diarrhea studies at the Maryland House of Correction under a grant from the National Institutes of Health, a division of HEW. "We can predict how many people will get sick following a particular dose of bacteria," Dr. Hornick wrote. "With cholera or with typhoid we will use a dose of organisms that will produce disease in 25 to 30 percent of the control [unvaccinated] population." He had furnished me with a copy of the consent form prisoner-subjects in these studies are required to sign, in which the prisoner agrees to "release and forever discharge" the principal investigator and everybody else involved in the experiment "from liability for any injury which may result directly or indirectly from the performance of these investigations." "Oh *damn!*" said Dr. Chalkley. "I was aware of this form two years ago—I thought they said they were going to quit using it. I don't know. Give us hell; I guess we deserve it." Has HEW ever brought any action to enforce its regulations in any prisons anywhere? "None, to date."

Dr. Alan Lisook, of FDA's Office of Scientific Evaluation, said: "We've no list of prisons where drug research is going on. We know it does go on in certain prisons. The way we learn of it is through the IND [Investigational New Drug] submissions by the pharmaceutical companies. It's a touchy area, probably confidential information under the Trade Secrets Act. I suggest you make a written request—say the magic words 'Freedom of Information Act'—and I will get an opinion from counsel as to whether we can compile the information for you." I did so, and in the course of time I obtained a list of prisons. "It is without doubt imperfect since this information is not routinely abstracted in a retrievable form," wrote Dr. Lisook. He was unable to furnish the names of drug companies experimenting in these prisons, or numbers of inmates involved.

A forthright explanation of the secrecy surrounding prison research was furnished by a vice president of Wyeth Laboratories, who asked me not to use his name. "Almost all our Phase I testing is done in prisons," he said. "The locations of the prisons in which we do research—that's fundamentally confidential information. *Where* we get our clinical work done is just as much a trade secret as *what* we're doing. There are industrial spies everywhere. If we let the names of the prisons out, our competitors could easily get a pipeline to what we're doing, and the secret would be out." Mr. Paul Stessel, public relations man for Lederle Laboratories, advanced a further reason for keeping mum. I asked him whether his company has a policy against disclosing names of prisons where it does research: "Yes, as a matter of fact." Why is that? "The prison administrators might get upset if there was publicity about it." [2]

Drug testing on human beings occurs in three stages: In Phase I, the new compound is tried out for effectiveness and possible toxic properties on a small group of normal, healthy individuals. If these survive without serious side effects and the drug appears promising, it is passed into Phase II, in which several hundred normal subjects are given the compound and the dosage is gradually increased until the experimenter decides the limit of safety has been reached. Once this is established, the drug is ready for Phase III, in which it is given as medication to patients to test its efficacy as a remedy for illness.

From my conversations with drug company executives and physicians involved in research, I learned that prisons today furnish virtually the entire pool of subjects for Phase I testing. "If the prisons closed down tomorrow, the pharmaceutical companies would be in one hell of a bind," said one medical researcher. (The drug houses, are, however, casting eyes in the direction of the "underdeveloped" nations as potential reservoirs of

[2] Missing from Dr. Lisook's imperfect list is Patuxent Institution, Maryland. Phil Stanford, writing in the New York *Times* Magazine (September 17, 1972), reports that Johns Hopkins, the University of Maryland, and the National Institute of Mental Health are conducting a number of experimental "behavioral control" drug programs in the institution. "It's no sweat getting volunteers because all of these programs pay volunteers," a staff member told him. Stanford cites a Johns Hopkins experiment in which an inmate is getting dosages of a female hormone, "presumably to counteract his 'supermasculinity,'" and quotes the following exchange between Edward Tomlinson, a law professor, and members of Patuxent's professional treatment staff:

Tomlinson: Does he understand the effects of the drug?

Dr. Harold M. Boslow, director of Patuxent: Yes, we explained the whole thing to him. We don't want any misunderstanding.

Tomlinson: Well, what are the effects?

Dr. Arthur Kandel, associate director: We don't know. That's what they're trying to find out.

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human experimental material.) Most pharmaceutical concerns have to queue up for available prison populations on which to experiment, but two of the biggest—Upjohn and Parke, Davis—are in the enviable position of having acquired exclusive rights to Michigan's Jackson State Prison. In what Charles Mangee, public relations spokesman for Upjohn, calls "a beautiful operation run in a highly ethical fashion," the two companies maintain fully equipped laboratories built at a cost of half a million dollars, complete with hospital bed space within the prison for forty inmate subjects. Upjohn says that these facilities incorporate greater safeguards against injuries to prisoners than is common in experiments conducted through private researchers. A group of three physicians, for example, reports directly to the Department of Corrections and any one of them may order an experiment stopped at any moment. Pay scales, however, are much the same as elsewhere.

Until recently, inmates have also served as laboratory workers in the Upjohn-Parke, Davis clinics. In 1968, some of them brought suit against the companies and the Department of Corrections, alleging that "the drug companies are obtaining or have obtained hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of labor free. . . ." The inmates, who frequently put in a sixteen-hour day, were paid a wage ranging from thirty-five cents a day for a nurse to $1.25 a day for a chief technician. (Although the allegations with respect to wage levels were not in dispute, the case was decided in favor of the defendants on other grounds.)

Over the past ten years a brisk traffic in human subjects for drug company experimentation has grown up in the California Medical Facility at Vacaville, a prison specifically designated for men deemed by the authorities to be in need of psychiatric treatment. Vacaville has a population of some 1500, of whom from 300 to more than 1000 may be in the volunteer medical research program at any given time.

The medical experiments are organized under the aegis of an organization called the Solano Institute for Medical and Psychiatric Research (SIMPR), with headquarters in the prison. I discovered that even such prison knowledgeables as faculty members at the School of Criminology in Berkeley, and California legislators who have devoted years to studying prison conditions, were but dimly aware of the existence of SIMPR and had no idea of the extent and the nature of its activities.

Unlike the Upjohn-Parke, Davis operation, which

A GUIDE TO PRISON RESEARCH

Following is a list of U.S. prisons, furnished by the Food and Drug Administration, where medical experiments are conducted.

Alabama: Alabama State Prison System, Montgomery.

Arkansas: Arkansas State Prison, Cummins.

California: California Institution for Women, Chino; California Medical Facility, Vacaville.

Connecticut: Connecticut State Prison, Somers; Connecticut Correctional Institution, Montville.

Florida: Avon Park Correctional Institution, Avon Park; Florida State Prison, Raiford; Glades Correctional Institution, Belle Glades; Lowell Correctional Institution, Lowell; Largo Prison Farm, St. Petersburg.

Georgia: U.S. Federal Penitentiary, Atlanta.

Illinois: Joliet Prison, Joliet.

Indiana: Indiana State Prison, Michigan City; Marion County Jail, Indianapolis.

Iowa: Anamosa State Men's Reformatory, Iowa City.

Louisiana: Orleans Parish Prison, New Orleans.

Maryland: Maryland House of Correction, Jessup.

Massachusetts: Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Norfolk.

Michigan: Southern Michigan State Prison, Jackson; Detroit House of Corrections, Plymouth.

Missouri: Missouri State Penitentiary, Jefferson City.

Montana: Montana State Prison, Deer Lodge.

New Jersey: Essex County Prison, Caldwell.

New York: Attica State Prison, Attica; Sing Sing Prison, Tarrytown.

Ohio: Cincinnati City Jail, Cincinnati; Ohio Correctional Institution, Lebanon.

Oklahoma: Oklahoma State Penitentiary, McAlister.

Oregon: Oregon State Penitentiary, Salem.

Pennsylvania: Bucks County Prison, Doylestown; Lancaster County Prison, Lancaster; Holmesburg Prison, Philadelphia; Philadelphia House of Corrections, Philadelphia; Berks County Prison, Reading; Northampton Prison, Easton; Chester County Farm, Westchester; Delaware County Prison, Thornton; Lebanon County Prison, Lebanon.

Rhode Island: Adult Correctional Institution, Howard.

Texas: Texas State Penitentiary, Huntsville.

Vermont: Vermont State Prison, Windsor.

Virginia: Virginia State Penitentiary, Richmond; Lorton Reformatory, Lorton.

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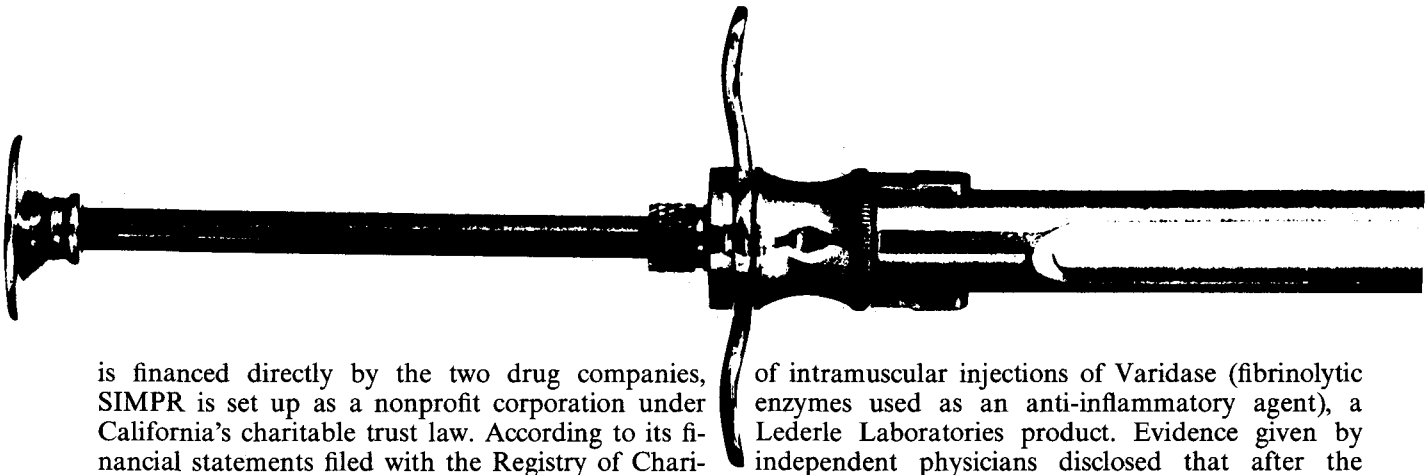

is financed directly by the two drug companies, SIMPR is set up as a nonprofit corporation under California's charitable trust law. According to its financial statements filed with the Registry of Charitable Trusts, SIMPR's income from "various researchers" rose from $47,000 in 1963, its first year of business, to $266,000 in 1971. I asked Mr. Ralph Urbino, SIMPR administrator, which drug companies had paid over this money. He seemed quite shocked at the question: "We couldn't receive funds from drug companies," he said. "As a nonprofit organization we are barred from receiving money from private business concerns. Our income is derived from the physicians who have been given research grants for the purpose."

The "various researchers," then, for the most part faculty members from neighboring University of California medical schools, are a conduit for tax-exempt payments from giant pharmaceutical concerns, including Lederle, Wyeth, Dow Chemical, Roche, Abbott, and Smith, Kline & French. According to a 1972 SIMPR publication addressed to potential customers, "One research team from the University of California has been continuously active since the inception of our program here. . . . There have been no deaths or serious sequelae resulting from drug research at this institution . . . the reservoir of volunteer subjects offers investigational possibilities not found elsewhere."

Checking on SIMPR's claim that there have been no deaths or "serious sequelae" is not easy, since SIMPR maintains it is not required, under the California Public Records Act, to disclose medical data. But something of the modus operandi of the prison experimenters can be gleaned from records subpoenaed and depositions taken in a lawsuit, eventually settled out of court for $6000, that arose out of a 1962 experiment. The two principal defendants in that suit are prime operatives in SIMPR today. Dr. William C. Keating, Jr., then superintendent of Vacaville prison, was a founder of SIMPR and serves on its board of directors; Dr. William L. Epstein, chairman of the dermatology department at the University of California, conducted the experiment in question together with a colleague, Dr. Howard I. Maibach. Drs. Epstein and Maibach are the self-same "continuously active" research team featured in the 1972 SIMPR publication.

The plaintiff, who according to Dr. Keating had been classified as psychotic and sent to Vacaville for "psychiatric programming and treatment," was one of twenty subjects selected to undergo what Dr. Epstein calls "pain tolerance studies" consisting of intramuscular injections of Varidase (fibrinolytic enzymes used as an anti-inflammatory agent), a Lederle Laboratories product. Evidence given by independent physicians disclosed that after the drug was administered, the plaintiff suffered an agonizing, near fatal disease of the muscles, in the course of which his weight dropped from 140 to 75 pounds. He subsequently developed chronic stomach ulcers as a result of being treated for his condition with steroids.

From the depositions of the doctors in charge, it appears that nobody involved knew much about Varidase except that it can make people very ill. The purpose of the experiment, as explained by Dr. Epstein, was to find out just how ill and to learn more about adverse side effects caused by the drug: "The reason we did the experiment was the pain and the fever . . . what we were looking for was pain, discomfort, aching in the arm. We were told [by Lederle] they might also have fever, malaise, and chills." Dr. Keating recalled that the only information available to him on the drug was "a little brochure that comes with the preparation" containing "a list of medical cautions, but at the time I read them . . . this was not a significant concern." Could the Varidase injections have caused the plaintiff's condition? "There was the possibility that this could have been due to the drug," said Dr. Epstein. "I think that looking back on it now it is a possibility, a better possibility than I thought initially because I never heard of this thing. . . ."

As to his role as principal investigator in overseeing the experiment, Dr. Epstein could not remember if he had been present when the subjects were chosen or when the injections were given—they were given by inmate nurses, he said. His visits to Vacaville were infrequent, once a week or once every two weeks. . . . No signed consent was required of the prisoner-subjects, said Dr. Keating. Asked in his deposition whether "the dangers of any of those possible medical problems were mentioned or explained to any of the potential volunteers for this project," he answered: "I don't know. I would think not." A "large fund" was granted by Lederle for the research, said Dr. Epstein. Compensation to the plaintiff for taking part: "He received four dollars, three spendable and one to retention funds."

If pain, discomfort, fever, and chills were what Dr. Epstein was looking for, he was not disappointed. In a letter to his sponsors at Lederle he wrote: "I am enclosing a rough copy of the comments from one of the subjects. I thought you might enjoy his description of the symptomatology;

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"It was a potential time bomb for the Department of Corrections."

it's fairly representative of what all the men experienced." Among the descriptions that Lederle might have enjoyed, given by the nineteen subjects who did not sue, and subpoenaed by the plaintiff as part of the record: "Cold chills, sweated, nauseated throughout the night." "Sharp abdominal pains." "I have a headache and my stomach feels terrible." "My body feels weak all over, right arm hurts worse than ever." "My head feels as if it will fall off." "Chilled, feverish, weak and exhausted." "Lost 4 lbs. in three days—Dr. Epstein said it was a natural reaction except it was more severe in my case for some reason but not to worry." (What eventually became of the nineteen—whether they made full recovery—history does not relate. That nobody bothers to follow up the subsequent medical history of research subjects in prison can be inferred from Dr. Epstein's deposition to plaintiff's counsel Malcolm Burnstein: "Since [the plaintiff] cleared the initial experiment, it was forgotten, because like all the other people they were just let go. . . . And he came back, I couldn't tell you how soon, complaining of aching. . . .")

Thorough researcher that he is, Dr. Epstein was soon at it again. He writes to Lederle a month after the plaintiff was stricken: "We are planning this week to try four more men and I am prepared to give them some steroids when the severe symptomatology starts."

From my discussion with Mr. Urbino, a genial, retired Air Force man who is SIMPR's only full-time "free-world" employee, I concluded that SIMPR evolved in a somewhat haphazard fashion and is run on highly informal lines. For the first four years of its existence, SIMPR lived off the bounty of the prison (and hence the taxpayers), paying no rent or prison personnel wages. "It was a potential time bomb for the Department of Corrections," said Mr. Urbino. "Besides, they saw SIMPR as a very prosperous operation; they wanted to get their hands on some of that money." In 1966 SIMPR entered into a permit agreement with the Department. The corporation now pays an annual rent of $1000 plus "custodial coverage" (guards' wages) of about $14,000 a year, and provides moonlighting jobs for other state employees to the tune of some $17,000.

SIMPR also hires convict labor—technicians, nurses, para-medical and clerical personnel—for wages in the range of five to eight dollars a month, about one-hundredth of what free personnel would command in these positions. (As Ken E. Haden pointed out in a 1963 report on the Vacaville operation to the U.S. National Institute of Mental Health: "Without this reservoir of skilled technicians, laboratory aides, clerical help, medical research could not be more than a token activity in a prison setting.") In SIMPR's first four financial reports, this item, between $700 and $800 a year for work worth $70,000 to $80,000 outside the walls, shows up as "Inmate Salaries." Thereafter it is no longer itemized but is merged along with most other cost items into a general category labeled "cost of goods sold." Could these inmate salaries be another potential time bomb for the Department of Corrections? The California constitution specifically prohibits the contracting out of convict labor "to any person, copartnership, company, or corporation," which would seem to cover the SIMPR operation. Mr. Urbino, who is not a lawyer, was unaware of the constitutional prohibition.

Payment to the prisoner-subjects of the experiments is variously recorded in SIMPR's financial statements as "honoraria," "donations," "benefits to recipients under charitable trust." Spiraling upward with the fortunes of SIMPR, these honoraria, donations, or charitable benefits rose from $34,000 in 1963 to $150,000 in 1970. The nine-year total is $787,000. Thus, assuming the drug companies would have had to compensate free-world volunteers at ten times what they pay convicts, they obtained some $7.8 million worth of research for their $787,000.

Who establishes the amount of pay for each experiment? "I do," said Mr. Urbino. "Several factors go into it: number of times we bleed the man, number of times he has to report to the lab on any given day." Sample payments range from $15 a month for a two-month study of inflammatory dermatophytosis (fungi described in the protocol as "one of the most prevalent health hazards to military personnel stationed in Southeast Asia") to $30 for one day for Cleocin HFC levels, an experiment run by Dr. Epstein in which a gram of muscle tissue is removed. If unusually adverse side effects are anticipated, the pay goes up accordingly. "We're in the middle of one now, conducted by Dr. Howard I. Maibach, a Wyeth safety study, WY-21,743. It pays sixty dollars a month." What side effects might be expected? Mr. Urbino, who is not a medical man, did not know. (I subsequently asked the Wyeth vice president what mysterious WY-21,743 consists of. His reply: "That's confidential information in the Investigational New Drug file. I wouldn't tell my own mother about it!" Nor would FDA reveal the formula. Dr. Li-

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Systematically impoverished by his keepers, denied a decent wage, the prisoner is reduced to bartering his body for cigarette and candy money.

sook told me, "The Freedom of Information Act specifically prohibits such disclosure. Our new regulation says 'the very existence of an IND is confidential.' ")

Why does the Department of Corrections tolerate the SIMPR presence—is it because the rent money and payment to guards (who would have to be paid anyway) is a nice financial cushion for the institution? "That's part of it," said Mr. Urbino. "But the main benefit to the Department is that the research programs cut down on disciplinary problems. A man has to have a relatively infraction-free record to qualify as a volunteer subject. And the Department figures if he has thirty dollars a month to spend on canteen, he'll be a lot cooler." Systematically impoverished by his keepers, denied a decent wage, the prisoner is reduced to bartering his body for cigarette and candy money.

Presumably to insure against any repetition of the 1962 lawsuit, SIMPR now requires each convict-subject to sign a consent form and waiver, stating, "I hereby fully and forever release, acquit and discharge" all state agencies involved, plus SIMPR, "from any and all liability which may accrue" from participation in the research project.

To my question whether the waiver is not in clear violation of HEW guidelines, I got the following answers. Dr. Alan Lisook, who had twice inspected the SIMPR operation on behalf of FDA, said he was not aware that such a waiver was being used. "Although we require a consent form in all drug experimentation, we do not require that the wording be cleared with us, nor that copies be submitted. It would be very difficult to enforce the prohibition against exculpatory clauses." The Wyeth vice president: "The medical monitor of Wyeth is in charge of that." (The name of the medical monitor is, however, confidential, he said.) Mr. Paul Stessel, public relations spokesman for Lederle: "It's the responsibility of the investigator to follow the guidelines and obtain a proper consent form. We don't dictate to the clinician how he runs these things. I'm sure you're aware that the more prestigious the clinician is, the more convinced he is that he knows what he's doing. If you use him, you have little choice but to trust what he says he does." Dr. Howard I. Maibach, principal investigator for many SIMPR experiments: "Yes, I'm familiar with the consent form used at Vacaville. It's in a period of change, a state of flux. . . ."

Theoretically, the University of California medical schools exercise considerable control over faculty member researchers through committees on human experimentation, consisting of medical professors and laymen, established by the president of the university in 1966. These are supposed to review and pass on the protocol for each proposed study under University of California sponsorship—"regardless of funding source"—in the light of HEW and FDA standards.

At a meeting of the University of California Medical Center Committee on Human Experimentation, I was told that few SIMPR protocols had ever been submitted to the committee. "Prison research that comes before this committee is extremely rare," said one member. "The minute a Vacaville study comes in, the red flag goes up!" Although both Dr. Epstein and Dr. Maibach are on the Medical Center faculty, the committee had never heard of most of the experiments they are currently conducting at Vacaville. Of another team of doctors, listed in SIMPR's 1971 report as faculty members of the Medical Center and principal investigators in current research studies, I was told that one had been "severed" by the university in 1966 and the other had died in 1968.

The California Department of Corrections publishes an annual research review, in one section of which some thirty experiments conducted under the auspices of SIMPR are set forth in précis form. Since these are couched in the language of pharmacology and medicine, the nature of the experiments is for the most part obscure to the layman. (An exception is the Aedes Mosquito Study, in which "freshly grown, unfed female mosquitoes in carefully prepared biting cages are applied to the forearms of volunteers for a period of ten minutes," which seems explicit enough.)

Seeking clarification, I showed a copy of the 1971 research review to Dr. Sheldon Margen, a physician with wide experience in human research, who, as chairman of the Department of Nutritional Sciences at the University of California, uses students and other free-world volunteers as experimental subjects. Dr. Margen read with fascination and mounting indignation the experiments described in the review. He translated the procedures for me, interjecting a frequent "Wow!" or "Brother!" or "God, that kills me!" Some of the studies, he said, are innocuous; others, extremely painful and potentially dangerous.

He mentioned, as an example, Dr. Epstein's study of Cleocin HFC levels, for which "ten healthy normal volunteers" were selected; its purpose, "to determine antibiotic levels in various tissues and/or fluids." Each subject gets "150 mg of

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Cleocin q.i.d. for a single day," following which he will be relieved of "sebum, 2-4 ml; sweat, 4-5 ml; semen, amount of normal ejaculation; and muscle tissue, 1 gm. In addition, a 15 cc blood sample will be drawn. . . ." "Here's what happens to these ten guys," said Dr. Margen. "First they make them masturbate to collect the semen. Then they cut into the arm or go through the flesh to get the gram of muscle tissue. That's the horrific part. The experiment itself may be totally justified—the drug presents virtually no risk—but this procedure is cockeyed. It would never be approved for student-subjects." Nor had it ever been approved by the University of California Medical Center Committee on Human Experimentation. Dr. Leslie Bennett, chairman of the University of California committee, told me "there's no evidence this was ever submitted for review."

The Organic Phosphates Toxicity Study, the purpose of which is "to determine the threshold of incipient toxicity in human subjects of organic phosphates currently in wide use as insecticides," involves the use of the most dangerous and poisonous of all pesticides, said Dr. Margen. Would this be approved for experimentation on students? "Are you kidding?" Possible hazards of other experiments described in the research review include, he said, cardiac failure, total loss of blood flow resulting in neurological damage and loss of fingers, fungus infection, allergic reactions . . .

In 1947 fifteen German doctors, all distinguished leaders of their profession, were tried and convicted at Nuremberg for their cruel and frequently murderous "medical experiments" performed on concentration camp inmates. The barbarity of these crimes is of course unparalleled, but the Nuremberg tribunal established standards for medical experimentation on humans, which, if observed, would end altogether the practice of using prisoners as subjects: "The voluntary consent of the human subject is absolutely essential. This means the person involved should have legal capacity to give consent; should be so situated as to be able to exercise free power of choice . . . and should have sufficient knowledge and comprehension of the elements of the subject matter involved as to enable him to make an understanding, enlightened decision." Are prisoners, stripped of their civil rights when they enter the gates, subjected to years or decades of confinement, free agents capable of exercising freedom of choice? Can we trust that they are furnished by the experimenters with "knowledge and comprehension" to enable them to make "understanding and enlightened" decisions? To ask these questions is, I believe, to answer them. □

HISTORY OF ALCHEMY

All the gold that exists was transmuted once
by men learning to change themselves
who broke it and buried it
those who found it
took it for a metal
wanted it for its own sake
to have rather than to foresee
and for them it was evil
and they declared that transmuting it was impossible
and evil

by W. S. Merwin

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LAUD

An Atlantic "First" by David Black

When my father was fifty-eight years old, after reading Henri Troyat's biography of Tolstoy, he ran away from home. Having packed a red wool shirt, a faded pair of Levi's, a change of underwear, and three pairs of gray ski socks, he walked the mile from his house on Maplewood Terrace to Route 91 north, and sticking out his thumb, hitched a ride with a Friendly Ice Cream Shop manager to West Springfield, where after a wait of half an hour he picked up a second ride with a teen-aged boy traveling from Staten Island to Warwick, Massachusetts, to visit a religious commune called the Brotherhood of the Spirit.

"They sleep during the day," my father later explained to us, his eyes squinting in the dim light of the single sixty-watt bulb that swung above our kitchen table through clouds of insects, "and farm at night. Their leader is twenty-two years old, twenty-two, twenty-three, Michael somebody, a Greek name, and he also sings in a rock band. These communities interest me. . . ."

A third ride with a dairy farmer along Route 116 to Route 47 brought my father within seven miles of the farmhouse which Maxie and I had rented.

"I asked the farmer about these communes," my father said. "He seemed to like them. He kept saying over and over that his two sons couldn't wait to go to New York or San Francisco and that he admired the kids who left the cities to farm. It made me proud of you. . . ."

Before leaving Springfield, my father had written a letter which he gave to me with a warning not to read until after he'd gone. His destination was unclear. Nova Scotia perhaps, Wyoming, Mexico. The letter said:

Dear Dennis, when you were seven under an influence we were never able to determine—Hopalong Cassidy, Tom Corbett and His Space Cadets, probably one of your television heroes—you ran away from home.

We found you around the corner, pushing along on your scooter. Since you hadn't left in anger, you evidently thought when you saw us that we'd come to give you a cheerful send-off.

You were enraged when we demanded that you turn your scooter around. We were being unreasonable in trying to abort your adventure.

I have no doubt that I will be as unsuccessful now as you were then. The terribly embarrassing thing is not being able to explain why one left in the first place.

I left your mother an inadequate note. Undoubtedly she'll also see this one, which won't explain anything either.

I didn't leave because I was unhappy. I wasn't angry. I wasn't suffocating. But I am running away. From what? Nothing.

I may not be able to tell you these things—not that any of them are particularly revealing—when I see you, but I did want to leave you with some kind of comment. At least an intimate gesture.

When we meet, both of us I'm sure will be too disturbed (or embarrassed) to make any kind of peace with each other.

For twenty-eight years, my father had taught English in the Springfield public school system with the passionate conviction that he was saving souls, although, because he was an atheist, he would never have phrased it that way. He had been raised in the Mount Sinai Orphanage in Boston as an orthodox Jew and had early abandoned Yahweh to the adults in the home who beat him when he misbehaved and ignored him when he didn't.

His father, my grandfather, Aaron, deserted his children in 1921, freeing himself to scheme for various unattained fortunes. The few times he

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showed up at the orphanage to take my father on outings, after delicatessen lunches—whitefish with lemon, knockwurst and sauerkraut, lox, knishes, pirogi—he would give my father bootleg gin to deliver. His most horrible childhood experience, my father once told me, was when he tripped climbing onto a trolley and smashed a bottle. Terror of police and shame at having failed overwhelmed him. He watched the trolley clatter away and then, sneaking through alleys and yards, raced to the orphanage, convinced that he would be sent to the reformatory.

His second most horrible childhood experience, he said, was when he was angry with his older brother, Abraham, for beating him up in the school yard. While Abraham was showering, my father threw a canful of lye at him. Abraham, screaming, shot flat against the shower wall, his back and right side puffing like burning marshmallow. My father rushed into the orphanage kitchen, stole a half-pound slab of butter—for which he was later thrashed—and crouching in the fetid, gray, dormitory shower, smeared the butter over his brother's quivering body.

Abraham goaded the orphanage kids to fight the Catholic gangs in the neighborhood. In a side street behind a kosher butcher shop, he was knifed in the chest. My father, although shorter and younger than the others, fought for and gained control of the Mount Sinai gang, to lead them in a war against those who'd killed his brother, to prove he was tougher than his brother had been.

To reinforce his leadership, my father staged a raid on the food stores in the orphanage cellar, escaping punishment by hiding in a flour barrel when he heard one of the cooks coming down the stairs. He led his cronies to the fourth-floor laundry shoot, down which he jumped, sixty feet. The expected billowing pile of sheets was not waiting for him below. My father shattered his leg, driving the bone two inches into his hip. Terrified of punishment, my father hobbled on his smashed limb for the rest of the day, twisted in a white pain through the night, and fainted at the washroom sink the following morning.

While in the hospital, he did chin-ups on a bar that he had placed across his bed and, once on his feet, learned to throw his crutch; so when back on the street he was taunted by gang members who stood just out of reach, he was able to turn the crutch into a successful weapon. After cracking one tormentor's spine and permanently paralyzing him, my father was sent into a special disciplinary ward, where he learned woodwork, printing, and how to play the trumpet.

One of his teachers, a twenty-six-year-old wire manufacturer's daughter who had insisted on working with the incorrigibles, having been attracted by my father's intelligence, spent hours with him after classes, giving him books, playing him scratchy 78's

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of Bix Beiderbecke. On a rainy afternoon, while listening to "Mississippi Mud" with Bing Crosby and Frank Trambauer on vocals, my father ran his hand up her skirt.

She slapped him. He slapped her back just as her boyfriend, a Harvard graduate student in mathematics, walked in the door. To escape what he assumed would be a stretch in the reformatory, my father left the orphanage that night. He was seventeen, a fair trumpet player with a love for jazz and a determination to go to college.

He got a job in New York at a club called the Blue Room, sitting in for the regular trumpet player, a man called D'Agostino, who was dead drunk when he wasn't gambling and gambling when he should have been performing at the club. One night in a poker game with D'Agostino and Larry Craft, a gangster with a bad stomach who drank alternately from a tumbler of rye and one of cream, my father exploited a remarkable luck and won three thousand dollars. After the game, he taxied home and, before going to bed, wrote a letter asking for an application for admission to Boston University.

He conned and wheedled his way into the B.A. program. Between the money he'd saved and the money he'd won, he had enough to pay for tuition and living expenses for two years. He did well, skidded from scholarship to scholarship for eleven years, during which time he collected a dozen languages, an uneasy but extensive acquaintance with English literature, a library of over two thousand books, three degrees, and a wife.

He met my mother while he was living in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with four other members of the World Socialist Party, a pure Marxist conspiracy so innocent that they were not banned from agitating on Boston Common during World War II. The five of them had rented three cabins near the beach. My father lived alone. One Saturday, he cleaned house, threw the trash into the fireplace to burn, and having left some records stacked on the mantel, walked down the road for a swim.

Ethel Diamond, the twenty-four-year-old social worker who in two years would become my mother, was visiting her sister and her new brother-in-law. She threw (accidentally? on purpose? she claims it was a mistake) a beach ball at my father, who was stalking out of the water. He tossed it back. They introduced themselves. He wooed her with an economy of words and well-placed hands. She agreed to walk to his cabin for coffee and cake. On the path they met the postman, who said, "Do you live in the number two cabin up that way?"

My father said, "Yes."

"Well," said the postman, walking on and looking at the letters he was shuffling, "it's burning to the ground."

When I was a child and my father would sit in the twilight on the edge of my bed telling me the story, at this point I would bolt up with a knot in my chest as though I had swallowed a hard ball of cold water and say, "The records caught on fire, didn't they?"

He would nod and stand, making the mattress bounce, and say as he walked through the gloom to my bedroom door, "That's right. They were made of shellac and caught on fire from the trash in the fireplace."

And once, when I was older, almost too old to be told bedtime stories, I said, "That was pretty stupid, leaving them on the mantel, wasn't it?"

My father paused in the door, a dark shape against the hall dusk.

"Yes," he said, "it was stupid." And then half in anger, half in puzzlement, he added, "Don't you know most of life is made up of stupid mistakes?"

I said, "It isn't."

"Good night," said my father.

"It isn't," I repeated; and, as I felt my hold on my father weakening—he was backing into the hall, making calm-down gestures with his hands—I screamed, "It isn't. It isn't. It isn't."

My father stopped his retreat and reentered the bedroom.

"You're in a nice rage," he said.

"No, I'm not," I said, throwing myself back on the bed.

"That's all right," he said. "It's all right to be in a rage. If I hadn't been in a rage, I never would have gone to college. And I'm glad I went." He stood, staring down at me. I twisted like the grubs I used to impale in the backyard. "But save the rage for something worthwhile," he said at last, "because you can use it up on worthless things; and when you need it for something important, it's gone."

The evening my father arrived at our farmhouse, Maxie and I were in the garden. I was squatting by the pole beans, pulling up pigweed and witchgrass. Maxie was kneeling over the carrots, thinning the row.

She straightened and, stepping over the line of feathery stalks, said, "Some old man just walked up our front porch." She turned to me. "Dennis?"

I came down the path between the furrows. My father, still carrying his suitcase, had circled back into sight around the corner of the house. He strolled, glancing up at the second-floor porch, where a Mexican hammock hung. Abandoned books, our current fancies (*Vikram and the Vampire,* Hammett's *Red Harvest,* Father Brown, Lovecraft's map of local western Massachusetts horrors, what else, some books on education, some books

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on garden insects, a book of popular astronomy with which Maxie and I tried to decipher the night sky), made human-looking lumps—buttocks, shoulder, elbow—in the hammock's blue web. My father put down his suitcase and called up at the shape he assumed was a resting body.

"Hello," he shouted. "Dennis? Maxie?"

The books in the hammock did not resolve themselves into some head, arms, and torso; did not sit up and peer down at my father; did not answer.

"Hey," my father called, "wake up, Dennis, greet your prodigal pop. I've suddenly become a dropout."

The sun was behind us, balanced on the horizon, large and round as a yawn. When I shouted to him, my father turned and put his hand to his forehead in a salute to shade his eyes.

Bluff and grinning—the bared teeth occasionally turning into a manic grimace—my father described his day's adventures.

"Running away was the climax," he said. "The rest will be an extended, increasingly painful denouement."

Later at dinner, his elbows propped up on the table, my father continued to sketch his running away as though it were a neatly, already completed play. His voice vibrated with the same wheedling urgency that balanced his lectures on a nice edge of curiosity. When I was a freshman in college, one vacation I sat in on his class, partly to judge him with the mean, keen eye of a nineteen-year-old son, partly to probe into the eager pride he roused in me.

He started the class by saying—I wrote it down, irked at having been nudged from my role as critical son into that of appreciative student—"By lumping certain of Shakespeare's plays together under the title of tragedies, you imaginatively annihilate the great differences among them. *Macbeth* touches our scorn as much as our pity. *Hamlet* moves us to an ecstasy of frustration. But it's impossible to read *Lear* without weeping."

That struck me as extraordinary: "It's impossible to read *Lear* without weeping."

I had just read it for a Humanities course and hadn't wept. I was sure none of my father's students had wept. My friends at college had dutifully venerated it, but as far as I knew no one had wept. I was half-sure my father hadn't wept when reading it, that his speech was merely showmanship.

But there was something in the certainty with which he said it, the absolute conviction that one could not really read the play, understand it, and believe in the old king's despair without shedding tears, which sprung some valve of respect.

At home, my father faltered from one decision to another: should he buy a new car, put up the screens, call so-and-so on the school committee to protest the exclusion of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* from the list of books to be bought for the following year, wear a white or a pale blue shirt to a retirement dinner. . . . At home, when I would confront him with a bristling assertion which I knew contradicted his opinion ("Wolfe wasn't a very good writer, was he, Dad?"), he would clear his throat, hesitate, temporize, shrug.

In class, there he was, speaking *ex cathedra!* And he seemed to be right.

That evening and for weeks thereafter, I tried to elicit the same sureness from him—about books, music, politics, flavors of ice cream, anything. But he would squint his eyes in pain and, my insistence prickling up against him, step back, step back again, dropping *maybe*'s and *perhaps*'s along the path of his retreat, as though he were both trying to escape and to leave a trail for me to follow.

I couldn't follow him, however—at least, not into his blinking, shrugging insecurity, not even into smiling, cautious ambiguity. I wanted him to be certain, to be absolute, to slam his fist onto a tabletop and say, "Look, kid, you're wrong." But he refused to give me any further demonstration of what I assumed to be his rigid and correct self.

The night he arrived, trying to sound casual, but giddy at the prospect of rupturing the traditional membrane of polite ignorance of each other's intimate motives or excuses which separated us, I asked him why he had always evaded my questions.

"Your questions?" my father murmured. "Your questions? Did you ever really want to know what I thought? I always felt you were throwing some kind of noose over my head, and if I had resisted the rope would slip tighter."

"Did you think that?" I asked, apparently surprised, but feeling that he was right and that I had known it all along. "Did you really think I was trying to trap you?"

"Weren't you?" he asked, the pained furtive glance slipping into his eyes like sizzling drops of water skittering onto a hot skillet.

We both flinched, paused at the moment when only anger or love would have carried us into each other's sealed worlds. I tapped my knees with fingers that abruptly seemed large and clumsy. My father crossed his legs and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. His chin touched his chest; and, blinking up over the tops of his glasses, he exchanged one dangerous subject for another.

"Well," he said in an innocent treble, "when am I going to be a grandfather?"

"What do you want to be a grandfather for?" I said. "Isn't being a father hard enough?"

"Hard?" he asked.

"Are you in a hurry to be one?" Maxie leaned

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back stiffly in her chair, the same way she tenses herself when we're in the car and I take a curve too fast.

Unsure whether Maxie was joking or provoking him, he said, "You've been married three years. I was a father nine months after the vows."

"Marvelous," said Maxie, "how did you manage that?"

"Should I explain the facts of life?" my father asked.

"I know all about them," said Maxie. "You find babies under cabbages. That's what we're growing in our garden. Dennis, why are you shaking your head at me?"

"Why are you being unpleasant?" I asked.

My father, trying to appease Maxie by defending her, accused me.

"You're always finding something wrong," he said. "She's just having a joke."

"I'm not *she,*" said Maxie. "Call me by my name."

"What are you yelling at me for?" said my father. "I'm on your side."

"My side?" she said. "What are you talking about? I don't have a side."

Desperately attempting not to be misunderstood, terrified that my father would dismiss her anger as something that he, as a male, could charm away, she grabbed his hands and pulled him toward her.

The contact was not sexual, but an effort to make him know the hungry something in her which wielded her femininity like a weapon. My father became tensed attention, sensing the merely erotic.

"I want a baby," she said.

"Then why don't you have one?" my father asked.

"Because I'm not ready," I said.

The emotional acceleration stopped. There was a noticeable lag in our responses. None of us was sure what had happened. My father untangled his hands from Maxie's grasp and folded them on the table.

"Dennis has this thing about fatherhood," said Maxie, her voice flat, although her neutral tone had set up a flag: this is where I can be hurt; don't hurt me. "Dennis thinks that fathers have to choose between destroying their children or being destroyed by them."

"What about us?" my father asked me. "Do you think I destroyed you?"

Suddenly exposed by his assumption—"Do you think *I* destroyed *you?"*—he started shaking his head no, as though to cue me; and in doing so he was typically offering himself for the sacrifice. He was saying: given the choice between your destruction or my destruction, let us agree upon doing me in.

"Well," he said, "do you think you destroyed me?"

The question was rhetorical. Neither of us was prepared to admit the answer. My father quickly said, "We were talking about babies." But it sounded as though he had said: let's talk about something less important than this male struggle of ours; let's talk about some trifling woman's complaint—"We were talking about babies . . ."

Maxie spilled her coffee over the table. My father grabbed a napkin and began mopping up the mess. When finished, he stuffed the dripping napkin into a glass.

"It's bedtime," he said. "I'm tired." At the bottom of the stairs, he half turned. "Ah, Dennis, I haven't quite settled where I'm going yet. Would it be too much of an inconvenience if I stayed here for a day or two?"

I said, "No. I'd like that."

"Good." He started to go.

"Stay as long as you want."

"Good," he repeated.

"This is as good a place to run away to as any other," I said, realizing as I spoke that willfully, although unconsciously, I had maimed him as surely as if I had just laid a hot poker across his face.

He made a noise halfway between a snort and a guffaw and, having said a gloomy good night, climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

"Are you afraid your son will hate you as much as you hate him?" Maxie asked. She was testing me: if I could hate him, couldn't I also hate her?

"I don't want to have to be a model," I said.

"Do you think we could have a baby in a year?" she said, invoking one of our catechisms. We had fixed scripts for exorcising all the devils of anxiety, anger, love, lust, all the insistent affects that threatened to crowd habit and security from our lives. By varying the old questions and answers slightly every time, we walked through our roles, we safely sneaked forward toward being the people we wanted to become. When Maxie asked, "Do you think we could have a baby in a year?" she was saying, "I'm frightened. I don't recognize you. Play your role."

"Yes, in a year," I should say.

"Yes, in a year we should be settled enough . . ." I should say.

"Yes, in a year. Of course, it depends . . ." I should say.

As in a guessing game, you must try one variation after the other until you find the one that fits, the correct answer.

I said: "I don't want a baby."

"I don't believe you," said Maxie. "You're lying. Aren't you? Aren't you?" Her need had claws. I had not been lying. I had been exploring a growing panic. In bed, when she put her hands flat against my back and asked again, "Weren't you lying?" I gave her, instead of love, the devious gift of a soothing answer: "I was lying, yes."

Maxie and I slept in a large room behind the

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How the English keep dry.

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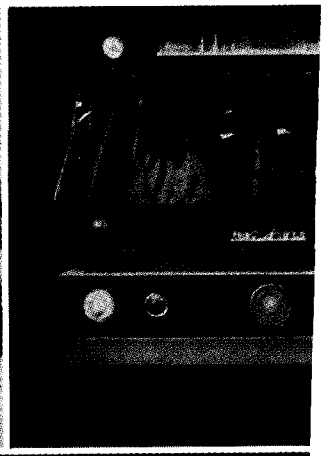
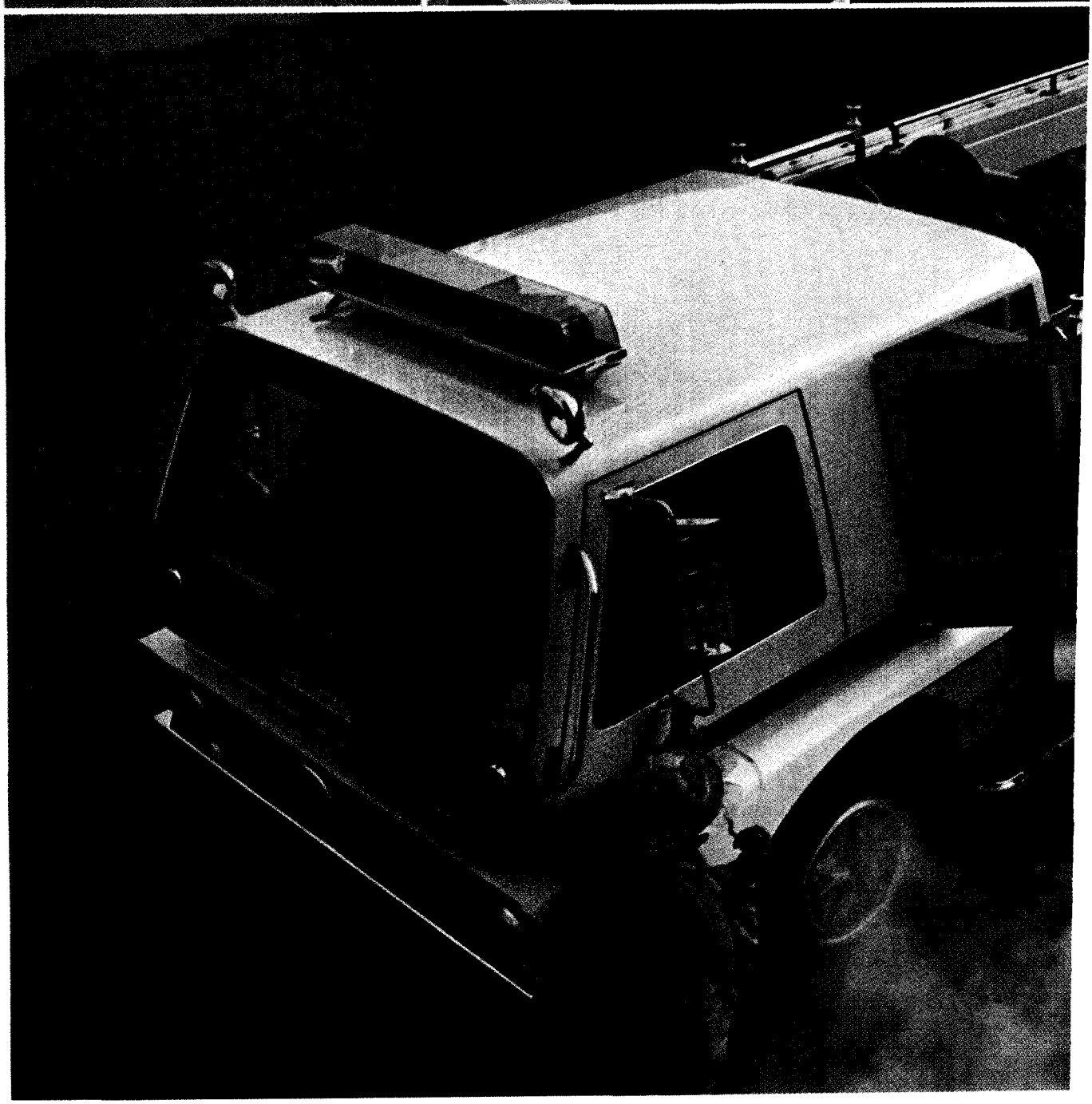
There's a safer way to get firemen to





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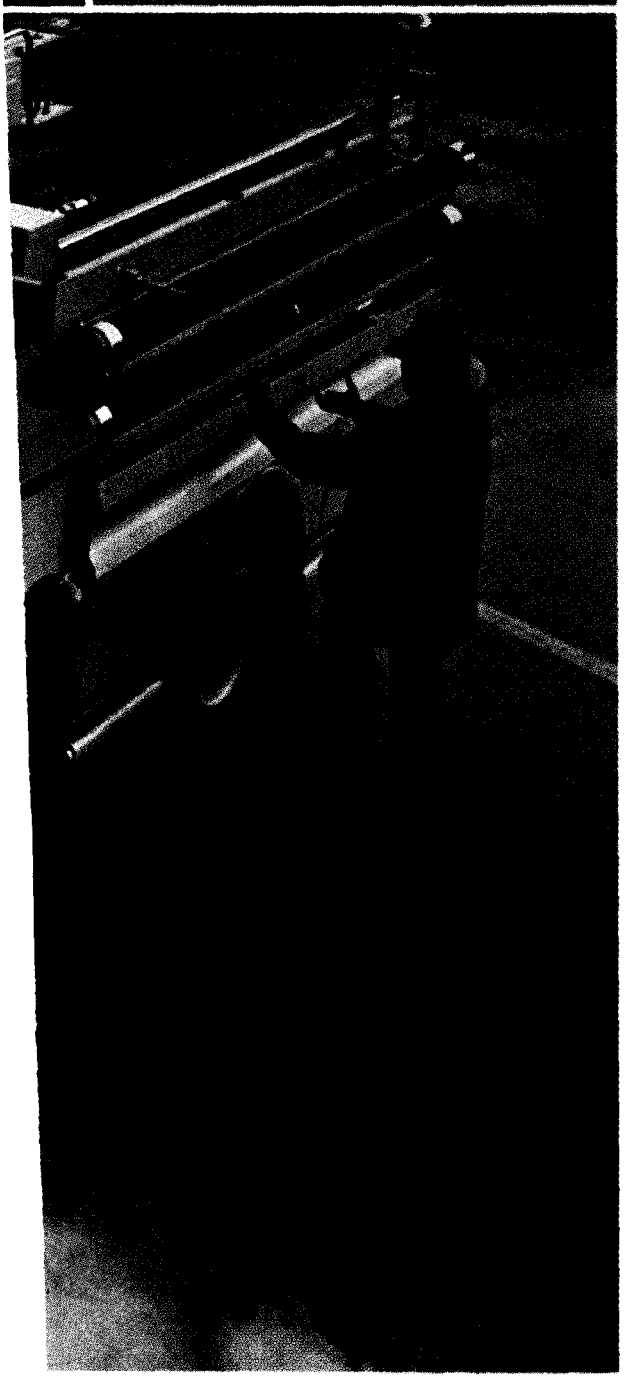
the fire. With help from U.S. Steel.



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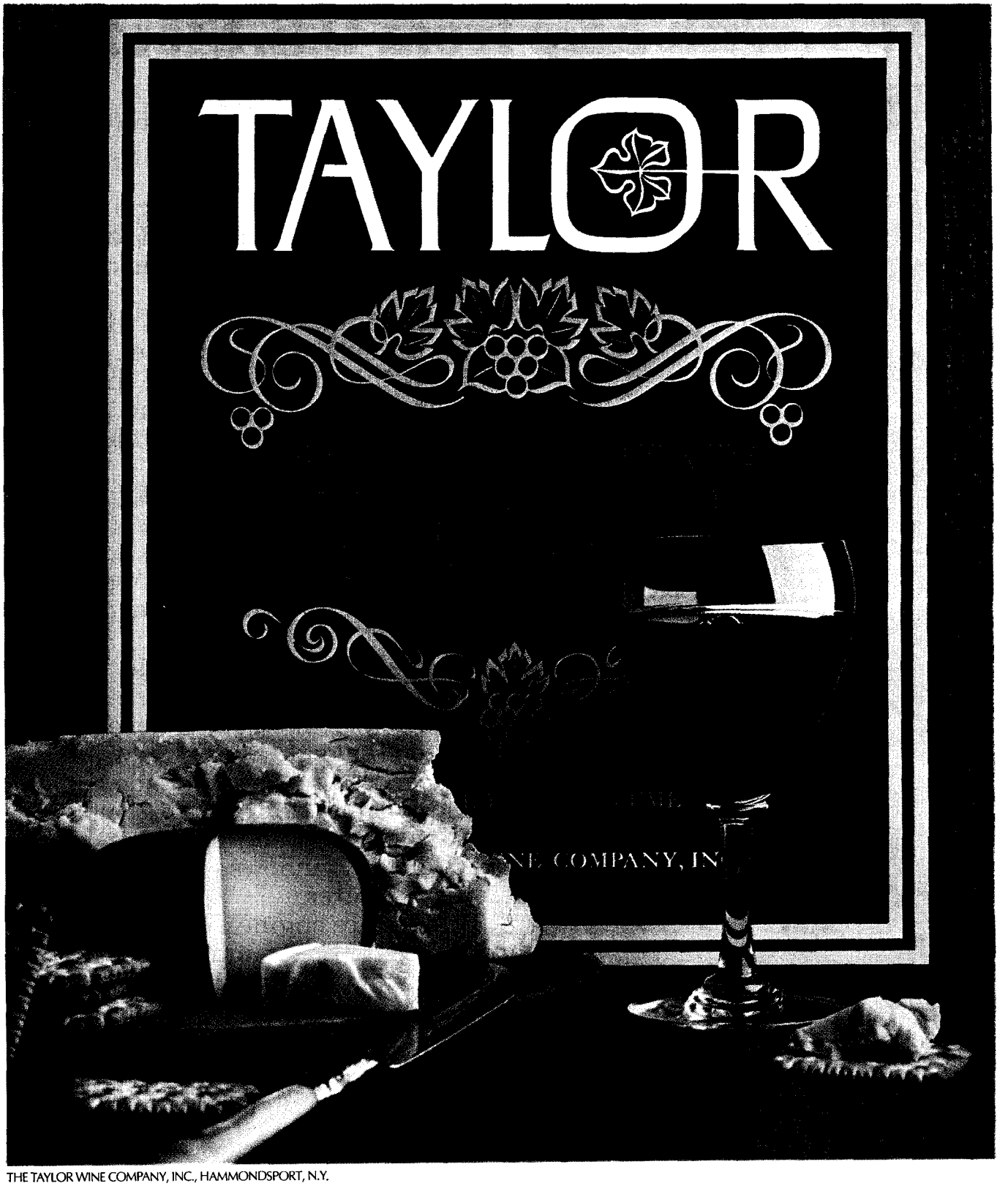

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kitchen to take advantage during cold weather of the fireplace across from which we had placed our bed. Sometime before dawn, a noise woke me; and peering into the dark kitchen, I found my father, luridly lit by the blue and yellow ring of flame on the gas stove.

He wore only his tan slacks, no shirt or shoes, and was whistling Kate Smith's theme song, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." As he poured steaming water from a tea kettle over the coffee in the Melita filter bag, he began singing in a low, nasal, Vaughn Monroe style. The piddling stream of dripping coffee accompanied him. After clanking the kettle back onto the stove and turning off the gas, he switched to a Bing Crosby version of "Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now."

It was too dark to see him, but I heard him shuffling in an easy soft-shoe to his own music. I gauged the distance between our worlds as the difference between Crosby's chorus, nonsense sounds that slid from his mouth like water dribbling through parted lips—"Buh buh ba la, buh buh ba la, ba la"—and the music I would have babbled in the dark, a fierce spray of sound, Little Richard Penniman's "A wop bop a loo mop a lam bam boom . . ."

Not that different after all, because somehow the relaxed syllables of my father's song and the angry syllables of mine both slipped a wedge between the singer and seriousness. Neither chorus meant anything. Or rather, both choruses meant something more than words could have expressed. They were magic chants to invoke some spook of youth. Standing in the dark and letting "Tutti Frutti" bop in my mind beside the music my father was making, I for the first time felt old.

Up until that moment, I had still thought of myself as, say, nineteen. Perhaps twenty or twenty-one at the most. I was stunned. I could slide my imagination back a decade and discover myself as essentially the same person that was standing in the dark kitchen, secretly listening to my father jolt through a repertoire of early jazz and swing. I had a history! I felt like a lucky archaeologist who stumbles onto a terrain fertile with artifacts of an unknown civilization: intact temples buried under soil pocked with pottery, weapons, primitive games, uncrushed skulls, tools, coins, bracelets . . .

The screen door creaked open and banged shut, and I saw a hole in the dark move across the lawn. I followed, letting the screen door bang to alert my father to my presence.

"Maxie?" he asked. "Dennis?"

"Dennis," I said. "You're up early."

"I couldn't sleep," he said. "Sorry I disturbed you."

"I couldn't sleep either," I lied, trying to force an intimacy by admitting to a similar complaint. I couldn't say I was sorry for hurting him earlier, because by acknowledging the injury I would only enlarge it. To establish contact, I had to make myself vulnerable, but I couldn't think of anything sufficiently sensitive. Ever since we had left New York and moved to the farm, my life had been remarkably uneventful, happy. The slight annoyances of the past year were not substantial enough to offer up as a token of my defenselessness. It was like finding yourself at the altar of some bloodthirsty god with only a chipmunk to slaughter and a knife too frail for suicide.

So I lied again, sketching a general anxiety to explain my insomnia. My father rose to the bait, gave the lie flesh by making connections I had not implied.

"Are you having problems with Maxie?" he asked.

Since his question had a slight tremor of intimacy—the father probing the son's misery with the same delicacy used to tease out a splinter with a needle and the same possibility of having to dig painfully into the flesh—I assumed my father felt he'd found a sensitive spot.

"Yes," I said, "a little."

Ready to jab a nerve, he asked, "Is she unfaithful?"

We were exchanging hostages. I won't hurt you if you won't hurt me. I hoped we would make more exchanges, inching closer to each other with each revelation.

It would be painful to admit that Maxie was unfaithful (even though as far as I knew she wasn't), but I supposed my father would not make any deadly attacks. And even if I were wrong and he did, my confidence was a fraud. I wasn't ready to trust my father that entirely. So once more I lied.

"Yes," I said.

He said, "I'm sorry."

"It's nothing serious," I said.

My father laughed, I think, sympathetically.

"You don't sound convincing," he said, and after a pause added, "Well, she's a very attractive woman. Are you going to separate?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Look, Dennis," he said, "you can talk to me." Without stopping, however, to let me talk, he continued, "That would have some kind of neatness to it. Both of us leaving our wives in the same summer. We could become hoboes together." There was another pause. When he laughed again, he had changed his position. I turned quickly around, chilled, as though I feared he'd attack me if I let him get behind me.

"Do you want a drink?" I asked.

"What do you have?"

"Jack Daniel's?"

"OK," he said.

I walked back into the house to get the bottle. On my way out, I hesitated, tiptoed to my bedroom, and feeling in the dark for Maxie's head,

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kissed her on the cheek. She murmured something and flung an arm up over my neck, pulling me down to kiss me on the side of the mouth. Feeling reassured—I didn't want my lies to conjure up some infidelity—I went outside into the chilly morning. The dark had become gray, and I could make out my father's face.

I offered him the bottle. He drank, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and handed the liquor back. I drank, gave him the bottle, which he held at his side.

"That's some garden," he said. "That's some garden you've got back there."

"Yeah," I said, slowly moving in that direction beside him. "It's the thing which makes sense out of this place. We're very proud of it." My throat tightened. Here was a revelation, although I wasn't sure that my father would understand. "When we came here," I said, "I was very unsure about giving up a lot of things. Ambition. You know, trying to be a success. Making it in New York. It was like all that was the bone in my life. All winter I'd get these flashes of desperation. I felt completely abandoned. We left this place only a dozen times between October and March—except to drive into the Piggly-Wiggly for food. No one ever came out here. Too far.

"It got so I couldn't read a paper or watch TV without getting terrified and angry. Running scared. Things were happening. I thought they were important. We didn't even know about the invasion of Laos until months afterward. Funny. It was like being stuck in a dream and not being able to get out. Even though it was a fairly pleasant dream. I wanted to go back to New York. Maxie wanted to stay here."

"So that's where the trouble started," said my father.

Yes, I thought, there had been trouble between Maxie and me. Not the kind my father had assumed and I had pretended, but just as serious. Being vulnerable to others, it seemed, was also being vulnerable to yourself. And the real revelations surprise both of you.

"It wasn't true what I said before about Maxie," I said.

My father grunted. I'm not sure he believed me.

"Not in the way I meant it, at least," I added. "But there was . . ."

"Was?"

"Is . . . a little, I guess . . . is a breach. I only said that other thing because—because it seemed like you wanted to believe it and . . ."

"Like I want to believe it?" my father interrupted. "Why would I want to believe Maxie was unfaithful?"

"I don't know," I said. "Why would you?"

It had gotten much lighter. We were standing on the edge of the garden. My father tipped back the bottle and took a long drink after which he handed it to me. I drank, capped the bottle. My father said:

"I envy you, Dennis. I envy you your age, the times in which you grew up, your generation, the fact that you could escape New York, ambition, whatever, I envy you this." He waved to the garden. "Yeah," he said, "this."

We were walking around the garden. I said:

"In the spring, when we planted, all the terrors vanished. It was like watching things grow, having helped them grow, healed all the raw things inside."

"Yes," said my father, "and when winter comes?"

I sighed.

"That," I said, "terrifies me. It's like thinking about death."

"I think about death a lot," said my father. "I figure I've got a decade left. Ten years. Can you imagine that? Ten years." He made a noise that was the beginning of a laugh. "Next year it'll be nine years. Then eight. Then seven. Can you imagine that?"

"Yes," I said.

"No, you can't. No, you can't. What are you? Thirty. You're still invulnerable. Nothing can hurt you."

I started to say something, but he interrupted:

"Shut up. You don't know . . . You don't know . . ." He put a hand over his eyes. "Wouldn't that be remarkable? If I started to cry. God, I envy you. How were you able to do this? How?" He reached up and grabbed an overhanging branch with both hands. "Goddamn me," he said. "Goddamn me, but I want to do something outrageous."

My father went in to bed. I stayed up, made two soft-boiled eggs, which I ate while sitting in the porch rocker and listening to the birds, and an hour later left for Martin's Stables, where I worked three days a week in the barn, shoveling up manure which I spread in the fields to fertilize the grass which was cut, bailed, and carted back into the barn for the horses to eat. Once I asked Mr. Martin why he didn't let the horses graze in the fields and in the natural course of events spread the manure themselves. Tipping his red bald head to the side and opening his eyes wide, he said:

"But, my friend, that wouldn't make sense, would it?"

When I returned home at six-thirty, Maxie dropped her hoe and ran around the tomato plants toward me. She was pointing behind herself at the woods.

"I want him to leave," she said. "I want him to leave tonight." Her face was sunburned, and there was a dried spot of blood on her forehead where she'd squashed a mosquito. "He tried to make love to me today. I was swimming in the stream. He'd followed me down. I guess, since I didn't have any clothes on, he took that as some sort of invita-

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tion . . ." She waved her hands in front of her face to brush away bugs. A drop of sweat slid from her right temple down her smudged cheek and trembled on her chin. She slapped at it. "Damn flies," she said.

"Where is he?" I asked, some Oedipal nerve lighting up like a pinball machine.

She gestured. I circled around the garden and climbed the hill into the woods. The path twisted through thick pines, some hickory, birch, beech, red and silver maple . . . After peeling a curl from a black birch, I put the bark under my tongue and let the taste of wintergreen fill my mouth. That and the smell of the purple milkweed blossoms which hung on the top of the knee-high stalks in sunny patches fixed the moment for me. There was an awful joy seeping through the locks in my brain. If I'd found my father then, I would have killed him.

I walked for fifteen minutes until I came to the slope that led down to the stream. Floating in the shallow water, face up, eyes closed, his mouth warped into a miserable grin, my father looked very old. Having stopped at the edge of the bank, I said, "Put your clothes on."

My father opened his eyes.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "I stayed down here after Maxie left. I couldn't bear to be with her after what I did."

I said, "Get out of the water and get dressed."

"At first," he said, still not moving, just floating there, "I was terrified of what would happen when you got back. It was a curious feeling, to be terrified of one's son. I had all sorts of strange thoughts. If we fought, I figured you'd have the advantage; and I even felt bad that I hadn't beat the shit out of you when you were a kid. You know? To make up for whatever you might do to me today. Then I thought, What the hell. This is what we've both been waiting for. All that talk this morning. You didn't want to get close to me because you loved me. You wanted to get close enough to . . ."

"If I'm going to beat the shit out of you," I said, "I'd rather do it when you're dressed, but if you don't get dressed I'll do it when you're naked."

"Then I thought," my father said, standing, the water running down his body, "that if we fought, maybe it wouldn't be such an uneven match after all." He picked up his shirt and wiped himself off, threw the shirt into the grass, climbed into his slacks. "You've had a pretty soft life, Dennis. You've never fought for blood. I have."

"Do you think I'm afraid of you?" I asked.

"No," he said. We were standing face to face, and I could see the muscles in his shoulders and chest tensing. "But I'm not afraid of you either."

For a long time neither of us said, did anything. A frog started croaking right by our feet. My father licked his lips. I cleared my throat and said:

"You're going to leave tonight, aren't you?"

He said, "Yes."

"Are you going home?"

"Not right away." He blinked, momentarily bringing back the same vacant expression I used to hate, but then he narrowed his eyes and peered very hard at my face. "If I could figure out a way to hurt you," he said, "I would. You condescend. We're not going to be able to know each other until you realize in what way we're equal."

"Good-bye," I said.

He held out his hand. "Good-bye."

I left my father and walked back to the house. It was beginning to get dark. Maxie had set the table for two, and the absence of the third place oppressed me. I left most of my food. The meat loaf smelled stale, rancid. Maxie cleared the table, carried out the garbage, and screamed. I ran onto the porch. Maxie stood at the rocker, the garbage pail spilled on the ground beside her.

In the garden my father was dragging up pole beans, kicking over cabbages, tearing down tomato plants.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" Maxie wailed.

I leaned against the kitchen door and, ready to welcome hate or the rigid fusing of respect to love, watched my father rage. □

ON LOOKING FOR MODELS

The trees in time
have something else to do
besides their treeing. What is it.
I'm a starving to death
man myself, and thirsty, thirsty
by their fountains but I cannot drink
their mud and sunlight to be whole.
I do not understand these presences
that drink for months
in the dirt, eat light,
and then fast dry in the cold.
They stand it out somehow,
and how, the Botanists will tell me.
It is the "something else" that bothers
me, so I often go back to the forests.

by Alan Dugan

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LIFE & LETTERS

MATISSE DE LUXE

by Francis Steegmuller

HENRI MATISSE: A NOVEL
by Aragon. 2 vols.
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $75.00

In 1917, during World War I, when a young French army medical assistant named Louis Aragon (aged twenty) shared a barracks room in the Val-de-Grâce military hospital in Paris with a colleague named André Breton (twenty-one), their pinups included reproductions of two paintings by the *fauve* artist Henri Matisse, personally known to neither of them. Two years later, when Paris was about to be invaded by Dada, with Aragon and Breton among its leaders, Aragon "invented a woman" whom he baptized "Matisse" in his mind; she dwelt there for several years; and in 1923 he made her a character—"a redheaded girl, born in Les Batignolles"—in a short story, "Madame à sa tour monte," which was published in *The Dial.* By that time Dada had come and gone, and Surrealism was born.

For almost twenty years thereafter, years during which Aragon joined the Communist Party, broke with Breton and Surrealism, married Elsa Triolet, wrote several of his novels and much of his poetry, contributed articles to *Les Lettres françaises* and *L'Humanité,* the name Matisse apparently did not issue from his pen. But for all those years, he intimates in these two volumes under review, Matisse as name or artist slumbered significantly within him. (This Matisse-link in Aragon's autobiographical chain is no better forged in the volumes than I report it here: Aragon does little to strengthen it beyond remarking that Matisse once gave red hair to a model whose hair was really of another color.) Then, during World War II, in 1941, Aragon suddenly wrote to Henri Matisse, asking for some unpublished drawings for his magazine, *Poésie.* The response was favorable, and Aragon, who was in the south of France (in the "Unoccupied Zone" of his beautiful poem of that name), in order to be, as a Communist, out of reach of the Nazi occupants, called on Matisse in his studio at Cimiez, on the heights above Nice. The visit was fruitful; others followed; and from then on Aragon was to write about Matisse repeatedly.

The present book is a lavishly illustrated anthology of all Aragon's writings about Matisse. The earliest (November-December, 1941), the direct outcome of the first Cimiez conversations, is a commentary on the Matisse drawings that did appear in *Poésie;* it was signed with a pseudonym, Aragon being *mal vu* by the Vichy censor. The second, also a result of the Cimiez conversations, is a preface to Matisse's volume of drawings called *Dessins: thèmes et variations,* published in 1942, with Aragon's name, "an embarrassment to any publisher . . . banished from the cover to a shamefaced little subtitle inside": a dangerous ploy for both men even so, for by this time, with all France occupied, Aragon was a member of the Resistance, in hiding, hunted by Germans and French militia alike. (Later, Matisse's daughter, Madame Duthuit, herself a Resistant, was imprisoned by the Germans.) The other writings—there are twenty-eight sections in all, in the two volumes—span the years until 1970, when the work went to press. There is no apparent order. In Aragon's words: "This book is like nothing but its own chaos. It straggles over twenty-seven years [or, on another page, "twenty-nine"] . . . like a trail of pins from an overturned box. It can't make sense, still less take shape. It goes rambling off, retraces its steps. . . . At times you might think you're following it, and then you find yourself in some other place which you thought you had left long ago. . . ."

It is, in truth, in many ways a maddening jumble of factual accounts and of reflections and "celebrations" in both verse and dithyrambic prose, most of the twenty-eight sections embellished with cross-references, in the form of notes, or "afterthoughts," to one or more of the others. The reader scuttles awkwardly, both heavy volumes open at once, attempting to discover just what remark by Matisse, or what picture, dated let us say 1947, Aragon is referring to in a marginal note, dated perhaps 1960, to a passage possibly written five years earlier or two years later. Aragon was never the worst practitioner of the discursiveness and chaos that

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abound in surrealist prose, but in the present work his self-indulgence in this regard does recall his surrealist past. The reader well understands that one of the texts, originally a lecture, should have "aroused the impatience of my student audience, at least half of whom interrupted my speech, uproariously chanting 'Get to the point!' "; and elsewhere "the author asks to be forgiven for . . . repeating himself, because of his obsession." So parenthetical is much of the writing that one of the pieces is itself entitled "About Parentheses."

And yet this Aragonese hodgepodge, irritating and capricious, is nonetheless rich and rewarding, full of unusual observation and information, a far cry from the bland essay so often embalmed in a de luxe art volume. This is no ordinary coffee-table decoration. The confrontation of the two artists is in itself entertaining—perhaps even inadvertently so: two large egos, each recognizing in the other an opportunity for its own enhancement, with Aragon, in the pieces written during Matisse's lifetime, praising the painter so fervently that Matisse wanted them *all* included in Skira's projected volume about him. Mingled with the eulogies are vivid passages of reporting—on Matisse's conversation, his methods of work, the contents of his studio, his stoicism in critical illness: but dogged reexamination of the confused text reveals a number of those passages to be notes subsequently added, and never seen by Matisse.

The matter of dates is important; for the reader, if he persists in his attentiveness, discovers that it is the portions written after Matisse's death in 1954 that are the most free; they are not all overweighted with eulogy, and they provide some explanation for the curious subtitle of the work: "A Novel." Primarily, that subtitle is a tribute to Aragon's own ego: there is a considerable amount of biographical material concerning Matisse in this book, especially in the later-written portions, but its artist-author must of course not seem to be the other artist's mere biographer—not *merely* an "Eckermann to Matisse's Goethe": "novel" is a term much higher in any artistic scale of values than "biography," is it not? "History" and "biography" are not words that Aragon seems to like. Also, these postmortem sections tend to be more autobiographical than would probably have been pleasing to Matisse: they abound in passages concerning Aragon's illegitimate birth, glimpses of Dada and Surrealism, the much-publicized perfect union with Elsa, the couple's flights and hidings during the war, the deaths of fellow Resistants, Elsa's own death: these elements are interwoven like a novelistic theme. Other personalities proclaimed to be "characters" in the "novel" are Matisse's models and his renderings of them, including his portrait-drawings of Baudelaire, of Ilya Ehrenburg—and of Aragon and Elsa.

The translation by Jean Stewart is generally graceful: in the original French text certain passages must be of considerable Gallic beauty, particularly those describing Matisse's various studios, his actual creation of paintings, drawings, and cutouts, and the color-and-form relationships in individual paintings. But, in translation at least, the most memorable portions of the book are the informative ones, particularly a hitherto unpublished, detailed account of the genesis and progress of the famous chapel at Vence. (One of the protagonists here is a lovely Matisse odalisque turned Dominican nun; and Matisse, challenged as to his belief in God, retorted: "Do I believe in God? Yes, when I am working.") There are also fascinating passages on Matisse's illustrations for Joyce's *Ulysses* (he didn't bother to read the book), on his conception of "luxury," on his love and transfiguration of objects, and on his favorite type of female body—that last section emphasizing his long preoccupation with Ingres' portrait of the large-throated Madame de Senonnes and his familiarity with a certain piece of medical writing on the thyroid.

The format of the two volumes is handsome, the illustrations are lavish; the book is of serious scholarly value.

There is one particularly bizarre detail. Didn't Henry James speak somewhere of the occasional presence, in a seemingly impeccably appointed room, of a single vulgar object that "gives the whole show away"? "There'd be a protest," Ara-

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gon is translated as saying, in a note to one of his articles, "if I tried to compare Matisse with Walt Disney. . . . And yet the girl on his walls at Cimiez reminds me of Snow White." Aragon reproduces the drawing in question, and in a note to his note he adds: "I am amused now (1968) by what seemed so daring in 1942. One would have to find the equivalent in the strip cartoons of today, Jodelle or Barbarella. Walt Disney is already a classic." The drawing can be found opposite page 75 of volume one. The note, and the note to the note, may not give Aragon's "whole show away," but . . . Can one help wondering, in the light of their message, whether Aragon truly *saw* into the beautiful Matisse pictures about which he has *written* so fully?

POETRY À LA MODE

by Frank Kermode

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE
edited by Helen Gardner
Oxford University Press, $10.00

The original *Oxford Book of English Verse* came out in 1900, was revised by its editor, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in 1939, and has kept going to this day. The tradition might be represented as even longer than the three-quarters of a century claimed above; in the preface to his first edition Quiller-Couch acknowledged his debt to an earlier anthology: "Few of my contemporaries can erase—or would wish to erase—the dye their minds took from the late Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury.*" Since Palgrave made his selections on the advice of Tennyson, we can identify the dye as laureate crimson; *The Oxford Book of English Verse* was already, in a sense, archaic when it came out. Q was certainly not the kind of professor who revises his views to accommodate the new, and the 1939 edition makes only a few concessions to changing fashion. He added a hundred pages and updated the collection to 1918, but his heart wasn't in it, and there is real bitterness in his comments on the poetry of his own later years. "It were profane to misdoubt the Nine as having forsaken these so long favoured islands," he remarks, adding that in 1939 he is "at a loss what to do with a fashion of morose disparagement; of sneering at things long by catholic consent accounted beautiful; of scorning at 'Man's unconquerable mind' and hanging up (without benefit of laundry) our common humanity as a rag on a clothes-line."

Perhaps 1939 was the last possible date such prose could have been written, and by very old literary gentlemen still stunned by the wickedness of "The Waste Land." It was the year of Yeats's death, but "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" was as far as Q cared to go. As Dame Helen Gardner hints in her preface to the new edition, the 1939 revision of *O.B.V.* was a disaster, though it's much easier to be confident about this in 1972 than in 1939.

The character of the difficulties Q faced in 1939 will help us to understand the magnitude, and I fear the hopelessness, of what Dame Helen has tried to do in 1972. What the old man undertook to revise was, in some perfectly real sense of the word, a classic; he had assembled in 1900 a body of verse which won cultural acceptance as in some way canonical. The well-read could argue about its balance, but the normal reader, who might accord to poetry a measure of respect or even love, but associated it primarily with all that was fine in bourgeois sentiment and piety, went on buying it for his children and his pupils. On both sides of the Atlantic the book appeared in so many different guises—morocco bindings, India paper, and many other such variations—that it clearly had acquired some of the status of the Bible, issued (by the same publisher) in just such a range of editions. It may therefore be said to have become a social symbol: it could lie around or stand on a shelf as an index of the owner's participation in the culture. In due course it ousted Palgrave (though I was given *The Golden Treasury,* in leather, as a school prize in 1934) as the single volume associated in the public mind with English poetry—beautiful and true, all you know and all you need to know.

What made Q so doleful in 1939 was the sense that this state of affairs was coming to an end; as indeed it was, and precisely because the phase of culture which made it possible was nearly over. Almost anything written in the present century that he could bear to include in the new edition was bound to be very old-fashioned; as the rude young poet Auden might have put it, he had, in the age of the Bristol bomber, tastes appropriate to the age of the penny-farthing bicycle. The entire constitution of the poetry-reading public was changing fast, and the lower-middle-class public, which once assumed that virtue lay in the imitation of a better-educated and more polite class above it, was acquiring different habits. A smattering of poetry was no longer socially necessary. Meanwhile, a new public was adjusting itself to a new poetry, and the universities, using different methods in the United States and Great Britain, began to turn out readers who found in poetry strict but pleasing challenges, moral or intellectual, and had sophisticated ways of talking about it. Q's book appeared before anybody taught English literature at Oxford or Cambridge; its public was unlearned, unsystematic. Nevertheless, simply by accepting that the poetry it needed was contained in those eight hundred or so pages, the book's audience constituted a kind of unified literary culture which all the efforts of the universities have not replaced.

It was, no doubt, a culture of a humble, even tiresome kind. Some notion of its lower reaches—occupied by the newly literate, the products of compulsory education, trained largely by special newspapers such as *Titbits* to pick up the scraps that fell from the inaccessible table of literature—may be had from the "Nausicaa" episode of Joyce's *Ulysses.* The date, only four years after the publication of *O.B.V.,* is June 16, 1904: "The summer evening had begun to fold the world in its mysterious embrace. Far in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too fleeting day

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lingered lovingly on sea and strand. . . ." The sickening stew of poesy, facetiousness, clerks' witticisms, novelettes, and girls' weeklies, concocted by the abstemious Joyce, reminds us that he once claimed to have the mind of a grocer's assistant. Into it he drops not only St. Bernard's Litany of the Virgin but lines of poetry that had somehow peeled off the parent poems and sunk into the popular mind: "with all his faults she loved him still" or "golden opinions" or "more sinned against than sinning," all worn smooth in Gertie's dialect, like the Latin of the *Tantum ergo: Tantumer gosa cramen tum.*

Yet however extreme this debasement of literary culture, Gertie nevertheless belongs to such a culture; the tags from *Macbeth* or *Lear* drift down to her almost without meaning, yet her culture is continuous with that of the future King Edward VII Professor at Cambridge, Quiller-Couch; and no one would dream of saying any such thing about the relationship of any comparable modern girl with Professor L. C. Knights, the present incumbent, who, as it happens, has written a good deal about such sad dissociations. Gertie's literary tags have no meaning except as signs of a deplorable but large cultural class, and as the unconscious tribute of that class to notions of literary excellence imposed from above.

Q acknowledges, in his original preface, the advice of a large number of literary men; they include Bridges, Binyon, Kipling, Swinburne, Francis Thompson, and Yeats, and contrast sharply with the donnish consultants of Dame Helen. The poet and man of letters has retreated into the university, like his audience. We may not feel altogether badly about this if we consider some of Q's other advisers, such as Frederick Locker-Lampson, whose own poem "At Her Window" Q gratefully included in his selection. Gertie would have loved it:

> Beating Heart! we come again
> Where my love reposes:
> This is Mabel's window-pane;
> These are Mabel's roses. . . .
>
> Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
> Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
> Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
> *Dearest Mabel!—dearest.* . . .

Even Q dropped this one from his revised edition, together with others, notably a truly incredible outburst by the Irish poet John Todhunter, another cinch for Gertie, though Yeats must have had his doubts; not that leaving Todhunter out made room for Yeats, but the times were changing.

To come at last to the new version; one may say with absolute confidence that Gertie has nothing at all in common with Dame Helen Gardner; and that you will look in vain in the new *O.B.V.* for farcically corrupted fragments of Eliot, comparable with the decayed Tennysonianisms of the old collection. Of course, chips from Eliot's poems have never been used to stuff lower-middle-class conversation either. Palgrave said he hoped his anthology would prove "a storehouse of delight to Labour and Poverty." That function of poetry is now obsolete; the work is done instead by television advertising. If you take a London child to the Christmas pantomime nowadays you will find that he understands the jokes and you don't, simply because he watches commercial television more than you; the dialogue is a continuous allusion to advertising gimmicks and slogans. So is normal supermarket conversation. Whether you prefer this is a matter of taste; but it's worth remembering that the culture of the newly literate in the late nineteenth century might be represented not only by Gertie and Wells's Mr. Polly (whose neologisms are a tribute to culture) but by D. H. Lawrence. Poetry was still something you might read without embarrassment, and without taking a course in it; it still had some place in the conversation of all the literate. Whether the admen in any sense supply its place I don't know. What seems quite sure is that there is no longer an easily recognizable public for *The Oxford Book of English Verse,* and no generally acknowledged corpus of English poetry.

In spite of all this, Dame Helen has remade the book for a new public. In her preface she has a few words to say about changed taste, but this really means the taste inculcated in the universities. Dame Helen is a don, a scholar, as Q was not; she has edited Donne (a poet in whom Q was a little too old and a little too old-fashioned to be very interested) and Eliot, whose existence Q ignored. She offers the public a qualified version of the view of English poetry which on the whole prevails in the universities—qualified because the book is not intended for use there; because some poetry carries on into the new edition as if by inertia; and because she has quite rightly not thought that this is a proper occasion to stimulate controversy.

Some of her inclusions are due, I feel, rather to the constraints of the academic conscience than to any persuasion that there is a public which will respond: these are mostly seventeenth- and twentieth-century poems. The editor's dilemma is illustrated by her inclusion of "The Waste Land" entire, except for the notes. It has to be there, but how odd it looks in this context! Who will read it here, even first time? It simply doesn't belong; it will never be canonical in the old sense; it is too self-conscious about tradition ever to find a place in the messy continuum of taste I've tried to describe; it is the work of a poet who actually announced that tradition was not something you could acquire passively—you must work for it. So with Yeats; it is necessary for Dame Helen, as it was impossible for Q, to include such poems as "Sailing to Byzantium" and "The Circus Animals' Desertion," which can never be the poetry of people who read it only in the *Oxford Book.*

Sometimes the changes introduced in conformity with standard modern taste have their own interest. For Q there was no sharp distinction between English and American poetry—he had Whitman (in a wretched selection) because Whitman was early domesticated in England, but he also had Whittier and Longfellow. Apart from Auden (an exception needing no excuse), Gardner includes only one American, Ezra Pound, though having made this endearing decision, she spoils it by including only three pieces: "The River-Merchant's Wife," a bit of "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley," and "What thou lovest well remains," from the *Pisan Cantos* (she ignores Q's ban on extracts). Her stated reason for leaving out the Americans is that she needs the

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space for the great English moderns, Hopkins, Hardy, Yeats, and Eliot; but of course it is also true that since Whitman (who might have been left in on the same grounds as Scottish poetry—"part of the cultural heritage of England"), American poetry isn't susceptible to the kind of leveling that has to go on in such a book as this, and is for the most part unknown in England. Some American poets—say, Stevens, Williams, Lowell, Plath, Berryman, and Ginsberg—are extremely important to people who read poetry; but neither their names nor their poems have become household words.

The revaluation of styles and periods is also subject to conventional restraints. Gardner greatly increases Skelton's share, and Fulke Greville's. She puts in eighteen pages of Donne, against Q's meager five poems, one of which, lifted from Palgrave, isn't by Donne anyway. Although she rather surprisingly contents herself with the same single lyric of Chapman selected by Q and the same two poems by Quarles, she adds a whole batch of minor seventeenth-century poets ignored by Q—Samuel Butler, John Cleveland, and Aurelian Townshend, for example. She adds a beautiful poem to Davenant's portion, doubles Herbert's share, slightly enlarges Marvell's, and allows bits of *Paradise Lost,* rather forlornly one feels, in the Milton section. Pope and Dryden benefit largely from the lifting of Arnold's ban on them; and Romantic poetry is much better represented. So principle is upheld; but whether representation is the object of such a book is a question.

The major changes naturally occur late in the anthology. Q, as we have seen, was at his worst here; even his Browning selection is disgraceful. Gardner ruthlessly cuts down his favorites: Sydney Dobell, Beeching, William Watson, T. E. Brown, Henry Newbolt, W. D. Howells. James Thomson, who is the author of lyrical trifles in Q, is the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" in Gardner. John Davidson, who appears in Q as a nothing poet, a trifler, is now the author of the splendid "Thirty Bob a Week." Q left out of his first edition certain contemporaries with evident claims on his space—Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Wilde, not to mention John Gray and Arthur Symons. Perhaps they were all too wicked; certainly they were very much advanced for Gertie.

Gardner is very brisk about all this. Just as she imports Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll into the Victorian pages, she also includes Chesterton and Belloc, as well as Housman, Johnson, and Wilde. Willing enough to be conventional (as when she includes anthology pieces by W. H. Davies, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare, and John Masefield), she can also surprise us, as when she adds to the obvious Binyon choice, "For the Fallen" (which, incidentally, did, between the wars, acquire a wide cultural spread as an Armistice poem), a beautiful and little-known work written during World War II and called "The Burning of the Leaves." This, together with Edmund Blunden's "Report on Experience" and the Davenant dialogue, strikes me as the best Gardner does toward matching Q's great coup, the discovery of a sonnet by Mark Alexander Boyd which Ezra Pound later called the most beautiful in the language.

Dame Helen's stars are Hardy, Yeats, and Eliot. She is a bit skimpy on Lawrence, and it might be said that Graves deserves more, perhaps at the expense of Edith Sitwell. She stops at 1950, doing well by Edwin Muir, William Empson, Louis MacNeice, Auden, Roy Fuller, and Dylan Thomas. American readers may be pleased and surprised by Stevie Smith's poem:

> Nobody heard him, the dead man,
> But still he lay moaning;
> I was much farther out than you thought
> And not waving but drowning—

But Miss Smith's work is now quite widely known in Britain. She may travel as well as John Betjeman or the two poems of Henry Reed which "everybody" knows, and which are properly reprinted here.

It would be silly to argue long about choices, or even to dwell on a suspicion that the book is somehow a shade pious, a little light on erotic poetry. Dame Helen has done her work well. She knows a lot more than Q and has strong preferences, but she has seen the need, if the thing was to work at all, for sticking quite close to the only norm avail-

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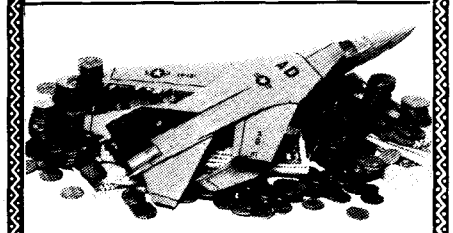

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able, "the critical consensus," as she herself calls it. She has not tried to avoid a family resemblance to Q's collection, or even to Palgrave's.

The question remains: who is going to read this book? Not students, not schoolboys, though I suppose they may still have it thrust into their hands. There is the huge array of poetry in paperback, for the truly interested; and there is no longer any need for those who aren't to pretend. Will it console lonely ladies in London apartments, or provincial reading groups? They no longer exist, at any rate in the form such words conjure up. And modern Gerties feed their fantasies at the telly. I wouldn't for a moment argue against the proposition that this is in most ascertainable ways a better job than Q's; but that it can have a comparable place in our lives is surely quite impossible.

MUSIC

CRAFT ON HIS OWN

by Robert Evett

STRAVINSKY: CHRONICLE OF A FRIENDSHIP
by Robert Craft
Knopf, $12.50

AND MUSIC AT THE CLOSE
by Lillian Libman
Norton, $9.95

ENCOUNTERS WITH STRAVINSKY
by Paul Horgan
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $7.95

On March 3, 1972—day of infamy—Robert Craft was quoted in the New York *Times:* "Only two people know anything about Stravinsky. . . . Only Mrs. Stravinsky and I know. I'll be arrogant and say that."

Craft's statement was triggered by a piece, which made the front page of the paper, by Donal Henahan, a *Times* critic, which charged that Craft had done a frightful lot of judging, the full extent of which would be divulged in the fall by the publication of Lillian Libman's memoir (the publishers call it a "personal" memoir, which is surely the best kind), *And Music at the Close: Stravinsky's Last Years.*

A truth that Miss Libman suggests but does not actually state is that in Stravinsky's twenty-three-year association with Craft, there was a Get-Craft movement on an international scale which had its *ons et origo* in the United States. Orchestra players who resented being made to play under a luminary who could, in his own eyes, do no wrong, doubly resented being bossed around by this teacher's pet who would never, never get lost. Many musicians who sincerely detested everything Stravinsky wrote after *The Rake's Progress* held Craft responsible for the composer's about-face. And anyone who was offended by the mindless adulation heaped on the old man by his fans could use his alter ego as a scapegoat. So, between Henahan's advance notice of the Libman book and its actual publication, it was open season on Craft. Both he and Lillian Libman were subject to unconscionable and totally unsupported abuse.

Actually, Craft is the true hero of Miss Libman's book. This fascinating man has never seen fit to tell us much about himself, and the diary extracts that he has published are almost entirely about other people. The next edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* will no doubt be studded with the remarks of eminent persons as recorded by Craft: "All music is positively painful to me" (Evelyn Waugh); "Auden is the most skillful of us all, of course, but I am not at all like him, you know" (Dylan Thomas); "Stupidity is always stubborn, intelligence is usually resilient" (Cardinal Roncalli, later Pope John XXIII); Robert Graves on Plato, "who did more harm than any one man before Freud."

In the introduction to his own new book, Craft says, "I lack the novelist's talent that can make 'ordinary' people interesting, whereas the extraordinary ones take care of

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MONDAY

ON THE MONDAY HOLIDAYS. IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO VISIT.

themselves, with little help from me." Miss Libman does not share this defect, and can make fascinating small talk about the daily drama in Stravinsky's house, where the principal players were Mr. and the second Mrs. Stravinsky and their *fils adoptif* and where friends, a parade of servants, other employees, and Stravinsky's daughter Milène (whose name is not big enough for Craft to drop) make up the supporting cast. Famous people are invariably approached by sycophants, and Stravinsky was sufficiently an *homme de théâtre* (in other words, a ham) that he enjoyed the sycophancy. He liked it when people called him "Maestro," and was quite taken with the orgies of ass-kissing that attended his public appearances. He took advantage of the people who worked for him. Miss Libman, for instance, whose sole duty to the man consisted in P.R. work and getting good contracts for him and Craft, found herself employed as a cook (when there wasn't one) or sometimes as a secretary-typist. Luckily for her, she was only around part-time, but in regard to her chores she was an archetypical sycophant, willing to do absolutely anything for The World's Greatest Composer.

Craft, for his part, was drawn to Stravinsky by his music first, and subsequently developed an attachment to the man that was built on understanding and genuine respect and would, in time, grow into mutual affection. Like anyone who has spent any amount of time under one roof with an honest-to-God famous megalomaniac, Craft had to find a style, or mode of behavior, that allowed him to acknowledge his master while, at the same time, being his own man. Had Stravinsky been Frederick the Great, the bother of establishing protocol would have already been taken care of. As it was, somebody had to establish the ground rules. Craft is not about to tell us who made them, and the people who have written at length about the relationship—Miss Libman and Paul Horgan—came on far too late to supply any information about the early years of the Craft-Stravinsky collaboration. However, there was a certain formality, such as exists between parent and child, between the old man and the

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young one. Craft may have used no form of direct address at all (Libman) or addressed his colleague as "Mr. Stravinsky" (Horgan), but he evidently never called him "Igor," as Christopher Isherwood did, nor "Igor Feodorovitch," the correct formal Russian usage, which Igor Feodorovitch reserved for conversation in Russian—a language that Craft has never bothered to learn.

In his diaries, Craft chooses to give the impression that he never quarreled with Stravinsky. No doubt he does not cherish the memories of such rows as they had. According to Libman, however, they once had words during a recording session at which Stravinsky was imperious and unspeakably rude. Craft, properly offended, picked up his scores, left the studio, and went into seclusion for four days until the old man (who would never have asked for forgiveness) made a satisfactory conciliatory gesture. Anyone stuck with the problems attendant on living with or near royalty will find some extremely helpful hints in the Libman book.

A question that has been bothering readers ever since the first volume of the Stravinsky-Craft books appeared is how they were made. Did they use a tape recorder? Did Craft take notes and later work them into shape? In what language did the two men converse?

Last point first: Stravinsky had a feeble command of English and Craft very little French when the two men first met. Craft quickly became fluent in French and Stravinsky's English improved so that Paul Horgan was later able to write: "I have never known conversational English more pungent than his, or more grammatically correct, precise (often devastatingly so) in vocabulary, and original in style, all within the framework of the natural syntax of the language."

In his New York *Times* statement, Craft says that he took notes, but that the "conversations" were reconstructions, representing what Stravinsky said, though not necessarily in his own words. According to the *Times* report, "If he had to do it all over again . . . he would make it clear earlier how the collaboration worked." This is not an especially valuable hindsight. If there were a cat to be let out of the bag,

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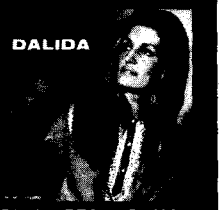

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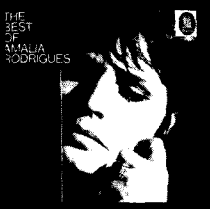
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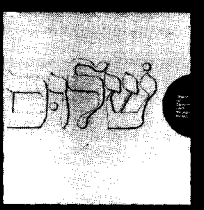
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it would obviously have been to Craft's advantage to let it out himself instead of allowing Miss Libman to do it for him.

I have to confess to a puritanical streak about ghost-writing in whatever form it takes, and even as a middle-aged man I am as shocked as I was as a child to learn that the President of the United States doesn't write his own speeches. However, it is clear from all the documentation now available that as he grew older Stravinsky could not have functioned at all, either as a conductor or as an author, without the selfless and dedicated assistance of Robert Craft.

There are discrepancies between the Craft and the Libman accounts that have been blown out of all proportion by the press. In most respects, they support and complement each other, with Miss Libman filling in interesting details that were beneath Craft's notice. More important, Craft, who is so self-effacing in his own work, emerges as a man of enormous drive, intellectual power, and charisma.

Paul Horgan's "personal record," *Encounters with Stravinsky*, is not much more than a fan letter to the grave. Horgan was a casual friend, rather than an intimate one, of the Stravinskys' and of Craft's, and was not one of the "extraordinary" people who found his way into Craft's *Chronicle of a Friendship*. The book contains some entertaining anecdotes and some important perceptions, but is valuable mostly because of the substance it gives to the emerging portrait of Craft as a strong and important figure in his own right.

MOVIES

OBSESSIONS

by David Denby

FELLINI'S ROMA
directed by Federico Fellini
United Artists

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS
directed by François Truffaut
Janus Films

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE
directed by Luis Buñuel
Twentieth Century-Fox

In recent years the movie director has emerged from his relative public obscurity (compared to the stars and the studio moguls) and attained an extraordinary prestige in our culture: artist, seer, celebrity *par excellence*, he is praised for his "vision" of life, for being in touch with the young, the future, the national subconscious. Critics, in search of a new Homer every season, speak of "mythic" resonances in his work—everything seems larger than life on screen, and the director gains from the magnification. He is interviewed exhaustively and obsessively, and even though he is often unresponsive and misleading, the interviews are soon collected into books, and these in turn take their place on the endless shelf of books devoted to directors. (The solemnly adulatory director study has become the hagiographic literature for our time. All those books and hardly a word of negative criticism! What could it represent other than a basic insecurity about film as an art form?)

Paradoxically, the director has achieved his greatest fame as television has reduced the movies to a minority medium. As the immense audience began to fade, public status shifted away from groups that had long enjoyed it. The first-generation studio tyrants saw their empires disintegrate, and soon they passed from the scene, to be replaced by gray corporation types and behind-the-scenes operators; and actors, appearing in fewer movies than before, found it harder to sustain the publicity accorded to the old-fashioned stars.

Something special was needed to pull people away from the bland but convenient entertainment at home. In the fifties, it was the wide screen and other technical "improvements"; in recent years, it's been the man with "genius," the director. Encouraged to make his work more challenging or personal, he has often responded simply by increasing the sex and violence; yet there's no doubt that the last dozen years have been marked by an international resurgence of subjective film-making. In the final step, movie publicists, tuning in to the new emphasis, have begun using the director's name as a selling point with the public. The word "Fellini" has now appeared in two movie titles.

But most important in making the director a culture hero has been the change in film criticism. When James Agee was a reviewer in the forties, he took his movies one at a time, only rarely evaluating them as part of a director's overall output. Often he didn't mention the director at all. But today even the reviewer-kibbitzers on television are director-oriented, and critics with sufficient space regularly emphasize the director's thematic consistencies, his obsessions and mannerisms, his recurring use of actors, settings, and moods. The *auteur* theory, which makes a sharply defined directorial personality into a criterion of value, has influenced the majority of critics, even those who reject some of the basic premises of *auteur*ism or disagree over which directors are to receive the honored status of *auteur*. Accordingly, a situation has arisen which is unique in the criticism of the arts: in movies, the artist's sheer ability to impose his personality on his material and stamp it unmistakably as his own often accounts for a high reputation. His obsessions may be unworthy, his soul, once bared, may be rotten, but he is praised nonetheless, for he has made his identity visible in an unwieldy, collaborative medium.

But perhaps we shouldn't be quite so impressed by the personal use of the film medium. If we are often bored with the new films of a director who has done great work in the past, it may be because his work is so personal it lacks variety and development. Caught up in his own world and fantasies, he may have lost touch with ours. Take Fellini for instance. In his recent movies (*Juliet of the Spirits, Fellini Satyricon*, and *The Clowns*), the director's celebrated "vision" has become even more central; yet the narrative and dramatic elements in these film

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have grown so feeble that it's been hard to stay interested in them to the end. Now, in *Fellini's Roma,* a miscellaneous fantasia on the theme of Rome's present-day disintegration, the director has totally liberated his obsessions from the discipline of telling a story or developing a character or even maintaining a comprehensible point of view. The movie is a perfect rubbish of "vivid" Fellini images piled one on top of another, a tedious catalogue of the fantastic and the bizarre—countless "ordinary" Romans, made up to the hilt, clowning and sticking their tongues out and furiously eating and defecating; fat, strutting whores and gigantesque old ladies; noisy, untalented vaudeville entertainers; interior sets that look like steam rooms and exteriors that resemble graveyards; a rain-soaked traffic jam that turns into Armageddon-on-the-freeway; an ecclesiastical fashion show that becomes an extravagant satire of Catholic panoply (at least we suppose it's a satire—when everything is so wild, we have no ground from which to judge whether a given sequence is meant satirically or whether that's the way Fellini naturally sees things and wants them to be).

In the absence of characters, he fills his movies with random grotesques. He loves their theatrical presence and no doubt he is sincere in insisting that they are part of life, too, but if he allows them only a quick turn to show their stuff and rarely gives them any human dimension we can relate to, then isn't he exploiting them just like any cheap sideshow entertainer? His sense of wonder is still alive, but a mad decorator's instinct has taken over: the people, pressed into the spectacular backgrounds, come in matching bizarre colors with the sets.

The movie without characters is a fairly new development for Fellini; the absence of narrative is not, for he was never really a narrative filmmaker in the traditional sense. Some of his superb early movies, such as *Vitelloni* (1953) and *Nights of Cabiria* (1957), were cast in picaresque form, without a central action to tie everything together, but they had a wonderful emotional coherence and continuity, and Fellini

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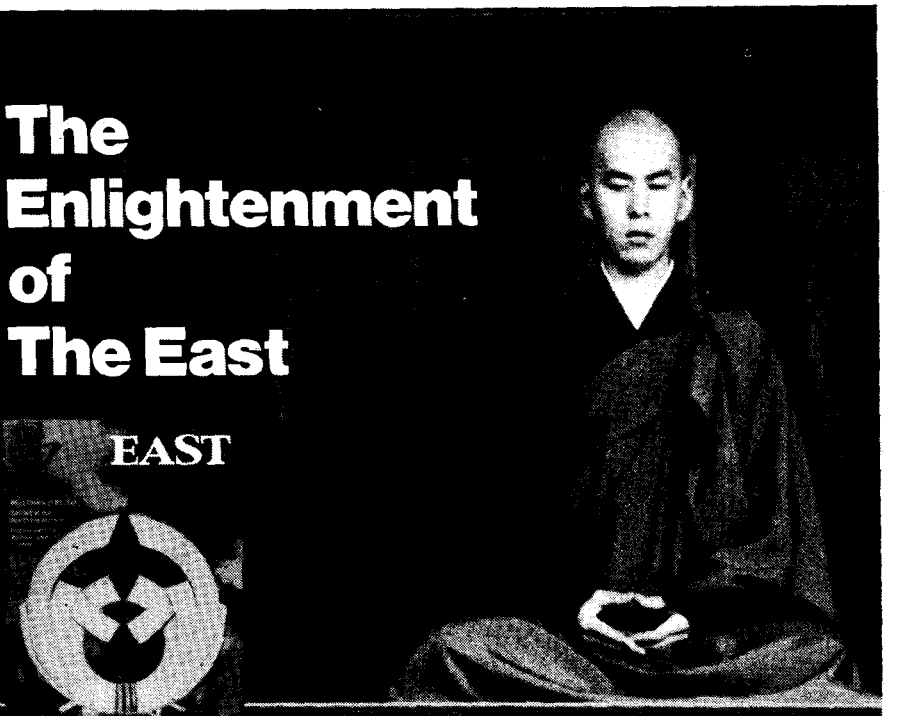

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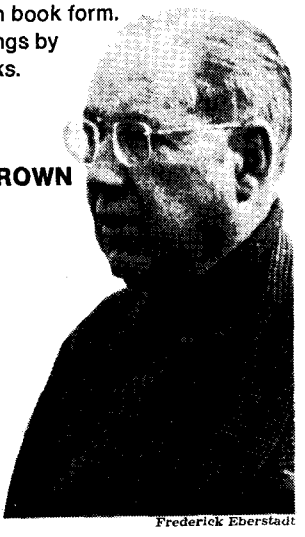

[1] San Francisco Chronicle
[2] New York Times

Frederick Eberstadt

really made us care for his outsiders and dreamers and failures. Later on, his curiosity and gentleness deserted him; *8½*, his great confessional film, was a monstrous act of egotism, although in 1963 Fellini was still capable of seeing when his ego was destructive or absurd.

The director also appears in *Fellini's Roma*, but he no longer knows when he's absurd and so he makes a useless exhibition of himself. We see him arriving in Rome before the war, a quiet, handsome, and excessively polite young man from the provinces (played by Peter Gonzales, a Texan), and we wince with embarrassment—when Fellini came to Rome, he was a ravenous hustler who worked for the cheap illustrated magazines and for newspapers, drawing caricatures of society figures to accompany the gossip columns. Later in the movie he appears in his own person, moving around the city and pretending to direct a camera crew, and again we wince, not only because the crew in the movie cannot be shooting what we see (such is the feeble pretense), but because the notion of Fellini as an alert documentary observer is so ludicrously inappropriate. He never observes anything anymore; his eye, turned inward, is completely fantastic. *Fellini's Roma* is as personal as a movie can be, and it's an oppressive experience.

One of the personal signposts in François Truffaut's work is the continued presence of his friend Jean-Pierre Léaud. In explanation of his obsession, Truffaut has called Léaud the finest young actor of his generation and a man whose temperament is remarkably similar to his own. Those of us who love Truffaut and who also feel that he's fallen off badly in recent films (with *The Wild Child* an outstanding exception) would give anything to disabuse him of these notions. As the tough, outgoing delinquent boy of *The 400 Blows*, Léaud projected real strength and his smile was irresistible, but in Truffaut's later autobiographical movies he's grown up into a tight-lipped, enduringly callow young man who hardly makes contact with the other actors and yields practically nothing to the camera. With Léaud as star, movies like *Stolen Kisses* and *Bed and Board* have been dead at the center. Like Truffaut, the actor is a slender, small-boned man with fine features and dark hair, but the resemblance ends there; he reveals little of Truffaut's engaging high spirits or quick intelligence or sympathy.

Two English Girls, set around the turn of the century, is about the love of two exhaustingly high-minded English sisters for the same Frenchman, the way each sacrifices herself for the other and both miss out on happiness. Since the psychology of sexual self-sacrifice is now so remote to our understanding as to be inaccessible, only a set of smashing performances could have brought this story to life. Unfortunately the girls are dull look-alikes, and Léaud is so lacking in romantic attraction that we never understand why they pine away for him (if they are merely deluded, the point isn't made). Léaud is supposed to be some sort of libertine, but every time he approaches a woman, credibility fades. With his stiffened, upright body and his arms extended straight out, he looks more like a man searching for a light switch than an eager lover. He has the gentleness which is characteristic of Truffaut's work, but in this case it's unimpressive. Gentleness may emerge from strength, or it may be the result of a deep unwillingness, either as actor or man, to engage in any of the stronger emotions. Léaud is fine in Godard's films *(Masculine Feminine* and *La Chinoise)* where his emotional reticence is used ironically as part of the style of modern youth; in the warmer ambience of Truffaut's films, the viewer has to project his own feelings onto this blankly handsome face.

Truffaut's recent films starring this man he calls his double have been marked by a quietly melancholic reserve. It's as if he thought he might best continue his mildly narcissistic game by not calling undue attention to himself. Yet ironically, it was the exuberance of the early films which interested us in Truffaut in the first place. Perhaps if he gives up on Léaud and the semi-autobiographical mode, his great natural vitality will return.

Buñuel the madman, the anti-Christ; the sadist, the foot fetishist, the malevolent practical joker; th

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maniacal anticleric and scourge of the rich—Luis Buñuel is the very model of an obsessed director, returning again and again to the same themes and actors, but just when you think he's played out (as I did after seeing *Tristana),* he comes bouncing back with something astonishing. At the age of seventy-two, Buñuel has renewed his art in a wonderful *jeu d'esprit* called *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.*

Buñuel's anarchic Marxism (really a series of animosities rather than a political ideology) has always been supremely useful to him as an artist because it provides a perfect set of outlets for his savage humor. In his new picture, a comedy of manners that keeps changing into a surreal nightmare and then back again, the old antipathies are as present as ever, although some of the extreme cruelty and corruscating bitterness is gone. After working in films for over forty-five years, Buñuel has broken through to a new freedom; he can play with his material, the film medium, the audience, and his own career.

The title, of course, is ironic. Buñuel's bourgeoisie is a group of corrupt Parisian suburbanites and a suave diplomat from Miranda, a miserable little South American dictatorship that harbors Nazi war criminals. Riding to and fro in their limousines, these sleek, gracious people are a testament to the power of respectability, for they have made their pile by smuggling heroin into France. Their "discreet charm" barely covers a raging beastliness. One suspects that Buñuel would like to have them lined up against the wall and shot, but his impulses, dampened somewhat, find release instead in shattering their peace with one absurdity after another. People like this, he realizes, always prevail because they know how to take care of themselves; but art has its revenge.

Like the wealthy everywhere, they project their extraordinary self-love onto their possessions and the niceties of their social arrangements. They are fetishists of the perfect dry martini, the correctly selected wine, the dinner party where everything is just so. Yet every time they sit down to eat (which is the principal, recurring action of the film), something goes wrong—the French Army barges in on maneuvers, or, at a restaurant, the employees wander off disconcertingly to mourn the death of the *patron,* who lies stone cold in the next room, or some earnest young man comes over and recounts a long unhappy dream full of death and mutilation and ghosts. Soon they begin to have humiliating dreams of their own: a party is ruined by a preposterous quarrel; a group of terrorists break in and wipe them out.

Buñuel had worked with similar material ten years before in *The Exterminating Angel,* and if he has any lesson for younger directors like Fellini and Truffaut, it is that when you return to a situation you once took seriously it's best to play with it, turn it inside out, or it will go dead. In the earlier film, a group of wealthy socialites settle in for a dinner party and then discover, to their dismay, that they cannot bring themselves to leave. The situation persists for days, perhaps weeks, but as the movie was only this one endless joke, it had nowhere to go. Critics spoke knowingly of "Spanish humor"; actually the joke was baffling and rather suffocating. But the new movie, in which the socialites can't get their dinner party started, is full of surprises and shifts of tone.

Take those nightmares that disturb the sleep of his genteel smugglers. While watching these episodes, we don't at first realize they are dreams, for Buñuel starts each one as if it were part of the "real" action of the movie. Gradually the context of normality is violated, the fantastic intrudes ever more insistently, until, at the point of terror, the dreamer awakens. Yet the convention of realism is so strong in the movies that we quickly settle back into our comfortable assurance of normality—only to be calmly led out into the unknown when the next dream gets under way.

Buñuel's art is as insolent as ever. *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* is a deeply funny movie, yet as a viewing experience it's like walking across a perilous, swaying little bridge whose guide rails are periodically snatched away. And any director who can provide that sort of adventure deserves all the adulation we can give him.

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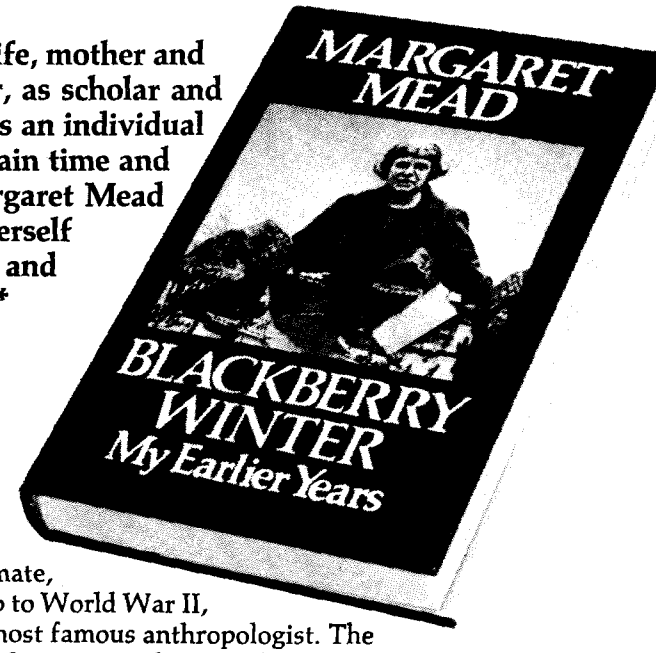

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MORROW

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE CAMERONS
by Robert Crichton
Knopf, $7.95

The Scots have always been hard on their own. The harshness of the Lairds in 1745 when they broke up the clans and drove out their tenants to make field room for their flocks of sheep was matched a century later by the harsh conditions imposed on those who worked in the Scottish coal mines.

This robust, romantic novel in the old tradition of storytelling is laid in the mining village of Pitmungo, and it begins on an April day at the turn of this century when Maggie Drum, who has saved up her silver as a schoolteacher, ups and leaves her classes on a mysterious errand, and heads north toward the seacoast. It has long been her ambition to marry a man who can make the money, if necessary in the pits, which she will save until they can better themselves. The man she finds is Gillon Cameron, a Highlander, with a precarious livelihood as a fisherman. Gillon, whose forebears were once proud to be Camerons, is tall and fair, strong in the arm from his life at sea and dreadfully shy. It takes persistence on Maggie's part to woo him and bring him to her family in Pitmungo.

He thinks he has no heart for mining, but he finds as he approaches the town that he will have to fight the pit bully for the right to work, and, after an exhausting struggle in which his stamina prevails, discovers that he has won the respect of the village and the affection of Maggie's parents. Gillon's submergence in the pits and his acquisition of the skill which makes him the highest paid collier, his longing for the sea, his shyness as Maggie washes the pit grime from his white body at day's end, and the desire for her which keeps him enslaved are well told.

The children come fast—Rob Roy, Andrew, Sam the strong one, James (Jemmie) short, dark, and tough, a miner in the cradle, Sarah, the oldest daughter, and the twins—all hostages to fortune, which seemingly will sentence Gillon to a lifetime in the pits. But Maggie with her frugality and resourcefulness has other ideas. She keeps the key of the kist, the strongbox in which they store their savings, and as the kids grow old enough to help, it is Maggie whose ingenuity directs their life and Gillon who inspires the loyalty of his little clan. The strongbox grows heavier, and all signs are propitious until Gillon is injured deep underground. Lord Fyffe, the mine-owner, will pay no compensation, and Gillon's dander, which has slumbered so long, is at last fired in protest.

As in any long-sustained romance, one must take some things on faith. In his loneliness, Gillon has recourse to the library, where the half-drunken librarian, Mr. Selkirk, feeds him first Shakespeare and then Marx. One wonders how Selkirk could purchase so much Scotch on a librarian's pittance, and how Gillon's sons with so little schooling could so swiftly acquire their eagerness for reading. But Gillon's defiance when, cheered on by the village, he confronts the Laird is a moving scene, and the trial which ends in the family's departure brings tears to the eyes.

TALLULAH
by Brendan Gill
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $25.00

In this stylish, entertaining, well-written book, Brendan Gill has drawn what I take to be a breathing likeness of Tallulah Bankhead. Not as beautiful as Marilyn Monroe, more of a hoyden and less winning than Gertrude Lawrence, this fat, sassy Southern kid "with none of the performing skills of the prodigy, and indeed, with almost no schooling," after she had slimmed down and found her "sub-tropical voice," won the loyalty of a large and intelligent audience in New York, and then for eight happy years did the same thing in London. She also had her hangers-on, in London hordes of squealing girls in the theater alley, and in this country, as she aged, a cult of gigolos who encouraged her self-exploitation.

The Bankheads were politicians, and Tallulah, motherless from her infancy, was brought up at Sunset, her grandfather's spacious home in Jasper, Alabama, a spoiled brat, gaining her way with tantrums, and jealous of her older sister's beauty. Foul-mouthed and rebellious, she bounced from school to school, with very little acquired education, and her father, Will, a spasmodic alcoholic who cooled off to become Speaker of the House, was too busy in Washington to heed. But she was sharply intelligent, could learn a play in two days, and before she was twenty was projecting herself triumphantly in mediocre parts with that drawling "dahling" which was her trademark.

Tallulah had to wait for twenty years for her finest parts: Regina Giddens, the Southern schemer in *The Little Foxes;* the eternal tramp in Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth;* and the lead in *Private Lives,* a part she assumed when everyone else thought the play was worn out, and which ran for so long in its second coming that Tallulah said, "We have played this show everywhere except underwater."

Mr. Gill has avoided the tedium of so many theatrical biographers with his skillful account of Tallulah offstage. Tallulah, caring nothing for privacy, was a compulsive drinker like her father, very liberal in her sexual enjoyment, fond of swimming in the nude and turning cartwheels in the same condition, and, when she had stashed away the first million, given to never-ending house parties for which she paid the bills. Although she had a hundred lovers, marriageable men were wary, and John Emery, who came for the weekend and stayed six weeks, after he had been properly married to her in Alabama and exposed to her regime, must have been meekly glad to escape. Why did she live this way? The author suggests a loneliness, an emptiness for which she never had an answer.

It is funny and sad to read the critics as they watched her fade. John Mason Brown wrote of her performance in *Antony and Cleo-*

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patra, "Tallulah Bankhead barged down the Nile last night as Cleopatra—and sank." Even loyalists like Robert Benchley and Walter Kerr saw it coming. "The disagreeable fate of the self-exploiter," says Mr. Gill with insight, "faced Tallulah from the moment she undertook to star in 'The Big Show.' "

The three hundred photographs catch her in many poses, and will please the addicts.

FOR THOSE I LOVED
by Martin Gray
Little, Brown, $8.95

For the most part this is a horror story, treading bloodstained ground we have traversed before; probably it is good for the spirit to be reminded of the bestiality which Hitler unleashed. "Martin" is a boy of fourteen in the heart of his prosperous family in Warsaw. He becomes "Mietek," one of the "death-Jews" who survived the annihilation factory at Treblinka, and then "Mishka" when he joins the partisans and the Soviet Army. During the systematic destruction of the Polish Jews, he has learned to outwit fear and hunger. He witnessed the killing of his father, a well-to-do manufacturer and an officer in the Polish army. His account of Treblinka is harrowing in its detail, and there he escaped the gas chambers by loading the bodies into the graves, separating the still warm bodies of the children from their mothers, helping the "dentists" extract gold from the teeth, shoving and trampling the stiffs into the ground. What drove him and what must lead on the reader, too, was his will to live and his employment of any means to that end. Not only was he hardy, he was clever, as he made his escape from the lower camp to the upper, strapping himself to the underpart of an SS truck and escaping again in a freight car to the open country, where in the small villages he sounded a warning his fellow Jews would not believe and where he was eventually embraced by the partisans in the forest.

Revenge and the impulse to live are the motives. He joins the Red Army, serving with the NKVD as they root out the Nazis in hiding and the traitors in the occupied territory. And after tasting the bitter freedom in Berlin, after being decorated with the Order of the Red Star, he sets out, only nineteen, to join his grandmother in New York.

What follows is a slice of Horatio Alger. The boy who was so supple in finding food for his family in Warsaw is just as successful as a salesman, peddling without a license, making capital of his broken English in the hotels in Lakewood, putting together the fortune which will provide him with a charming wife and their four children with unbelievable happiness in their country place in the South of France.

Martin Gray's story has been told with the aid of a collaborator, Max Gallo, and has been translated from the French. It comes to us, in a sense, at two removes from the author, and this may account for the feeling of incredulity which I find most noticeable in the closing pages. Martin's dashing about on a motorcycle when he knows his family is in peril is a far cry from the cool operator in Warsaw and Treblinka.

WINSLOW HOMER
by John Wilmerding
Praeger, $30.00

"The most interesting part of my life is of no concern to the public," wrote Winslow Homer to a proposing biographer. With this injunction in mind, Mr. Wilmerding has devoted himself to the events of Homer's art instead of his life. We study the early lithographs and wood engravings which he did in Boston in the mid-nineteenth century; his sketches at the front in the Civil War, and the oil painting of Confederate prisoners which established his reputation; his Gloucester watercolors with their affinity to Tom Sawyer; and the magnificent seascapes: *The Fog Warning, The Life Line, Undertow,* and *The Northeaster,* the fruition of his three decades at Prout's Neck on the Maine coast. Whether in Paris, the Bahamas, Quebec, or Long Branch, Homer was incorrigibly bold and American, and Mr. Wilmerding's text deepens our appreciation by the skillful contrast of his work with that of fellow artists. The reproductions in color are of exceptional beauty.

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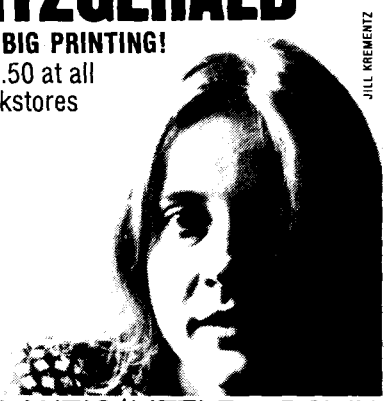

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

"JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE" by Kenneth P. O'Donnell and David F. Powers. Little, Brown, $8.95. Helped by Joe McCarthy, a professional author, two loyal members of President Kennedy's "Irish Mafia" recall his career, from his first unorthodox campaign in Massachusetts to his death in Texas. They remember, predictably, that Kennedy was never wrong (momentarily misguided, perhaps—never wrong). They also remember a mass of detail, funny, trivial, touching, surprising, that only such close and devoted followers could provide. The political story is of course there, sometimes expanding what has been published by more pretentious historians, occasionally contradicting it. Above all, there is a recreation of the optimism and excitement that Kennedy was able to generate, and a superbly lively portrait of a politician in action.

THE ENERGY CRISIS by Lawrence Rocks and Richard P. Runyon. Crown, $5.95. If the authors are to be believed—and why not, since both are scientists working at Long Island University?—this country's power requirements will outstrip its resources well before the end of the century. The failure of electric and fuel supplies will precipitate industrial collapse, unemployment, famine, and the end of the United States as a major power. The picture of total disaster that the worried doctors project is painfully convincing. Their remedy is agitation by concerned citizens to get the problem out of the hands of obstructive industrial interests and bungling government bureaucracies, which is painfully unconvincing.

A DREAM OF DRACULA by Leonard Wolf. Little, Brown, $8.95. Why, asks Mr. Wolf, should this creaking old fantasy retain and even increase its popularity? He pursues the problem through primitive funeral rites and the theories of Dr. Jung; he backtracks through Rider Haggard to Monk Lewis; he even put an ad in a personal column, asking, "Are you a vampire?" and got a number of replies, the soundest of which was, "No." Mr. Wolf never quite answers his own question, but his rambling, idiosyncratic explorations arouse considerable interest, at least for book reviewers who have had to cope with three Dracula studies in one season.

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES by John Gardner. Knopf, $8.95. Mr. Gardner has written two earlier novels of exceptional, if somewhat eccentric, interest. Now he has turned Procrustes, undertaking to cram the whole history of Western civilization into New York State. It doesn't fit.

THE ART OF BLACK AFRICA by Elsy Leuzinger. New York Graphic Society, $16.50. Handsomely illustrated and very well organized, this survey examines African art on a regional, tribal basis, with maps which locate the various types of work and enough historical background to account for some, if not all, of the pronounced differences in style. Translated by R. A. Wilson.

TALES OF YORUBA GODS AND HEROES by Harold Courlander. Crown, $5.95. The Yoruba were responsible for a number of great ancient states on the west coast of Africa, including Benin of the bronzes. Their mythology has the sophistication to be expected of such an accomplished people. Mr. Courlander, a veteran at this sort of project, retells the old stories well, as appealing narrative, managing at the same time to account for conflicting versions and variant names. Appendices, glossary, and the like.

PRISONERS OF PSYCHIATRY by Bruce Ennis. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95. As a lawyer for the New York Civil Liberties Union, Mr. Ennis works on cases involving the prolonged incarceration, for supposed mental incompetence, of people who would, if brought to trial for their misdeeds, get at the worst relatively trifling sentences. The situation enrages him, and the reader who follows the stories he reports, and considers the medical indifference and judicial inertia that he describes, can hardly fail to share his anger. A well-written book, lucid even in the necessarily complicated sections on the law, and genuinely disturbing.

A FLASK OF FIELDS edited by Richard J. Anobile. Norton, $8.50. Film stills with the accompanying dialogue in print, an arrangement which would be deadly for most performers. With Fields, it works. For anyone who ever heard it—and who has not?—that rasping, purring, insinuating snarl will bounce off the page, loud as life. Introduction by Judith Crist.

THE JOHN COLLIER READER. Knopf, $10.00. Mr. Collier is a master of peculiar tales set in disconcertingly ordinary places. Things go bump in broad daylight, which is the safest place to read this collection.

SCULPTURE OF THE ESKIMOS by George Swinton. New York Graphic Society, $18.50. Primarily a pictorial catalogue of artists, styles, and areas of production, this book nevertheless contains a satisfactory amount of historical and archaeological information. The author is himself an artist, a professor at the School of Fine Arts of the University of Manitoba, and a member of the Canadian Eskimo Arts Council. Bibliography, indices, map.

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHAEOLOGY edited by Gilbert Charles-Picard. Putnam, $25.00. Not the traditional sort of encyclopedia—one cannot look under M and find all that is known about Minyan ware—but a series of essays, by assorted specialists, on the major regional and technical aspects of archaeology. It amounts to an introductory survey course in a field where published material tends to start on a more advanced level, or to be simplified to the point of worthlessness. Fine illustrations, color plates, suggested reading list, not enough maps. Translated by Anne Ward, who seems to have encountered, or created, a few minor difficulties.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR HYPOCRISY by Edward Sorel. Swallow, $10.00. Introduction by Jessica Mitford. A number of these "satirical drawings and commentaries" have appeared in *The Atlantic*.

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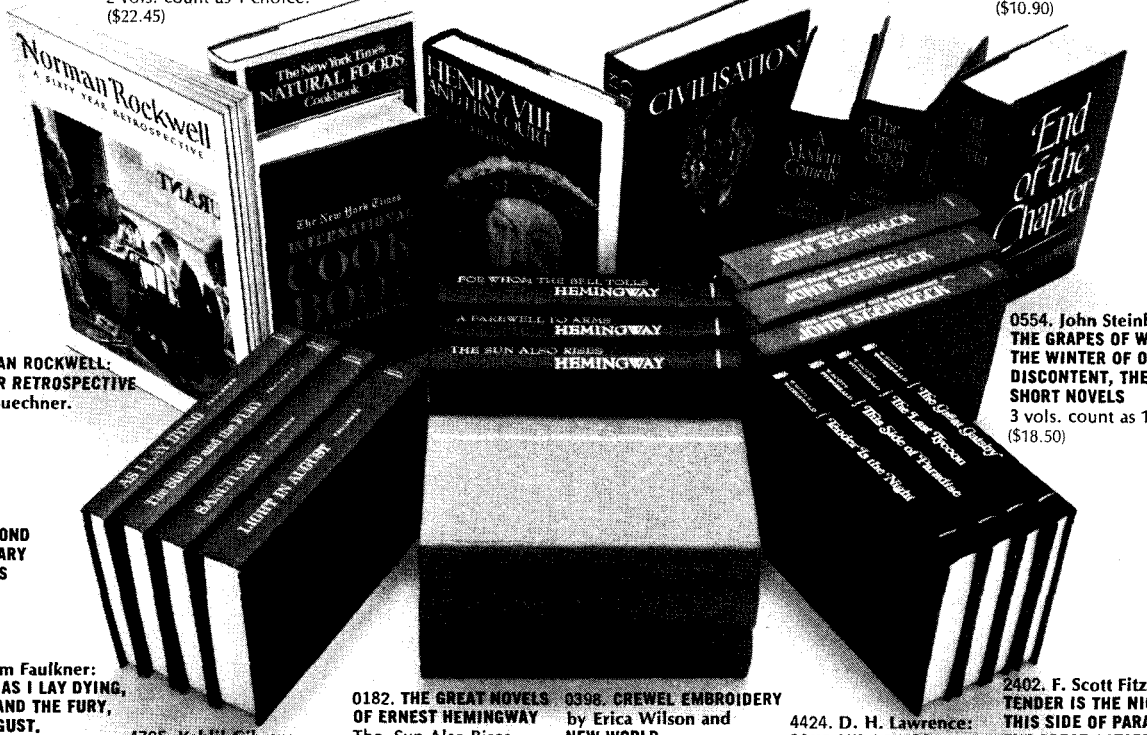

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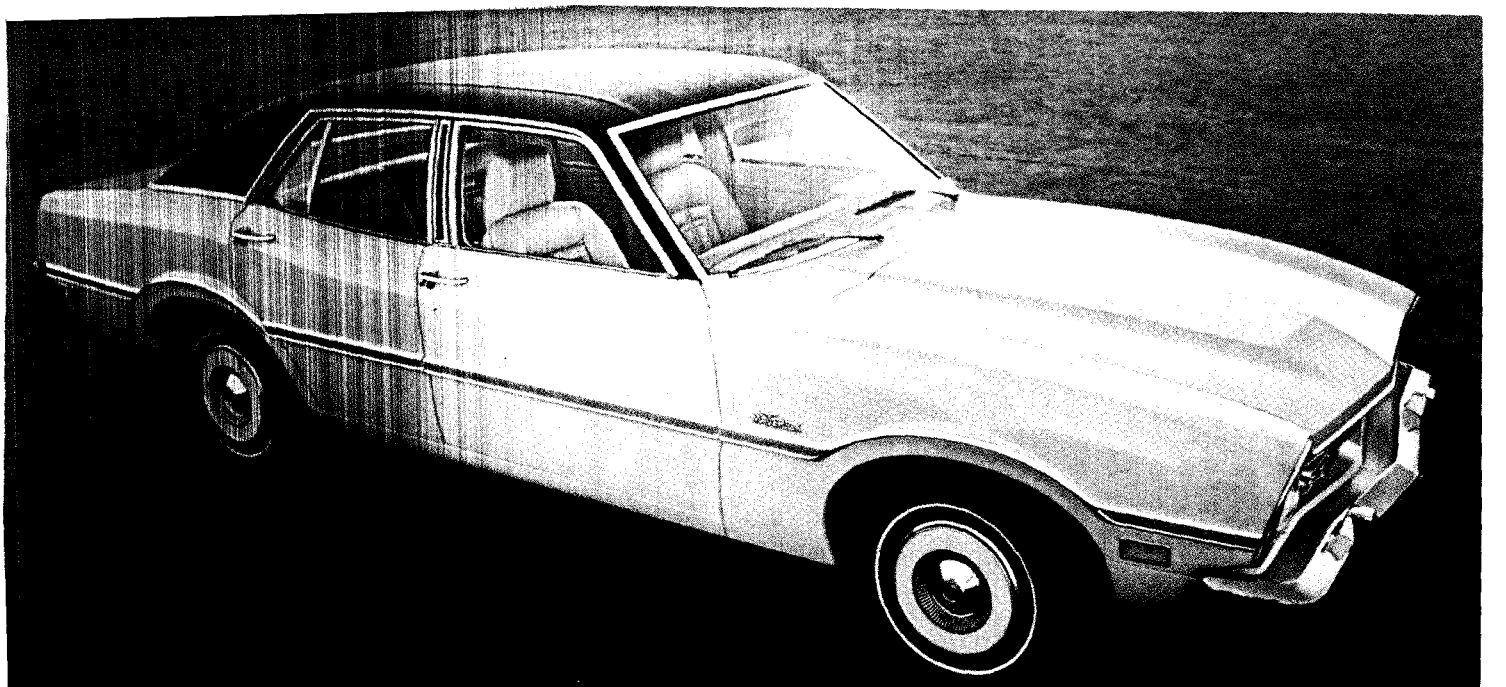

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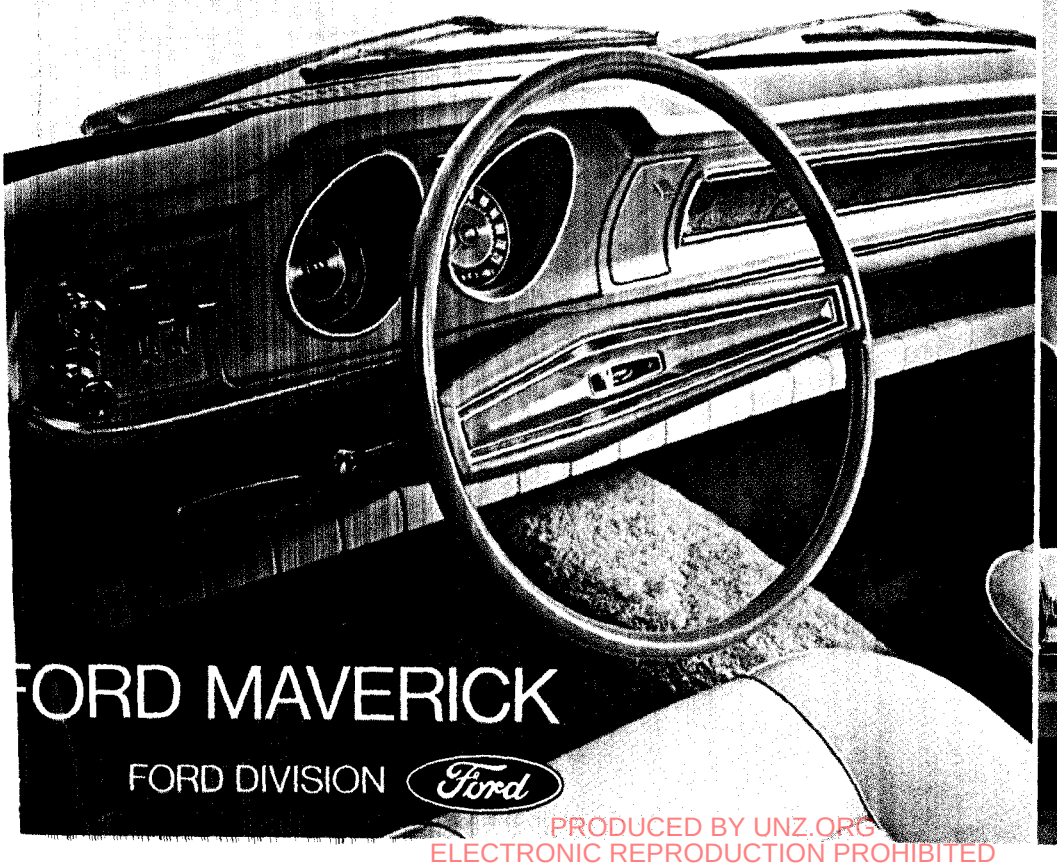

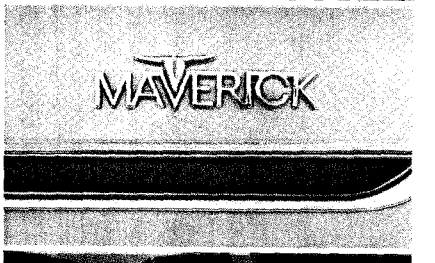

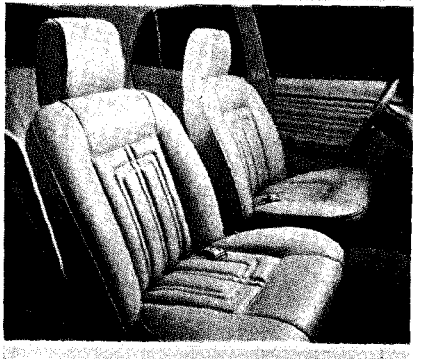

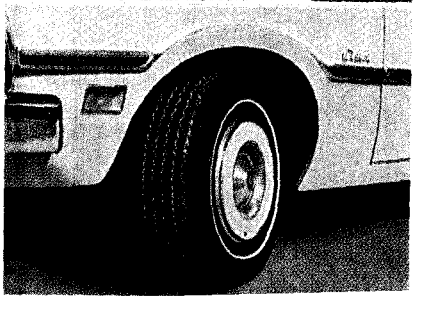

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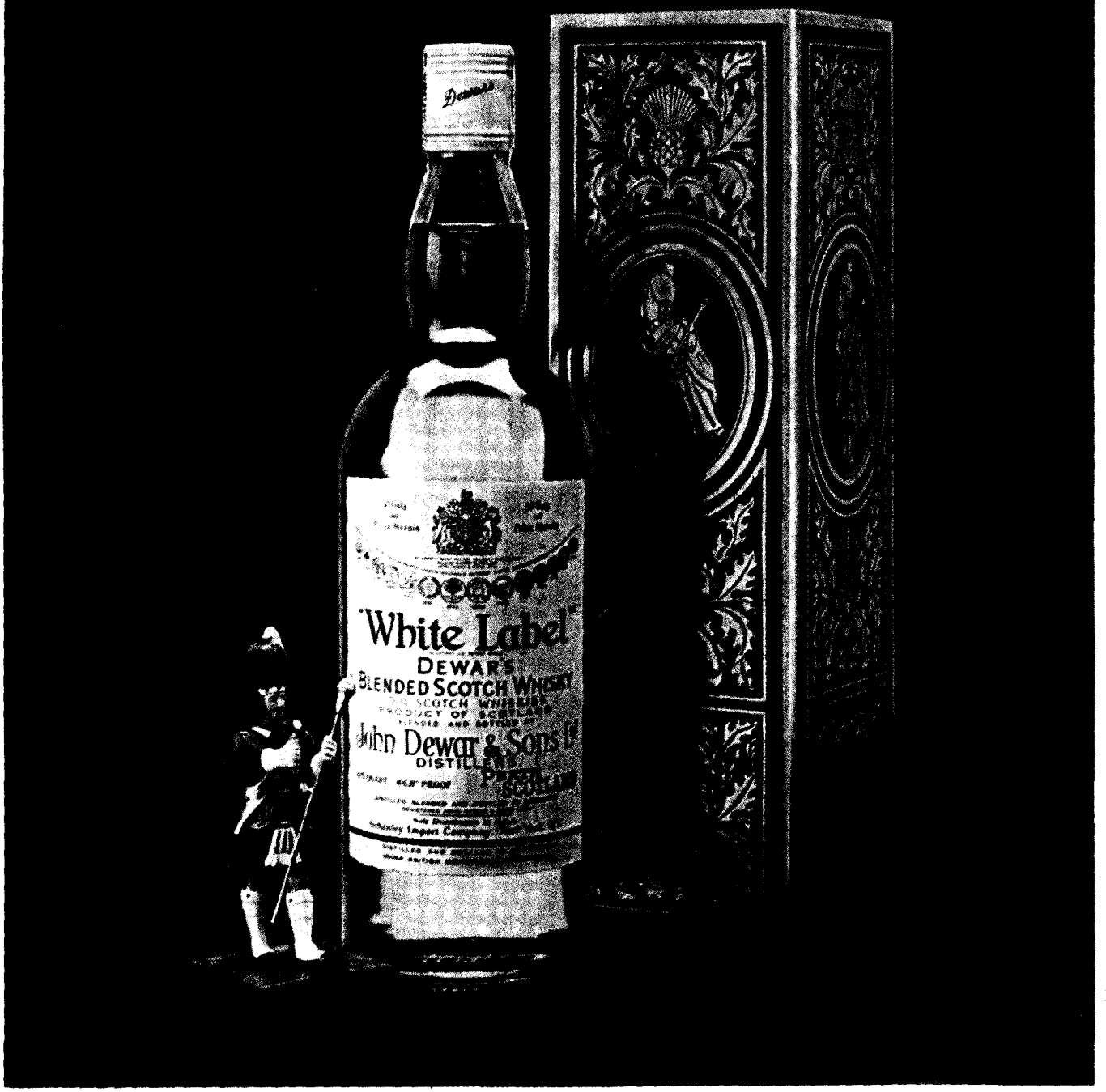

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